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NEW PIECES THAT  
WILL TAKE PRIZES IN  
SPEAKING CONTESTS

*Harriet Blackstone*

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Over one hundred pieces that have *actually taken prizes* in Prize Speaking Contests.

# Pieces That Have Taken Prizes

Selected by A. H. Craig, author of "*Craig's New Common School Question Book*," (of which over 189,000 copies have been sold) and Binney Gunnison, (Harvard), Instructor in the School of Expression, Boston, Mass., and author of "*New Dialogues and Plays*."

The compilers spent nearly three years' time in collecting the pieces for this book. All have actually taken *one or more* prizes at some Prize Speaking Contest.

Among the selections will be found: *The Aspirations of the American People*; *The Storming of Mission Ridge*; *Opportunities of the Scholar*; *The Elements of National Wealth*; *Duty of Literary Men to America*; *The Future of the Philippines*; *True Courage*; *The Boat Race*; *The Teacher the Hope of America*; *A Pathetic Incident of the Rebellion*; *The Permanence of Grant's Fame*; *The Province of History*; *The Sermon*; *The Yacht Race*; *The Soul of the Violin*; *Opinions Stronger Than Armies*; *Not Guilty*.

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# New Pieces That Will Take Prizes In Speaking Contests

COMPILED AND ADAPTED

BY

**Harriet Blackstone**

*Instructor in the Art of Speaking and Dramatic Art,  
Galesburg High School,  
Galesburg, Ill.*

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L. J. OCT 10 1944

TO  
THE CONTEST SPEAKER  
WITH WHOM,  
THROUGH STUGGLES, HOPES AND FEARS,  
THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF DEFEAT AND THE JOYS OF  
VICTORY,  
THE AUTHOR HAS WALKED HAND IN HAND  
THIS BOOK IS  
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

(RECAP)

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## PREFACE.

The increased interest shown throughout the country in contest speaking and the many requests made to me for "*something new*" has induced me to share these prize winners with the public.

The material in this book is suitable for general platform work, but my aim has been to select such matter as is especially adapted for the use of the contest speaker.

The variety offered should meet the need of both boy and girl in oratorical, dramatic, humorous and dialect studies. It may prove interesting to the lay reader as well.

The length of time given to the contestant varies in the different contest associations. Since these pieces are primarily intended for the use of students in High Schools and Colleges, who may be required to meet a specified time, they are not abridged as much as may be deemed necessary for younger pupils. Further abridgment is left to the director.

The generous co-operation of both authors and publishers has made this compilation possible. I am truly grateful and I feel that the student will join with me in expressing to them a hearty appreciation.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

---

Adaptations have been made from the works of the following authors,—John Kendrick Bangs, Eva L. Ogden Lambert, Clark E. Carr, Joel Chandler Harris, Robert Barr, Mrs. Eugene Field, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Alfred R. Conkling, F. Hopkinson Smith, Marion Crawford, W. Hamilton Spence, Miss Elizabeth Lee, Sallie Pratt McLean Greene, Harry Stillwell Edwards, W. C. Morrow and Marietta Halley;—through the kindness of the publishers,—G. H. Russell & Sons, New England Magazine, D. Appleton & Co., Frederick Stokes & Co., The Century Co., The J. B. Lippincott Co., The MacMillan Co., Chas. Scribner & Sons, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., The Bowen Merrill Co., G. B. Putnam Sons, Doubleday, Page & Co., S. S. McClure Co., Ladies Home Journal, Alliance Publishing Co., Dodd Mead & Co.

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NEW PIECES  
FOR  
PRIZE SPEAKING  
CONTESTS.

**The Honor of the Woods.**

ADAPTED.

Our hero, John Norton, the old trapper, is an ideal woodsman, and his companion whom he calls "the lad" is a character hardly less remarkable than the old man himself.

When our story opens, we find the two friends about to take part in a great boat race to be rowed on the lower Saranac, which is to be the event of the season, and which has attracted not only the oarsmen of the wilderness but even professionals from New York.

John Norton is a famous oarsman and the lad, who has also wonderful ability at the oars, has shrunk from competition with one who has been to him a father; and, although the trapper has persuaded him to enter the race, the youth now firmly resolves not to put forth his utmost effort unless it is to save the honor of the woods.

It was high noon on the Saranac and a brighter day was never seen. The sky was so intensely blue that it fairly gleamed. All was expectation, for a great crowd had gathered in



anticipation of the races, and the thought that they were 'to see the celebrated trapper and scout of whom they had read and heard so much, stirred them with the feeling of intense curiosity.

Indeed, two parties had already sprung up. In the crowd were several aged men who could well remember the great fame which the old trapper had had as an oarsman fifty years before, when they and he were young; and the convictions of these old men were well expressed in the strong assertion of one of their number who closed a heated verbal contest with: "I tell ye, sir, there ain't a man on God's airth who can beat John Norton at the oars."

On the other hand, the professionals who were to row had their advocates. Fine, spruce college boys, "doing the woods;" English tourists, strong-built and burly fellows, affecting the heavy sportsman's style; *quiet city gentlemen*, whose knowledge of boating was limited to the newspaper accounts of the annual race between Yale and Harvard.

Thus stood the feeling and the crowd when the boat with the lad at the oars and the trapper at the paddle came into view.

Nothing could exceed the fineness of the tribute paid to the fame of the old trapper, for as the boat approached, the talking ceased, and a stillness more impressive by far than the loudest cheering greeted the old man. He was

bareheaded as usual, and the full exposure of his countenance and forehead showed the noble majesty of a face to which years had given a characterization and dignity that was truly imposing.

The boat came nearly to a pause within fifty feet of the landing, when suddenly an old white-haired man, who had been gazing fixedly at the trapper, flourished his stick and shouted with a voice that trembled with the intensity of his emotion, "John Norton! He saved my life at the battle of Salt Licks forty years ago: three cheers for John Norton!"

Then a cheer arose which burst the stillness into fragments and, thrice repeated, rolled its roar across the lake. Then for the first time did the old trapper realize the honor which by voice and silence alike was being shown him. For an instant the color came and went in his face and a gleam as of firelight came into his eyes. He arose and stood at utmost height, erect as a pine, stood for a moment with a grace that a trained courtier might have envied. Then he settled to his seat and the boat approached the landing. The free-for-all was to be pulled at one o'clock.

The entries stood six in all; three professionals, a forest guide known as Fred, the trapper and the lad.

It was now five minutes of one o'clock and the boats were already in position. The course was

straight down the lake to a line of buoys and was just four miles—two out and two back.

“Now, Fred,” said the trapper, speaking to the young guide on his right, “ye must remember that a four-mile race be a good deal of a pull, and the goin’ off ain’t half so decidin’ as the *comin’ in*. Now I don’t see that we kin afford to waste any time even the first half mile, fer them perfessionals hev come here to row, and they look to me as if they had a good deal o’ that sort o’ work in ’em. Still, if ye don’t think ye be pullin’ fast enough, take your own lick, fer I wouldn’t spile yer chances o’ wallop’in’ them perfessionals to-day fer all the money on earth.”

“Do you think we shall win, old trapper?” said Fred.

“I dunno, I dunno, boy. I sartinly dunno. I like yer build but I don’t like yer oars, especially that left one, fer there’s a kink in the shank of it that hadn’t orter be there, and I fear the pesky thing’ll play a trick on ye at the finish.”

“Yours’ are big enough to hold, anyway, and I hope to heaven you’ll win.”

“Thank ye, boy, thank ye. Yis, I sartinly shall try, fer it would be a mortal shame to hev the prize go out of the woods. If nothin’ gives way, I’ll give ’em a touch of the stuff that’s in me fer the last half mile that’ll make ’em git down to their work in earnest. But if anything does happen and we can’t do it, I have great hopes of

the lad here, fer his gifts at the oars be wonder-ful. He can beat us both but his spirit is agin' it; he thinks it would tickle an old man's vanity to win the race, so he won't half try. But if he'd only pull like I seed him pull the day afore yesterday, he'll——"

"Ready there!" said the sharp, clear voice of the starter, "*Ready there for the word.*"

"Now, lad," said the trapper hoarsely, "don't ye fergit yer promise, and if anything happens or ye see I can't win and I give ye the word, John Norton'll never fergive ye if ye don't pull like a sinner runnin' from the judgment."

"Ready there, all of you. One, two, three, *Go!*" The oars of the three professionals dropped into the water as if their blades were controlled by one man, but the guide and the trapper, being in heavier boats, were at least a full length behind before they had fairly got into motion. Their stroke was long, steady, and to the lookers-on, leisurely pulled.

The lad was the last to get off and so careless and ungainly was his appearance and so little snap did he evince, that the crowd who cheered the passage of the others laughed and groaned and roared as he swung along. For forty rods the race continued without any change in the relative positions of the six boats. A prettier sight than the three leading boats presented never gladdened a boatman's heart or stirred the

gazer's blood. The oars flashed, dropped, and flashed again, as the oarsmen swept their blades ahead as if regulated by machinery.

Some rods behind, the trapper and Fred were pulling side by side and stroke for stroke, long, strong, and steady.

"I tell ye, Fred," said the old man to the young guide by his side, "them perfessionals hev got their match in ye fer quickness if I'm any judge. Yis, yis, boy, I understand ye, but don't ye worry; it's a long pull and a strong back that's goin' to win this race; but if ye be nervous we'll lengthen out a leetle, just to show 'em that we ain't more than half asleep. Come, lad," called the trapper to his comrade astern, "hist along a leetle faster, fer we be goin' to let out a link or two." So saying the old man set his comrade a stroke so long and sharply pulled that the two boats were even in a moment end to end with the boats ahead.

There was a roar of astonishment and wild delight from the spectators. The spurt revealed the tremendous power of the trapper. The old men in the crowd were nearly beside themselves as they saw him rush his boat ahead. They swung their hats, they shook each other's hands, they actually wept, while the old fellow, who had repeated it at least twenty times before, again asserted, "I tell ye, there ain't a man on God's airth can beat John Norton at the oars."

Thus the boats rushed on their way each heading as straight toward its appointed course as a bullet could fly, while the multitude, now far astern, watched with eager eyes and bated breath the receding race.

At last a man with stentorian lungs, who stood on the ridge of the boathouse, shouted, "They have turned the buoys! they have turned the buoys! The professionals are ahead!"

"How far behind is John Norton?" said the man on the wharf.

"He and Fred are four rods astern at least," bellowed the man in reply.

"Where's the lad?"

"Oh! He's out of the race, full five rods behind the trapper and Fred!" By this time the boats were plain to view, and the stillness which had settled on the crowd was absolutely oppressive, for the contestants were barely a mile away.

"Now, Fred," said the trapper, "the time has sartinly come fer us to show the grit that's in us. Be ye ready fer the stroke? Long and quick, *now!*"

The young man obeyed the trapper to a fraction. He threw the full force of his enormous strength for which he was noted into his stroke. The cords of his large neck stood out like ropes; his nostrils dilated; his face fairly sharpened for the effort; but the sudden vigor of his stroke was too much for the wood. The miserable oar

to which the trapper had alluded parted with a crash. The boat careened, swayed, swooped suddenly aside, and the young man, unable to recover his balance, fell headlong into the lake. The trapper was now thoroughly roused. The boats were within a hundred rods of the home line and the lad full ten astern. The roar of the crowd was deafening. The professionals were pulling grittily. The old man's eyes fairly gleamed. Through the roar of the multitude, who were literally frantic with excitement, his ear caught the voice, "John Norton, now is your time, *pull!*"

The old man gathered himself for a supreme effort. His blood was up and the lion in him fairly roused.

Never before was such a stroke pulled and never before was such a catastrophe. The blades were too broad and strong to yield; the boat was too heavy to get away quickly enough; his oars too strong to part at the stroke; *his tremendous effort tore the rowlocks from the gunwales as if they had been made of paper and the old man measured his length in the bottom of the boat.*

The catastrophe was so sudden and so unexpected in its character that it hushed the roar of the multitude as if an awful visitation had terrified them into silence. Even the professionals intermitted a stroke and the lad turned his face

about. The old man had risen and was standing erect in his boat still holding the huge oars in his mighty hands. His eyes flamed and his face was bloodless with unutterable rage; he shook the heavy oars in the air as if they had been reeds, and shouted with a voice that shook the air like the roar of the desert lion challenging combat: "Lad, now pull for John Norton's sake and save his gray hairs from shame. Pull with every ounce of strength that God Almighty give ye or the honor of the woods be gone."

It seemed as if the strength of the trapper, through the medium of his awful appeal, had actually been imparted to the lad. His head got suddenly erect upon his shoulders, his body straightened as if fashioned into perfect symmetry. His stroke lengthened to the full reach of oar and arm. The oars bent like whipsticks. The flash of the blades in the recovery was so quick that the eye barely caught the gleam. His boat sprang, flew, flashed, and as it jumped past the trapper, the old man again suddenly shook his oars and shouted, "Go it, lad: the honor of the woods is on ye. Ye'll beat 'em yit, sure as judgment day!"

Except the voice of the trapper, not a sound was heard; the feeling was too intense.

One of the professionals threw the oars; the others pulled in grim desperation; their faces white as chalk but grit to the last. They pulled



but pulled in vain, for the boat caught them within fifty feet of the landing and shot across half a length in front.

The race was over and the "honor of the woods" was saved.

---

### **The Inmate of the Dungeon.**

W. C. MORROW.

Adapted from "The Ape, The Idiot, and Other Stories," published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

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THE Board of State Prison Directors was sitting in session at the prison. The chairman—a nervous, energetic man—glanced at a slip of paper in his hand and said to the warden :

"Send a guard for convict No. 14,208."

The warden bowed stiffly and directed a guard to produce the convict. He was a tall, fine-looking man, well-bred and intelligent. Though ordinarily cool, he was unable to conceal a strong emotion, which looked much like fear.

The convict shambled in painfully and laboriously, as with a string he held up from the floor the heavy iron ball which was chained to his ankles.

There had been no time to prepare him for

presentation to the Board. The dingy suit of prison stripes which covered his gaunt frame was frayed and tattered; his hair had not been recently cut to the prison fashion, and, being rebellious, stood out from his head like bristles; and his beard, which, like his hair, was heavily dashed with gray, had not been shaved for weeks. His forehead was massive, his head of fine proportions, his jaw square and strong, and his thin, high nose showed traces of an ancestry that must have made a mark in the world at some time in history.

Upon stumbling weakly into the room, faint with the labor of walking, he dropped the ball, which struck the floor with a loud sound, and his long, bony fingers tore at the striped shirt over his breast. A groan escaped him, and he would have sunk to the floor had not the guard caught him and held him upright. In a moment it was over, and then, collapsing with exhaustion, he sank into a chair.

The chairman turned sharply to the guard. "Why did you manacle this man," he demanded, "when he is evidently so weak, and when none of the others were manacled?"

"Why, sir," stammered the guard, "surely you know who this man is; he is the most dangerous and desperate——"

"We know all about that. Remove his manacles."

The guard obeyed. The chairman in a kindly manner said, "Do you know who we are?"

"No."

"We are the State Prison Directors. We have heard of your case and we want you to tell us the whole truth about it."

"I suppose you want me to make a complaint. I've no complaint to make." The chairman rose, passed around an intervening table, went up to the convict and laid a hand on his gaunt shoulder.

"I know," said he, "that you are a patient and uncomplaining man, or we should have heard from you long ago. There are fifteen human beings in this prison, and they are under the absolute control of one man. If a serious wrong is practised upon one, it may be upon others. I ask you in the name of common humanity to put us in the way of working justice in this prison. Speak out, therefore, like a man, and have no fear of anything."

The convict was touched. "There is nothing in this world that I fear. I will tell you all about it.

"I was sent up for twenty years for killing a man. I hadn't been a criminal, but he had robbed me and wronged me. I came here thirteen years ago. I worked faithfully, sir; I did everything they told me to do. I did so well that my credits piled up and after I had been

here ten years I could see my way out. I wanted to be a free man again, and I planned to go away somewhere and make the fight all over, —to be a man in the world once more.

“Then my trouble began. You know they were doing some heavy work in the quarries and on the grades, and they wanted the strongest men in the prison. And I was one of ’em that they put on the heavy work. They used to pay the men for extra work,—not pay ’em money, but the value of the money in tobacco, extra clothes, and things like that. On Saturdays the men who had done extra work would fall in and go up to the captain of the guard, and he would give to each man what was coming to him.

“One Saturday I fell in line with the others. A good many were ahead of me in the line, and when they got what they wanted they fell into a new line waiting to be marched to the cells. When my turn came I went up to the captain and said I would take mine in tobacco. He looked at me pretty sharply, and said, ‘How did you get back in that line? You’ve had your extra; you got tobacco.’ I said I hadn’t got my extra, and hadn’t been up before. He said, ‘Don’t spoil your record by trying to steal a little tobacco. Fall in.’ . . . It hurt me, sir. I wasn’t a thief and no living man had a right to call me a thief. I said to him, straight, ‘I won’t fall in till I get my extra and no man can rob me

of my just dues.' He turned pale, and said, 'Fall in, there.' I said, 'I won't fall in till I get my dues.'

"With that he raised his hand as a signal, and the guards behind him covered me with their rifles. The warden came out and the captain told him I was trying to run double on my extra, and said I was impudent and insubordinate and refused to fall in. The warden said, 'Drop that and fall in.' I told him I wouldn't fall in. He asked the captain if there wasn't some mistake, and the captain looked at his book and said there was no mistake; he said he remembered me when I came up and got the tobacco and he saw me fall into the new line, but he didn't see me get back in the old line. The warden didn't ask the other men if they saw me get my tobacco and slip back into the old line. He just ordered me to fall in. I told him I would die before I would do that. I said I wanted my just dues and no more, and I asked him to call on the other men in line to prove that I hadn't been up.

"He said, 'That's enough of this.' He sent all the other men to the cells, and left me standing there. Then more guards came up, and one of them hit me. They took me to the dungeon, sir. Did you ever see the dungeon? There are several little rooms in the dungeon. The one they put me in was five by eight. Well, sir, they

gave me a blanket, and they put me on bread and water. That's all they ever give you in the dungeon. They brought the bread and water once a day, and that is at night, because if they come in the daytime it lets in the light.

"They kept me there a week. The next Sunday night the warden came and said, 'Are you ready to go to work to-morrow?' and I said, 'No; I will not go to work till I get what is due me.' I said it was a man's duty to demand his rights, and that a man who would stand to be treated like a dog was no man at all.

"When I told him that, sir, he said he'd take me to the ladder and see if he couldn't make me change my mind. . . . Yes, sir; he said he'd take me to the ladder. And I—a human being, with flesh on my bones and the heart of a man in my body—I could not believe it.

"He brought me to the ladder. It was a heavy, wooden ladder, leaned against the wall, and the bottom was bolted to the floor and the top to the wall. A whip was on the floor. The warden told me to strip, sir, and I stripped . . . and still I didn't believe he would hit me. I thought he just wanted to scare me.

"They strapped my arms to the ladder, and stretched so hard that they pulled me up clear of the floor. Then they strapped me to the ladder. The warden then picked up the whip, and said to me, 'I'll give you one more chance; will you

go to work to-morrow?' I said, 'No ; I won't go to work till I get my dues.' 'Very well,' said he, 'you'll get your dues now.' And then he stepped back and raised the whip. I turned my head and looked at him, and I could see that he meant to strike. . . . And when I saw that, sir, I felt that something inside of me was about to burst.

"And then the whip came down across my back. The something inside of me twisted hard and then broke wide open, and went pouring all through me like melted iron. It was a hard fight to keep my head clear but I did it. And then I said to the warden this: 'You've struck me with the whip, in cold blood. You've tied me up hand and foot, to whip me like a dog. Well, whip me, then, till you are satisfied. You are a coward. No hound would own you for a friend. Whip me hard and long, you coward. Whip me, I say. See how a coward feels when he ties up a man and whips him like a dog. Whip me till the last breath quits my body; if you leave me alive I will kill you for this.'

"He whipped me with all the strength of both hands. I counted the lashes, and when I counted twenty-eight the twisting got so hard that it choked me and blinded me; . . . and when I woke up I was in the dungeon again, and the doctor had my back all plastered, and he was kneeling beside me feeling my pulse."

The prisoner had finished.

"And you have been in the dungeon ever since?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't mind that."

"How long?"

"Twenty-three months."

"On bread and water?"

"Yes; but that was all I wanted."

The prison surgeon, under the chairman's direction, put his ear to the convict's chest, and then went over and whispered to the chairman.

"I thought so," said that gentleman. "Now, take this man to the hospital. Put him to bed where the sun will shine on him, and give him the most nourishing food."

The convict, giving no heed to this, shambled out with a guard and the surgeon.

The warden sat alone in the prison office with No. 14,208.

"The action of the directors three weeks ago," said the warden, "made my resignation necessary. I have awaited the appointment of my successor who is now in charge. I leave the prison to-day. In the meantime, I have something to tell that will interest you. A few days ago a man who was discharged from the prison last year read what the papers have published recently about your case, and he has written to me that it was he who got your tobacco from the captain of the guard. His name is Salter, and



he looks very much like you. There was no intention on the captain's part to rob you."

The convict gasped and leaned forward eagerly.

"Until the receipt of this letter," resumed the warden, "I had opposed the movement which had been started for your pardon, but when this letter came I recommended your pardon and it has been granted. Besides, you have a serious heart trouble. So you are now discharged from the prison."

The convict stared, and leaned back speechless. A certain painful softness tempered the iron in his face.

"You have made certain threats against me," said the warden. "I shall not permit your intentions in that regard—for I care nothing about them—to prevent me from discharging a duty which, as from one man to another, I owe you. I have treated you with a cruelty, the enormity of which I now comprehend. The lives of us both have been wrecked ; but your suffering is in the past,—mine is present, and will cease only with my life."

With that the warden, very pale, but with a clear purpose in his face, took a loaded revolver from a drawer and laid it before the convict.

"Now is your chance," he said, quietly : "no one can hinder you."

The convict shrank away from the weapon as from a viper.

"Not yet—not yet," he whispered, in agony.

The convict, whose ghastly pallor, glassy eyes, and gleaming teeth sat like a mask of death upon his face, staggered to his feet.

"You have done it at last! you have broken my spirit. A human word has done what the dungeon and the whip could not do. . . . I could be your slave for that human word."

He reeled, and the warden caught him and seated him in the chair.

"That human word," he whispered,—“if you had spoken it long ago,—if—but it's all—it's all right—now. I'll go—I'll go to work—to-morrow.”

There was a slightly firmer pressure on the hand that held the warden's; then it relaxed. The weary head sank back and rested on the chair, and a dead man's face was upturned toward the ceiling.

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## Heroism and History.

NEWTON BATEMAN.

HEROISM and history are related as cause and effect. Blot out the heroic periods of the ages, and you pull down all the Alps of history—eliminate the heroic element from human life, and biography would not be worth writing or reading.

Take it from science, and there would be none to inspire or lead, and her all-conquering march must end. Take it from invention and discovery, and from the discouragements of preliminary defeat, there would be no rebound; the apocalyptic fires of research and scrutiny would be extinguished, and the arcana of nature would cease to be explored. Take it from the realm of art, and with it would perish all highest and holiest conceptions, all that is loftiest in sublimity and most soul-stirring in grandeur, for these come of that ideal which inspires the heroic in thought and action. Eliminate it from patriotism, and the light would fade from the banners of liberty, and lofty courage and grand disdain of danger and death for Fatherland would become but the remembered virtues of a by-gone time. Remove it from the conceptions of benevolence and philanthropy, and tame and feeble would be the efforts for the relief of suffering, and low would beat the pulses of compassion and pity. Withdraw it as an element in friendship and love, and the glory would fade from those noblest and sweetest of the affections, and what had been transcendent in gracious excellency would sink to the plain of the commonplace and the selfish.

All the most illustrious periods of national life—and all that most lifts individual lives towards the circle of the everlasting and the

divine, is referable to the heroic element in man. All that is high and glorious in history and in life is linked with those mighty events and crucial hours when the spirit of heroism was dominant in the souls of men. All the grand ages of history have been the heroic ages.

What is a heroic age? What is heroism? Who are heroes?

A heroic age may be defined, as one conspicuously and predominantly *unselfish*. It is one in which self-consciousness, individual and national, is pushed out of sight. It is one in which the centripetal power of selfishness is broken by the world-embracing power of love and humanity.

It is a period when a grand elevation of feeling, a strange exaltation of soul, and a corresponding dignity and nobility of thought and action, are seen in men. It is an era when men seem uplifted and borne on, by unseen but mighty impulses, and filled with courage and strength and joy, from hidden sources—a time when the actions of men seem extravagant and incomprehensible to those of their own period who see not the “heavenly vision.” Who of us can fully understand the lofty courage and sublime faith that sent the Pilgrim Fathers across wintry seas to the loneliness and desolation of this New World, and that sustained them through perils and hardships and sorrows

and losses, the full measure of which will never be known till the revelations of the last day. Yet, but for a love of freedom that caused men to lay life itself, a glad sacrifice, on her altars,—but for this inspiration of heroism that stamp men as the children of God, indeed, the principles of liberty would not to-day be covering so large a portion of the earth, nor so rapidly advancing to universal dominion. And out of the heroisms and agonisms of the men of the Mayflower has come this Western Republic, this Christian Nation, in the heart of a Continent, and extending from sea to sea ; together with those grand conceptions of civil and religious liberty, of education and government, of morality and righteousness, which have made us what we are, and which, if not departed from, will be the stability of the nation, down the long future. Born of heroism—of Christian heroism—was this matchless government, this imperial heritage of ours. No commonplace men—no selfish and calculating spirits—no mean and small and cowardly souls had part or lot in the architecture of this magnificent national structure.

The Slave-holders' Rebellion was but the logical sequence and culmination of a long series of events, in which the one over-shadowing issue was liberty or bondage ; and, from the time that, more than a generation before Sumter, the guns of freedom were trained against the citadel

of slavery, down to the hour that that hideous and deadly, national cancer was extirpated by the bloody Surgeon of war, the banners of justice were borne aloft and carried forward, oftentimes amid storms of obloquy, derision and hatred, by the heroic and lion-hearted—by men who could not sit down in quiet unconcern, with the cry of 4,000,000 of bondmen going up by day and by night, into the ears of a just God.

Only lofty natures, great hearts, heroic souls, were obedient to the “heavenly vision” of liberty, or attended to the command, sounding out of the depths of heaven: “Let my people go.” But for them, no Lincoln would have been president—no Decree of Emancipation would have been promulgated—no determined stand against slavery or its extension, would have been taken, and to-day that monstrous iniquity would have been fatally intrenched in all the nascent empire states of the West.

Wedded to science, to the discovery of the “thought of God in nature,” that incomparable Christian philosopher, Agassiz, “had not time to make money,” and so he moved on earth, grand, unique, solitary, yet not alone, for he walked with God and held converse with the invisible forces of the universe, and became the reverent interpreter of the solemn hieroglyphics of the Eternal Mind, and bequeathed to the students of America the richest heritage and the noblest

inspiration ever left by scientist to the human race. His life was heroic, consecrated to the development of a sublime conception. He was not a student of history, for that his nobler mission was to make history.

So it was with the men who pioneered the great agitation that culminated in the awful conflagration of 1861-65—. They lived for a truth, and that truth transfigured them—they moved in and with the currents of providence—in the Sublime Sweep of the eternal plans in human history, and so were steadfast and strong. No more heroic period has there been in our history, than that covered by the three decades of moral conflict and battle that preceded the upheaval and whirlwind of '61.

And when that tremendous tragedy began, and days of defeat and darkness and despair drew on, and strong men grew pale and it seemed as if the starry ensign of the Republic were going to the dust, and the black flag of slavery and treason were to mount in triumph to the upper air, and men's hearts were failing them for fear, and the cry of our distress and agony was heard on all the coasts of the earth, and the voice of compromise began to be heard, and the bells of history seemed ready to strike the final hour of the Great Republic—for such was the gulf that yawned beneath our feet in the closing months of '62—then it was that heroism, stunned yet immortal,

sprang to the nation's side again, re-formed her shattered columns, re-enforced her depleted ranks, re-kindled the sinking fires of enthusiasm, and, with an eloquence and devotion and sacrifice that the world beheld with amazement and awe, snatched "victory from the jaws of defeat," and brought the conflict to a glorious conclusion.

. So it is ever, when the pulses of moral and spiritual life, individual or national, are feeble, and the tides of noble feeling are low, and the reign of the sordid and selfish, of the mean and narrow, is over all, then is the hour of heroism—then is the time for the apostleship of the great in faith, of the great in heart, who alone can re-inspire and quicken the millions on whom has come an eclipse of faith, a paralysis of lofty thought and feeling. So were all the ages of history.

This heroic spirit is the highest and grandest thing purely human, and in its sublimest manifestations it is not purely human, but takes on elements that are of heaven—forms that blend with the eternal and the divine.

It is a demonstration of the sublime truth that the ideal in man is higher and greater than the actual—an irrepressible and perpetual monition of immortality. That this is true, no man or woman who ever caught a glimpse or felt a stirring of the higher life—of the ineffable exaltation of souls transfigured by the glory of God and of truth, will deny.



Strong feeling, intense emotion, kindled by such ideas, are something as far above the sordid, the consciously calculating selfishness of common life, as the fresh mountain air is above the malaria of swamps and dungeon-damps. It takes men out of and above themselves—it refines and clarifies and broadens their mental and spiritual vision—it shows them something of the ineffable and the everlasting—it brings them into the circle of the Eternal and all-glorious forces that hold sway in God's moral and historic realm—it shows them the celestial columns of Jehovah, as they march and counter-march to do His will among the children of men and the nations of the earth.

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### **The Shepherd's Trophy.**

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

Adapted from "Bob, Son of Battle." Used by permission of the publishers Doubleday & McClure Co.

The scene is laid in the north of England. The contest—for the celebrated silver cup, The Shepherd's Trophy, to be won by the shepherd and his dog, who, in the shortest time, could drive three sheep over a difficult path and into a pen.

In the north, every one who has heard of Muir Pike has heard of the gray dogs of Kenmuir; every one who has heard of the Shepherd's Trophy knows of their fame. In that country of good dogs and jealous masters, pride of place has long been held unchallenged. The

Gray Dogs always lead the van, and there is a saying in the land, "Faithful as the Moores and their tykes." And James Moore, the present owner of Kenmuir, is one of the truest men in all the line.

THE Cup day broke calm and beautiful, no cloud on the horizon, no threat of storm in the air; a fitting day on which the Shepherd's Trophy must be won outright.

And well it was so. For never since the founding of the Dale Trials had such a concourse been gathered together on the north bank of the Silver Lea. From the Highlands they came; from the far Campbell country; from the Peak; from the county of many acres; from all along the silver fringes of the Solway; assembling in that quiet corner of the earth to see the famous Gray Dog of Kenmuir fight his last great battle for the Shepherd's Trophy.

On the far side of the stream is clustered about the starting flag the finest array of sheep-dogs ever seen together.

There beside the tall form of his master, stands Owd Bob o' Kenmuir, the observed of all. His silver brush fans the air, and he holds his dark head high as he scans his challengers, proudly conscious that to-day will make or mar his fame. Below him, the mean-looking, smooth-coated black dog is the unbeaten Pip, winner of the renowned Cambrian stakes at Llangollen—as many think the best.

And alone, his back to the others, stands a little, bowed conspicuous figure—Adam McAdam; while the great dog beside him, a hideous incarnation of scowling defiance, is Red Wullie, the Terror o' the Border.

Adam McAdam, the little scotsman, had been the tenant of the Grange these many years. With his shriveled body and weakly legs, he looked, among the sturdy, straight-limbed sons of the hill country, like some brown wrinkled leaf holding its place amidst a galaxy of green. And as he differed from them physically, so he did morally. His sharp, ill tongue was rarely still, and always bitter. There was hardly a man in the land from Langholm Haw to the market-cross in Grammoch town, but had known its sting and endured it in silence and was nursing his resentment till a day should bring that chance which always comes. "When he's drunk he's wilent, and when he bain't he's wicious," said Tammas Thornton once, a speech greeted by gratifying applause.

The course ran up the slope; round a flag; down the hill again; along the hillside; down through the two flags; turn; and to the stream again. The pen was over the bridge, up near the slope, and the hurdles were put together at the very foot of the spectators.

The sheep had to be driven over the plank bridge, and the penning done beneath the very

nose of the crowd. A stiff course if ever there was one; and the time allowed, ten short minutes.

Evan Jones and little Pip led off.

These two, who had won on many a hard-fought field, worked together as they had never worked before. Smooth and swift, like a yacht in Southampton water, round the flag, through the gap, they brought their sheep. Down between the two flags—accomplished right well that awkward turn, and back to the bridge.

There they stopped: the sheep would not face that narrow way. Once, twice, and again they broke, and each time the gallant little Pip, his tongue out and his tail quivering, brought them back to the bridge-head.

At length one faced him, then another, and—it was too late. Time was up. The judges signaled and the Welshman called off his dog and withdrew.

A roar went up from the crowd. The mob surged forward, but the stewards held them back.

“Back, please! Don’t encroach! McAdam’s to come!”

From the far bank the little man watched the scene. His coat and cap were off, and his hair gleamed white in the sun; his sleeves were rolled up and his face was twitching but set as he stood—ready.

The hubbub over the stream at length subsided. One of the judges nodded to him.

"Noo, Wullie—noo or never!" They were off. "Back, gentlemen! Back! He's off—he's coming! McAdam's coming! "

They might well shout and push, for the huge dog was onto his sheep before they knew it, and away they went with a rush with him right on their backs. Up the slope they swept and round the first flag, already galloping. Down the hill for the gap, and McAdam was flying ahead to turn them. But they passed him like a hurricane, and Red Wullie was in front with a rush and turned them alone.

"McAdam wins! Five to four McAdam! I lay agin Owd Bob!" rang out a clear voice in the silence.

Through the gap they rattled, ears back, feet twinkling like the wings of driven grouse.

"He's lost 'em! They'll break! They're away!" was the cry.

Tammas Thornton was half-way up the wheel of the Kenmuir wagon; every man was on his toes; ladies were standing in their carriages.

The sheep were tearing along the hillside, all together like a white scud. After them, galloping like a Waterloo winner, raced Red Wullie. And last of all leaping over the ground like a demoniac, making not for the two flags, but the plank bridge, was the white-haired figure of McAdam.

"He's beat! Red Wullie's beat!" roared a strident voice.

"McAdam wins! Five to four on McAdam! I lay agin Owd Bob!" rang out the clear reply.

Red Wullie was now racing parallel to the fugitives and above them. All four were traveling at a terrific rate, while the two flags were barely twenty yards in front, below the line of flight and almost parallel to it. To effect the turn a change in direction must be made almost through a right angle.

"He's beat! He's beat! McAdam's beat! Can't make it nohow!" was the roar.

From over the stream a yell——

"Turn 'em, Wullie!"

At the word the great dog swerved down on the flying three. They turned, still at the gallop, like a troop of cavalry, and dropped clean and neat between the flags; and down to the stream they rattled, passing McAdam on the way as though he were standing.

"Weel done, Wullie!" came the scream from the far bank, and from the crowd went up an involuntary burst of applause.

"Ma word!"

"Did yo' see that?"

"By gob!"

It was a turn, indeed, of which the smartest team in the galloping horse-gunners might well have been proud. A shade later, and they must

have overshot the mark ; a shade sooner, and a miss.

Right onto the centre of the bridge the leading sheep galloped and—stopped abruptly. In the crowd there was utter silence ; staring eyes, rigid finger. James Moore, standing in front of them all, was the calmest there.

Red Wullie was not to be denied. He leaped on the back of the hindmost sheep. The sheep staggered, slipped and fell.

Almost before it had touched the water, McAdam, his face afire and his eyes flaming, was in the stream. In a second he had hold of the struggling creature, and with an almost superhuman effort, had half-thrown, half-shoved it onto the bank.

Again a tribute of admiration led by James Moore.

The little man scrambled panting onto the bank and raced after sheep and dog. His face was white beneath the perspiration ; his breath came in quivering gasps ; his trousers were wet and clinging to his legs ; he was trembling in every limb and yet was indomitable.

They were up to the pen and the last wrestle began. McAdam's face was white ; his eyes staring, unnaturally bright ; his bent body projected forward ; and he tapped with his stick on the ground like a blind man coaxing the sheep in. And the tailless Tyke, his tongue

out and flanks heaving, crept and crawled and worked up to the opening, patient as he had never been before.

They were in at last.

There was a lukewarm, half-hearted cheer; then silence.

Exhausted and trembling, the little man leaned against the pen, one hand on it; while Red Wullie, his flanks still heaving, gently licked the other.

No time to dally. James Moore and Owd Bob were off on their run. No applause this time; not a voice was raised; anxious faces; twitching fingers; the whole crowd tense as a stretched wire. A false turn, a wilful sheep, a cantankerous judge, and the gray dog would be beaten. And not a man there but knew it.

Yet over the stream master and dog went about their business never so quiet, never so collected; for all the world as if they were rounding up a flock on Muir Pike.

The old dog found his sheep in a twinkling, and a wild, scared trio they proved. Rounding the first flag, one bright-eyed wether made a dash for the open. He was quick, but the gray dog was quicker; a splendid recover; and a sound like a sob from the watchers on the hill.

Down the slope they came for the gap in the wall. A little below the opening, James Moore took his stand to stop and turn them; while a



distance behind the sheep loitered. Owd Bob, seeming to follow rather than to drive, yet watchful of every movement and anticipating it. On he came, one eye on his master, the other on his sheep; never hurrying them, never flurrying them, yet bringing them rapidly along.

A wide sweep for the turn at the flags, and the sheep wheeled as though at the word of command, dropped through them and traveled rapidly for the bridge.

“Steady,” whispered the crowd.

“Hold ‘em,” croaked Kirby, huskily. “There! I knew it! I saw it coming!”

The pace down the hill had grown quick—too quick. Close on the bridge the three sheep made an effort to break. A dash—and two were checked; but the third went away like the wind, and after him Owd Bob, a gray streak against the green.

Kirby was white to the lips; and in the stillness you could plainly hear the Dalesmen’s sobbing breath, as it fluttered in their throats.

“Gallop! they say he’s old and slow!” “Dash! Look at that!” For the gray dog, racing like the Nor’easter over the sea, had already retrieved the fugitive.

Man and dog were coaxing the three a step at a time toward the bridge.

One ventured—the others followed.

In the middle the leader stopped and tried to

turn—and time was flying, and the penning alone must take minutes.

“We’re beat!” groaned Sam’l. “I allus knoo hoo ’twould be.” Then breaking into a bellow, his honest face crimsoned with enthusiasm: “Coom on, master! Good for yo’, Owd Bob! Yon’s the style!”

For the gray dog had leapt on the back of the hindmost sheep; it had surged forward against the next, and they were over, and making up the hill amidst a thunder of applause.

At the pen it was a sight to see master and dog working together. The master, his face stern and a little whiter than its wont, casting forward with both hands, herding the sheep in; the gray dog, his eyes big and bright, crawling and creeping closer and closer.

“They’re in!—Nay—Ay— Stop’er! Good, Owd Bob! Ah-h-h, they’re in!” And the last sheep reluctantly passed through—on the stroke of time.

Above was the black wall of people, utterly still; below the judges comparing notes. In the silence you could almost hear the panting of the crowd.

Then one of the judges went up to James Moore and shook him by the hand.

The gray dog had won. Owd Bob o’ Kenmuir had won the Shepherd’s Trophy outright.

A second’s palpitating silence; a woman’s

hysterical laugh,—and a deep-mouthed bellow rent the expectant air: shouts, screams, hat-tossings, back-clappings blending in a din that made the many-winding waters of the Silver Lea quiver and quiver again.

“Weel done, Owd Bob! Weel done, Mr. Moore! Yo’ve knocked him! Knock him again! Owd o’ Kenmuir! Moore! Moore o’ Kenmuir! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!”

That is how the celebrated Shepherd’s Trophy came to wander no more, won outright by the last of the gray dogs of Kenmuir, Owd Bob.

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### Alice’s Flag.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

Adapted from “Alice of Old Vincennes.” Used by permission of the publishers, The Bowen-Merrill Co.

It was Alice Roussilon who first raised the flag of the stars and stripes over the port of old Vincennes. It was this same brave girl who snatched that flag and ran away with it because she was not going to let the banner of freedom and of America be hauled down by those volatile Frenchmen.

When Hamilton and his Frenchmen took possession of the fort, there were two prisoners on parole of honor, Captain Helm and his lieutenant, Fitzhugh Beverly.

Beverly and Miss Alice Roussilon had spent much time together since Beverly’s arrival at the post, and there existed between them a friendship that was almost love.

But now, things were different ; Beverly was a prisoner of war. Hamilton was the governor of Vincennes. But he was hated by all its inhabitants, for he was a scalp-buyer and a hard-hearted Frenchman.

While Beverly was in captivity, his thoughts were of Alice and how he might save her from the indignities of these Frenchmen. But he had given Gov. Hamilton his word of honor not to escape. Finally, becoming desperate, he threw his parole at Hamilton's feet, declaring that he would no longer be under obligations to him, that he would escape, go to Kaskaskia, bring Clark and his forces, take the post, and restore order in the town. Hamilton looked at him scornfully, smiling as one who feels safe in his authority ; but the next morning, Beverly was missing. Hamilton offered a large reward for his scalp and a still larger one for his return alive. But time went on, and the Indians who had been sent on his trail did not return.

Meanwhile, affairs at Vincennes had taken a tragic turn. Alice Roussilon had been ordered to give up her flag, and had even been summoned before Gov. Hamilton and submitted to insulting remarks. He told her that he had Beverly's scalp in his possession, brought to him by the Indians, but the maidenly grace and the womanly bearing of this brave girl as she bore herself under his terrible words were beyond the comprehension of the rough, morose French commander.

She was kept a prisoner at the fort, and one night, escaping, she was shot, but not seriously hurt, by Hamilton himself. News of this reached Beverly in the exaggerated form that Hamilton had killed her.

Not long after, Clark and his forces arrived and Beverly was with them, much worn by his long tramp through the woods in the dead of winter, but it was for love, and for love all things are possible.

The attack on the fort began early in the evening and

lasted all night and far into the morning. At length, Hamilton was forced to make an unconditional surrender. The prisoners being disposed of, preparations were now being made to haul down the British flag and to raise the banner of George Washington in its stead, and when everything should be ready, to fire a salute of thirteen guns from the captured battery.

OUTSIDE the fort, the creoles were beginning a noise of jubilation. The rumor of what was going to be done was passed from mouth to mouth, until every soul in the town knew and thrilled with expectancy. Men, women, and children came swarming to see the British flag hauled down and to hear at close range the crash of the cannon. The tumult grew swiftly to a solid rolling tide that seemed beyond all comparison with the population of Vincennes. Hamilton heard it and trembled inwardly, afraid that the mob should prove too strong for the guard. He stood a little way from the foot of the tall flag-pole, his arms folded on his breast, his chin slightly drawn in, his eyebrows contracted, gazing steadily at Beverly while he was untying the halyard which was wound around the pole's base about three feet from the ground. Clark gave a signal and at the tap of the drum, Beverly shook the ropes loose and began to lower the British colors. Slowly the bright emblem of earth's mightiest nation crept down in token of the fact that a handful of backwoods-

men had won an empire by a splendid stroke of pure heroism. Beverly detached the flag and, saluting, handed it to Col. Clark. Hamilton's breast heaved, his iron jaws tightened their pressure until the lines of his face were deep furrows of pain.

Just then there was a bird-like movement and a wing-like rustle, and a light figure flitted swiftly across the area. All eyes were turned upon it. Hamilton recoiled as pale as death, half-lifting his hands as if to ward off a deadly blow, and then a gay flag was flung out over his head and he saw before him the girl he had shot ; but her beautiful face was not waxen now, nor was it cold or lifeless. The rich red blood was strong under the browned, yet delicate, skin, and the eyes were bright and brave. Col. Clark looked on in amazement, and, in spite of himself, in admiration. Alice Roussilon stood firmly a statue of triumph, her right arm outstretched, holding the flag high above Hamilton's head. There was a dead silence for some moments, during which Hamilton's face showed that he was ready to collapse.

"I said, as you will remember, Monsieur Le Gouvernor, that when you next should see this flag, I should wave it over your head. Well, look, I am waving it! Vive La Republique! vive George Washington! What do you think of it, Monsieur Le Gouvernor?"

"Raise her flag! Run up the young lady's flag!" some one shouted and then every voice seemed to echo the words. Clark was a young man of noble type, in whose veins throbbed the warm chivalrous blood of the cavaliers. A waft of the suddenly prevailing influence bore him also quite off his feet. He turned to Beverly and said:

"Do it! It will have great effect. It is a good idea; get the young lady's flag and her permission to run it up."

Before he finished speaking, and, indeed, at the first glance, he saw that Beverly, like Hamilton, was as white as a dead man. Then it came to his memory that his young friend had confided to him during the awful march through the prairie wilderness, a love story about this very Alice Roussilon.

"I say, Lieutenant Beverly," he repeated, "beg the young lady's permission to use her flag on the glorious occasion; or shall I do it for you?"

Beverly braced himself quickly and his whole expression changed when Clark moved to go to Alice. For he realized now that it was indeed Alice in flesh and blood. She was not looking toward him, but she saw him and turned to face him. Hers was the advantage; for she had known for some hours of his presence in Vincennes and had prepared herself to meet him courageously and with maidenly reserve.

She let the flag fall at Hamilton's feet when Beverly came near her smiling a glad smile, and with a joyous cry leaped into his outstretched arms. Two minutes later the flag was made fast to the halyard, and began to squeak through the rude pulley at the top of the pole. Up, up, climbed the gay little emblem of glory, while the cannon crashed from the embrasures of the block-house, and outside the roar of voices redoubled. Thirteen guns boomed the salute and the flag went up at old Vincennes never to come down again, and when it reached its place at the top of the staff, Beverly and Alice Roussilon stood side by side looking at it while the sun broke through the clouds, and flashed on its shining folds, and love, unabashed, glorified the two strong young faces.

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### **Pomp's Story.**

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Adapted from "Cudjo's Cave."

The scene is laid in Tennessee—time—the beginning of the Rebellion. Penn Hapgood, whom we find lying very ill in a cave, is a young Quaker persecuted by the Rebels for his abolition views. He was caught at the schoolhouse where he taught, cruelly beaten, and tarred and feathered.

At the house where he boarded he was refused admittance, so he made his way to some kind friends where he was tenderly cared for, but he became very ill with a fever.



While lying one night in a half-stupor, he overheard a conversation between his friends and a mob of Rebels who had come to warn them not to harbor the schoolmaster. Sick and half-delirious as he was, he understood the danger in which he placed his friends, so he arose, threw a blanket around him, let himself down from the window and ran into the woods, finally falling unconscious on the ground. Here he was found almost dead by Pomp, a negro, who carried him to the cave where we find him after many weeks, on the road to recovery.

THREE days longer Penn lay there on his rude bed in the cave, helpless still, and still in ignorance.

Pomp repeatedly assured him that all was well, and that he had no cause for anxiety, but refused to enlighten him. The negro's demeanor was well calculated to inspire calmness and trust. There was something truly grand and majestic, not only in his person, but in his character also. He was a superb man. Penn was never weary of watching him. He thought him the most perfect specimen of a gentleman he had ever seen; always cheerful, always courteous, always comporting himself with the ease of an equal in the presence of his guest. His strength was enormous. He lifted Penn in his arms as if he had been an infant. But his grace was no less than his vigor. He was, in short, a lion of a man.

Meanwhile, Penn gradually regained strength, so that on the fourth day Pomp permitted him to talk a little.

"Tell me first about my friends," said Penn.  
"Are they well? Do they know where I am?"

"I hope not, sir," said the negro with a significant smile, seating himself on a giant's stool.  
"I trust that no one knows where you are."

"What then, must they think?" said Penn.  
"How did I leave them?"

"That is what they are very much perplexed to find out, sir."

"You have heard from them, then?"

"O, yes; we have a way of getting news of people down there. They have been so much disturbed about you, that I would have been glad to inform them of your safety, if I could. But not even they must know of this place."

"Where am I, then?"

"You are, as you perceive, in a cave. But I suppose you know so little how you came here you would find some difficulty in training your way to us again?" This was spoken interrogatively, with an intelligent smile.

"I am so ignorant of the place," said Penn, "that it may be in the Planet Mars, for aught I know. But tell me, will you not?—how you came to inhabit this dreadful place?"

"Dreadful? There are worse places than this, my friend. Is it gloomy? The house of bondage is gloomier. Is it damp? It is not with the cruel sweat and blood of the slave's brow and back. Is it cold? The hearts of our tyrants are colder."

"I understand you," said Penn, whose suspicion was thus confirmed that this man was a fugitive. "And I am deeply interested in you. How long have you lived here?"

"Would you like to hear something of my story?" said the negro, the expression of his face growing deep and stern—his black, closely-curling beard stirred with the proud smile that arched his lips. "Perhaps it will amuse you."

"Amuse me? No!" said Penn. "I know by your looks that it will not amuse me; it will absorb me!"

"Well, then," said Pomp, "you are talking with one who was born a slave."

"You know what I think of that!" said Penn. "Even such a birth could not debase the manhood of one like you."

"It might have done so under different circumstances. But I was so fortunate as to be brought up by a young master who was only too kind and indulgent to me, considering my station. We were playmates when children; and we were scarcely less intimate when we had grown up to be men. He went to Paris to study medicine and took me with him. I passed for his body servant, but I was rather his friend. He never took any important step in life without consulting me; and I am happy to know," added Pomp with grand simplicity, "that my counsel was always good. He acknowledged so much on his

death-bed. 'I always meant to reward you,' he said; 'you are to have your freedom, my dear boy!'

"I always loved my master. And when I saw him troubled on my account, when he ought to have been thinking of his own soul, I begged him not to let a thought of me give him any uneasiness. My free papers had not been made out, and he wished to send at once for a notary. But his younger brother who was with him—he who was to be his heir—'Don't vex yourself about Pomp, Edwin,' said he, 'I will see that justice is done him.'

"'Ah, thank you, brother!' said Edwin. 'You will set him free and give him a few hundred dollars to begin life with. Promise me that, and I will rest in peace.'"

"And did he not promise to do so?"

"He promised readily enough. And so my master died and was buried, and I—had another master. For a few days nothing was said about free papers; and I had been too much absorbed in grief for the only man I loved to think much about them. But when the estate was settled up, and my new master was preparing to return to his home in Tennessee, I grew uneasy.

"'Master,' said I, taking off my hat to him one morning, 'there is nothing more I can do for him who is gone, so I would like to be for myself, now, if you please.'

“‘For yourself, you black rascal?’ said my new master, laughing in my face.

“‘I wasn’t used to being talked to in that manner, and it cut. But I kept down that which swelled up in me here, and reminded him, respectfully as I could, of the doctor’s last words about me and of his promise.

“‘You fool!’ said he, ‘do you think I was in earnest?’

“‘If you were not,’ said I, ‘the doctor was.’

“‘And do you think,’ said he, ‘that I am to be bound by the last words of a man too far gone to know his own mind in the matter?’

“‘He always meant I should have my freedom,’ I answered him, ‘and always said so.’

“‘Then why didn’t he give it to you before, instead of requiring me to make such a sacrifice? Come, come, Pomp!’ he patted my shoulder. ‘You’re altogether too valuable a nigger to throw away. Come, my boy, you mustn’t get foolish ideas of freedom into your head; they’re what spoil a nigger and they’ll have to be whipped out of you, which would be too bad for a fine, handsome darkey like you are.’

“‘I could have torn him like a tiger for his insolence, his heartless injustice.

“‘Master,’ said I, ‘what you say is no doubt very flattering. But I want what my master gave me—what you promised that I should have—I shall be content with nothing else.’

“‘What! you persist?’ he said kindling up. ‘Let me tell you now, Pomp, once for all, you’ll have to be content with a great deal less; and never mention the word “freedom” to me again if you would keep that precious hide of yours whole!’

“I knew he meant it, and that there was no hope for me.

“Well, he brought me here to Tennessee. Up to this time, I got on very well; but he never liked me. He was determined to humiliate me; so one day he said to me, ‘Pomp, that Nance has been acting ugly of late, and you permit her.’ I was sort of overseer, you see. ‘Now, I’ll tell you what I’m going to have done. Nance is going to be whipped, and you are the fellow that’s going to whip her.’

“‘Pardon, master,’ said I, ‘that’s what I never did—to whip a woman.’ ‘Then it’s time for you to begin. I’ve had enough of your fine manners, Pomp, and now you’ve got to come down a little.’

“‘I will do anything you please to serve your interests, sir,’ said I, ‘but whip a woman I never can and never will. That’s so, master.’

“‘You villain!’ he shouted, seizing a riding whip. ‘I’ll teach you to defy my authority to my face!’ And he sprang at me furious with rage.

“‘Take care, sir!’ I said stepping back.

'Twill be better for both of us for you not to strike me!'

" 'What, you threaten, you villain?'

" 'I do not threaten, sir, but I say what I say. It will be better for both of us. You'll never strike me twice. I tell you that.'

"I reckon he saw something dangerous in me, as I said this, for, instead of striking, he immediately called for help. 'Sam, Harry, Nap! bind this devil! Be quick!'

" 'They won't do it,' said I. 'Woe to the man that lays finger on me, be he master or be he slave!'

" 'I'll see about that!' said he, running into the house. He came out again in a minute with his rifle. I was standing there still, the boys all keeping a safe distance, not daring to touch me.

" 'Master,' said I, 'hear one word. I am perfectly willing to die. Long enough you have robbed me of my liberty and now you are welcome to what is less precious—my poor life. But for your own sake, for your dead brother's sake, let me warn you what you do.'

"I suppose my allusion to his injustice toward me maddened him. He leveled his piece and pulled the trigger. Luckily the percussion was damp, or else I would not be talking with you now. His aim was straight at my head. I did not give him time for a second attempt. I was on him in an instant. I beat him down, I

trampled him with rage. I snatched his gun from him and lifted it to smash his skull. Just then a voice cried: 'Don't, Pomp, don't kill master!'

"It was Nance pleading for the man who would have had her whipped. I couldn't stand that. Her mercy made me merciful. 'Good-bye, boys!' I said. They were all standing round motionless with terror. 'Good-bye, Nance! I am off, live or die, I quit this man's service forever!'

"So I left him," said Pomp, "and ran for the woods. I was soon ranging these mountains, free, a wild man whom not even their bloodhounds could catch. I took the gun with me—a good one; here it is." He removed the rifle from its crevice in the rocks.

"Do you think it was taking too much from one who would have robbed me of my soul?"

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### Through the Flood.

IAN MACLAREN.

Adapted from "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

DOCTOR MACLURE did not lead a solemn procession from the sick-bed to the dining-room, and give his opinion from the hearthrug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drumtochty houses nor his manners



were on that large scale. He was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his directions with one foot in the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could not read the meaning of a sign, and labored under a perpetual disability of speech; but love was eyes to him that day, and a mouth.

"Is't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? tell's the truth; wull Annie no come through?" and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A' wud gie onything tae say Annie hes a chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yer gaein' tae lose her, Tammas."

Tammas hid his face in Jess's mane, who looked round with sorrow in her beautiful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, and in this silent sympathy the stricken man drank his cup, drop by drop.

"A' wesna prepared for this, for a' thocht she wud live the langest . . . . she's younger than me by ten years, and never wes ill . . . . we've been mairit twal year laist Martinmas, but it's juist like a year the day . . . . a' wes never worthy o' her, the bonniest, snoddest (neatest), kindest lass in the Glen . . . . a' never cud mak'

oot hoo she ever lookit at me, 'at hesna hed ae word tae say about her till it's ower late . . . . she didna cuist up tae me that a' wasna worthy o' her, no her, but aye she said: 'Yir ma ain gude man, and nae cud be kinder tae me.' . . . . An' a' wes minded tae be kind, but a' see noo mony little strokes a' micht hae dune for her, and noe the time is by. . . . We were mair nor man or wife, we were sweethearts a' the time. . . . Oh, ma bonnie lass, what'll the bairns an' me dae withoot ye, Annie?

"Can naethin' be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil, and young Burnbrae, an' yon shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, an' we were a' sac prood o' ye, an' pleased tae think that ye hed keepit deith frae anither hame. Can ye no think o' somethin' tae help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold, weird light.

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to dae the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luv'd her; and a' saw her through the fever when she wes a bit lassikie; a' closed her mither's een, and it wes me hed tae tell her she wes an orphan, an' nae man was better pleased when she got a gude husband. A've naither wife nor bairns o' ma own, an' a' coont a' the fouk o' the Glen ma family. Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there wes a

man in Muirtown 'at cud dae mair for her, a'd have him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble."

"It's God's wull, an' maum be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a'm no ungratefu' tae you, doctor, for a' ye've dune and what ye said the nicht ;" and Tammas went back to sit with Annie for the last time.

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came of long experience, and the doctor held converse with her according to his wont.

"Eh, Jess, wumman, yon wes the hardest wark a' hae tae face. A' said she cudna be cured, and it wes true, for there's juist ae man in the land fit fo't, and they micht as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Sae a' said naethin' tae vex Tammas's hert, for it's heavy eneuch without regrets.

"Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he hesna lost mair than five per cent o' his cases, and they'll be puir toon cratur, no strappin' women like Annie.

"It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. But it wud be the grandest thing that was ever dune in the Glen in oor time if it could be managed by hook or crook.

"We'll gang and see Drumsheugh, Jess ;" and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village,

whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road.

"Come in by, doctor; a' heard ye on the road; ye'll hae been at Tammas Mitchell's; hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's sober."

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Tammas is like tae brak his hert."

"That's no lightsome, doctor, for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochty sae bund up in his wife as Tammas, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man, ye'll need tae pit yir brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but ane, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

"It's a fell chairge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred, we'll hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumsheugh?" and MacLure turned white below the tan.

"Write the telegram, man, and Sandy'll send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra nicht, and ye'll hae yir man the morn."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh, but ye'll grant me ae favor. Ye'll lat me pay the half, bit by bit—a' ken yir wullin' tae dae't a'—but a' haena mony plesures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma ain share in savin' Annie's life."

Next morning a figure received Sir George on

the Kildrummie platform, whom that famous surgeon took for a gillie, but who introduced himself as "MacLure of Drumtochty." It seemed as if the East had come to meet the West when these two stood together, the one in traveling furs, handsome and distinguished, with his strong, cultured face and carriage of authority, a characteristic type of his profession; and the other rough and ungainly, yet not without some signs of power in his eye and voice. As soon as they were in the fir-woods MacLure explained that it would be an eventful journey.

"It's a' richt in here, for the wind disna get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep in the Glen, and thi'll be sone engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination, but oor worst job'll be crossin' the Tochty.

"Ye see the bridge hes been shakin' wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture on it, sae we hev tae ford, and the snaw's been melting up Urtach way. There's na doot the water's gey big, an' it's threatenin' tae rise; but we'll win through wi' a warstle.

"It micht be safer tae lift the instruments oot o' reach o' the water; wud ye mind haudin' them on yir knee till we're ower, an' keep firm in yir seat in case we come on a stane in the bed o' the river?"

By this time they had come to the edge, and it was not a cheering sight. The Tochty had

spread out over the meadows, and while they waited they could see it cover another two inches on the trunk of a tree. There are summer floods, when the water is brown and flecked with foam, but this was a winter flood, which is black and sullen, and runs in the centre with a strong, fierce, silent current. Upon the opposite side Hillocks stood to give directions by word and hand, as the ford was on his land, and none knew the Tochtty better in all its ways.

They passed through the shallow water without mishap, save when the wheel struck a hidden stone or fell suddenly into a rut ; but when they neared the body of the river, MacLure halted, to give Jess a minute's breathing.

" It'll tak' ye a' yir time, lass, an' a' wud rather be on yir back ; but ye never failed me yet, and a wumman's life is hangin' on the crossin'."

With the first plunge into the bed of the stream the water rose to the axles, and then it crept up to the shafts, so that the surgeon could feel it lapping in about his feet, while the dog-cart began to quiver. Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

"Sit doon!" thundered MacLure; "condemned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day."

Jess trailed her feet along the ground with cunning art, and held her shoulder against the stream; MacLure leaned forward in his seat, a rein in each hand, and his eyes fixed on Hillocks, who was now standing up to the waist in the water, shouting directions and cheering on horse and driver.

"Haud tae the richt, doctor; there's a hole yonder. Keep oot o't for ony sake. That's it; yir daein' fine. Steady, man, steady! Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seats. Up the channel noo, an' ye'll be oot o' the swirl. Weel dune, Jess, weel dune, auld mare! Mak' straicht for me, doctor, an' a'll gie ye the road oot. Ma word, ye've dune yir best, baith o' ye, this mornin'," cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dog cart, now in the shallows.

"It wes titch an' go for a meenut in the middle; a Hielan' ford is a kittle (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but ye're safe noo.

"Gude luch tae ye up at Westerton, sir; nane but a richt-hearted man wud hae riskit the Tochty in flood. Ye're boond tae succeed aifter sic a graund beginnin'," for it had spread already that a famous surgeon had come to do his best for Annie, Tammas Mitchell's wife.

Two hours later MacLure came out from

Annie's room and laid hold of Tammas, a heap of speechless misery by the kitchen fire, and carried him off to the barn, and spread some corn on the threshing-floor and thrust a flail into his hands.

"Noo we've tae begin, an' we'll no be dune for an' oor, and ye've tae lay on without stoppin' till a' come for ye, an' a'll shat the door tae haud in the noise, an' keep yir dog beside ye, for there mauna be a cheep about the hoose for Annie's sake."

"A'll dae anything ye want me, but if—if——"

"A'll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger. But what are ye feared for, wi' the queen's ain surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure filled the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen on the snow.

His face was tidings of great joy, there was nothing like it to be seen that afternoon for glory, save the sun itself in the heavens.

"A' never saw the marrow o't, Tammas, an' a'll never see the like again; it's a' ower, man, withoot a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa'in asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie'll live?"



"Of coorse he dis, and be aboot the hoose inside a month; that's the gude o' bein' a clean-bluided, weel-livin——

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? it's a mercy a' keppit ye, or we wud hed anither job for Sir George.

"Ye're a' richt noo; sit doon on the strae. A'll come back in a whilie, an' ye'll see Annie juist for a meenut, but ye mauna say a word."

Marget took him and let him kneel by Annie's bedside.

He said nothing then or afterward, for speech came only once in his life-time to Tammas, but Annie whispered: "Ma ain dear man."

When the doctor placed the precious bag of instruments beside Sir George next morning, he laid a check beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. "Mrs. MacFayden and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about you and your friend. You have some right to call me a coward, but I'll never let you count me a mean, miserly rascal," and the check with Drumsheugh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor.

**"Gentlemen ! The King !"**

ROBERT BARR.

Abridged by permission of the author.

THE room was large, but with a low ceiling, and at one end of the apartment stood a gigantic fireplace, in which was heaped a pile of blazing logs, whose light illuminated the faces of the twenty men who sat within.

The night was a stormy and tempestuous one, the rain lashing wildly against the windows.

The hunting-chalet stood in a wilderness, near the confines of the kingdom of Alluria, twelve leagues from the capital, and was the property of Count Staumn, whose tall, gaunt form stood erect at the head of the table as he silently listened to the discussion which every moment was becoming more and more heated.

"I tell you," thundered Baron Brunfels, bringing his huge fist down on the table, "I will not have the king killed. Such a proposal goes beyond what was intended when we banded ourselves together. The king is a fool, so let him escape like a fool. I am a conspirator, but not an assassin."

"It is not assassination, but justice," said the ex-chancellor, suavely.

"Justice!" cried the baron. "You have learned that cant word in the cabinet of the king

himself, before he thrust you out. He eternally prates of justice; yet, much as I loathe him, I have no wish to compass his death, either directly or through gabbling of justice."

"If the king escapes he will take up his abode in a neighboring territory, and there will inevitably follow plots and counter-plots for his restoration; thus Alluria will be kept in a constant state of turmoil. There will doubtless grow up within the kingdom itself a party sworn to his restoration. We shall thus be involved in difficulties at home and abroad, and all for what? Merely to save the life of a man who is an enemy to each of us. We place thousands of lives in jeopardy; render our own positions insecure; bring continual disquiet upon the state; when all might be avoided by the slitting of one throat, even though that throat belong to the king."

"Argument," said Count Staumn, "is ever the enemy of good comradeship. Let us settle the point at once, and finally, with the dice-box. Let us throw for the life of the king. I, as chairman of this meeting, will be umpire. Single throws, and the highest number wins. Baron Brunfels, you will act for the king, and if you win may bestow upon the monarch his life. Ex-chancellor Steinmetz stands for the state. If he wins, then is the king's life a forfeit. Gentlemen, are you agreed?"

"Agreed, agreed," cried the conspirators, with practically unanimous voice.

The ex-chancellor took the dice-box in his hand, and was about to shake, when there suddenly came upon them three stout raps against the door, given apparently with the hilt of a sword. Many not already standing started to their feet, and nearly all looked one upon another with deep dismay in their glances. The full company of conspirators were present; exactly a score of men knew of the rendezvous, and now the twenty-first man outside was beating the oaken panels. The knocking was repeated, but now accompanied by the words:

"Open, I beg of you."

Count Staumn left the table, and stealthily as a cat approached the door.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"A wayfarer, weary and wet, who seeks shelter from the storm."

"My house is already filled," spoke up the count. "I have no room for another."

"Open the door peacefully," cried the outlander, "and do not put me to the necessity of forcing it."

There was a ring of detision in the voice which sent quick pallor to more than one cheek. Ex-chancellor Steinmetz rose to his feet with terror in his eyes and chattering teeth; he seemed to recognize the invisible speaker. Count Staumn

looked over his shoulder at the assemblage with an expression that plainly said, "What am I to do?"

"Open, count, and let the insistent stranger in. Whether he leave the place alive or no, there are twenty men here to answer."

The count undid the fastenings, and through the open door, there entered a tall man, completely enveloped in a dark cloak that was dripping wet. Drawn over his eyes was a hunter's hat of felt, with a drooping, bedraggled feather on it. The door was immediately barred behind him, and the stranger flung off his cloak, throwing it over the back of a chair; then he removed his hat with a sweep, sending the rain drops flying. The intrigants gazed at him speechless, with varying emotions. They saw before them His Majesty, Rudolph, King of Alluria.

If the king had any suspicion of his danger, he gave no token of it. His frank, clear, honest eyes swept the company, resting momentarily on each; then he said in a firm voice, without the suspicion of a tremor in it:

"My Lord of Brunfels, I see that I have interrupted you at your old pleasure of dicing. While requesting to continue your game as though I had not joined you, may I venture to hope the stakes you play for are not high?"

Every one held his breath, awaiting with deepest concern the reply of the frowning baron;

and, when it came growling forth, there was little in it to ease their disquiet.

"Your Majesty," said Baron Brunfels, "the stakes are the highest that a gambler may play for."

"You tempt me, baron, to guess that the hazard is a man's life. Whose life is in the cast, my Lord of Brunfels?"

Before the baron could reply, ex-chancellor Steinmetz rose with some indecision to his feet. He began, in trembling voice :

"I beg your gracious permission to explain the reason of our gathering——"

"Herr Steinmetz," cried the king sternly, "when I desire your interference I shall call for it ; and remember this, Herr Steinmetz, the man who begins a game must play it to the end, even though he finds luck running against him."

The ex-chancellor sat down again and drew his hand across his damp forehead.

"Your Majesty," spoke up the baron, a ring of defiance in his voice, "I speak not for my comrades, but for myself. I begin no game I am afraid to finish. We were about to dice in order to discover whether your Majesty should live or die."

A simultaneous moan seemed to rise from the assembled traitors. The king smiled.

"Baron," he said, "I have ever chided myself for loving you, for you were always a bad ex-

ample to weak and impressionable natures. Even when your overbearing, obstinate intolerance compelled me to dismiss you from the command of my army, I could not but admire your sturdy honesty. But we have had enough of comedy, and now tragedy sets in. Those who are traitors to their ruler must not be surprised if a double traitor is one of their number. Why am I here? Why do two hundred mounted and armed men surround this doomed chalet? Miserable wretches, what have you to say that judgment be not instantly passed upon you?"

"I have this to say," roared Baron Brunfels, drawing his sword, "that whatever may befall this assemblage, you, at least, shall not live to boast it."

The king stood unmoved as Baron Brunfels was about to rush upon him; but Count Staumn and others threw themselves between the baron and his victim.

"My Lord of Brunfels," said the king, calmly, "sheathe your sword. Your ancestors have often drawn it, but always for, and never against, the occupant of a throne. Now, gentlemen, hear my decision, and abide faithfully by it. Seat yourselves at the table, ten on each side, the dice-box between you. You shall not be disappointed, but shall play out the game of life and death. Each dices with his opposite. He who throws the highest number escapes. He

who throws the lowest, places his weapons on the empty chair, and stands against yonder wall to be executed for the traitor that he is. Thus half of your company shall live, and the other half shall seek death with such courage as may be granted them. Do you agree, or shall I give the signal?"

With unanimous voice they agreed, all excepting Baron Brunfels, who spoke not.

"Come, baron, you and my devoted ex-chancellor were about to play when I came in. Begin the game."

"Very well," replied the baron, nonchalantly. "Steinmetz, the dice-box is near your hand; throw."

Some one placed the cubes in the leathern cup and handed it to the ex-chancellor, whose shivering fingers relieved him of the necessity of shaking the box. The dice rolled out on the table—a three, a four, and a one. Those nearest reported the total.

"Eight!" cried the king. "Now, baron."

Baron Brunfels carelessly threw the dice into their receptacle, and a moment after the spotted bones clattered on the table.

"Three sixes!" cried the baron. "If I only had such luck when I played for money!"

Steinmetz, struggling and pleading for mercy, was speedily overpowered and bound; then his captors placed him against the wall, and resumed



their places at the table. The next man to be doomed was Count Staumn. The count rose from his chair, bowed to the king and to the assembled company, drew forth his sword, broke it over his knee, and walked to the wall of the condemned.

The remainder of the fearful contest was carried on in silence, but with great celerity, and before a quarter of an hour was past, ten men had their backs to the wall, while the remaining ten were seated at the table, some on one side, some on the other.

Baron Brunfels shifted uneasily in his seat, and glanced now and then with compassion at his sentenced comrades. He was the first to break the silence.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I am always loath to see a coward die. The whimperings of your former chancellor annoy me; therefore will I gladly take his place, and give to him the life and liberty you perhaps design for me, if, in exchange, I have the privilege of speaking my mind regarding you and your precious kingship."

"Unbind the valiant Steinmetz," said the king. "Speak your mind freely, Baron Brunfels."

The baron rose, drew his sword from the scabbard, and placed it on the table.

"Your Majesty, backed by brute force," he began, "has condemned to death ten of your sub-

jects. You have branded us as traitors, and such we are, and so find no fault with your sentence, merely recognizing that for the present you represent the upper hand. You have reminded me that my ancestors fought for yours, and they never turned their swords against their sovereign. Why, then, have our swords been pointed toward your breast? Because, King Rudolph, you are yourself a traitor. You belong to the ruling class, and have turned your back upon your order. You, a king, have made yourself a brother to the demagogue on the street corner yearning for the cheap applause of the serf. You have shorn nobility of its privileges, and for what?"

"And for what?" echoed the king, with rising voice. "For this: that the ploughman on the plain may reap what he has sown; that taxation may be light; that my nobles should deal honestly with the people and not use their position for thievery and depredation; that those whom the state honors by appointing to positions of trust shall content themselves with the recompense lawfully given and refrain from speculation; that peace and security shall rest on the land; that the kingdom of Alluria may live in amity with its neighbors. This is the task I set myself when I came to the throne. What fault have you to find with the program, my Lord Baron?"

"The simple fault that it is the program of a fool," replied the baron, calmly. "In following it you have gained the resentment of your nobles and have not even received the thanks of those pitiable hounds, the ploughmen of the valley, or the shepherds on the hills. You have impoverished us so that the clowns may have a few more coins with which to muddle in drink their already stupid brains. You are hated in cot and castle alike. You would not stand in your place for a moment, were not an army behind you. Being a fool, you think of the common people alone, whereas they only curse that they have not a share in the thieving."

The king, whose gaze had been fixed upon the floor before him, drew a deep sigh, and when he looked up at them, his eyes were veiled with moisture.

"I thought," he said, "until to-night, that I had possessed some qualities, at least, of a ruler of men. I came here alone among you, and although there are brave men in this company, yet I had the ordering of events as I chose to order them, notwithstanding that odds stood a score to one against me. I still venture to think that whatever failures attended my eight years' rule in Alluria arose from faults of my own, and not through imperfections in the plan or want of appreciation in the people. If it is disastrous for a king to act without the co-operation of his

nobles, it is equally disastrous for them to plot against their leader. I beg to acquaint you with the fact that the insurrection so carefully prepared has broken prematurely out. My capital is in possession of the factions, who are industriously cutting each other's throats to settle which one of two smooth-tongued rascals shall be their president. While you were dicing to settle the fate of an already deposed king, and I was sentencing you to a mythical death, we were all alike being involved in common ruin. I have seen to-night more property in flames than all my saving during the last eight years would pay for. I have no horsemen at my back, and have stumbled here blindly, a much bedraggled fugitive, having lost my way in every sense of the phrase. And so I beg of the hospitality of Count Staumn another flagon of wine, and either a place of shelter for my patient horse, who has been left too long in the storm without, or else direction toward the frontier, whereupon my horse and I will set out to find it."

"Not towards the frontier!" cried Baron Brunfels, grasping his sword and holding it aloft, "but towards the capital! We will surround you, and hew for you a way back through that fickle mob, back to the throne of your ancestors." A ringing cheer echoed to the timbered ceiling.

"The king! The king!" they cried.

Rudolph smiled and shook his head.

"Not so," he said. "I leave a thankless throne with a joy I find it impossible to express. As I sat on horseback, half way up the hills above the burning city, and heard the clash of arms, I was filled with amazement to think that men would actually fight for the position of ruler of the people. Whether the insurrection has brought freedom or not, the future alone will tell; but it has, at least, brought freedom to me. No man can question either my motives or my acts. Gentlemen, drink with me to the new president of Alluria, whoever he may be."

But the king drank alone, none other raising flagon to lip.

Then Baron Brunfels cried aloud:

*"Gentlemen, the king!"*

And never in the history of Alluria was a toast so heartily honored.

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### **Engineer Connor's Son.**

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

Adapted by permission of The S. S. McClure Company.

WHEN Jack Connor was promoted to the position of engineer on the Nashville and Chattanooga road, which cuts the State of Tennessee, he moved his family into the pretty little cottage standing side by side with crippled Jerry Crane's, on the hill just above the railroad track, in the little village of Antioch.

The trainmen were pretty well acquainted with the Antioch people in general, but there was not one among them, from conductor down, who did not know Jack Connor's son.

"Little Jack," they called him ; and the train never whistled for Antioch but they would look out for the little fellow hoisted on the wood-pile to see his father's engine go by.

Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father, and the little fellow would almost go wild over the big engine and the glowing furnace, the great bell clanging a hasty good-by, and the shrill whistle, which more than once he had been permitted to "pull."

He had his father's head, the trainmen said, but the neighbors declared he had his mother's sunny, hopeful, helpful nature.

But one day trouble came to her door. Engineer Connor was brought home in a caboose, both legs mashed and an arm gone, while his engine lay in a ruined heap under a broken bridge just beyond the Tennessee River.

Every man had jumped but him—fireman, brakeman, all but Jack.

"Jump, Connor, for your life!" the fireman had called to him when the timbers began to crack ; and the man had laid his hand upon the throttle and said :

"You forget I'm engineer."

He was not quite dead when the boys found

him, and all the time they were working with him he was praying. Just for life to get home. "Just long enough to get home and die with my wife and boy."

His prayer was granted; he reached home and the two he loved best on earth.

"Jack," he said, "I leave your mother to you. Take care of her, my man."

"The company will do something for you by and by, Jack," he said. "Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack," he whispered. The hand on the boy's head grew cold, and when they lifted it and laid it back upon the dead man's breast Jack turned to his mother.

"Here I am, mother," he said, and she understood.

It was then Jack's life began in earnest. The pet name of "Baby Jack" no longer trembled upon his mother's lips. She called him instead "My son," "My boy," or "Mother's man." Every morning when the whistle sounded; the cottage door would open, the gate click, and a pair of bright stockings flash for a moment in the sunlight as a pair of nimble legs went hurrying down to the platform.

"Pies! pies! fresh pies and cakes!" He had turned peddler. A tiny, industrious little peddler he was too; and with so many rough-bearded, warm-hearted friends among the trainmen, Jack's business was bound to flourish.

One day the red stockings went dancing down to the platform with unusual speed; so fast, indeed, that the mother, who was following, had scarcely reached the platform when No. 6 pulled up, and Engineer Robinson dropped from his engine and caught the boy in his arms and tossed him up to the fireman.

"Catch the little engineer, Sam," he shouted. "I've promised to let him run No. 6 to-day."

There was a happy little laugh, and then a vision of golden curls at the window.

"Mother, mother! Can you spare me a whole day?"

She smiled and nodded.

"I'll come back at 5:10"—the wheels began to turn—"and the wood is in, mother"—the train was moving—"and the kindlings"—the rattle of the cars drowned his voice—"box full"—how the steam roared! "Good-bye, mother."

It was a marvelous ride to the boy, who had never ceased to wonder at the proud old engine and its magnificent strength. But for all the pleasure and freedom, there was a shadow all day on the boyish face, which neither the good things nor the wonderful stories which Engineer Robinson brought to his entertainment could quite dispel.

Once the train stopped to wait for a delayed freight, and the engineer spoke to the boy, sitting silent at the window.



"Hello, Jack!" he said. "You're not asleep, are you? An engineer can't sleep, sir; remember that. Whatever other folks may do, he's got to keep his eyes open."

"Yes, sir, that's just what father used to say. And father said, the night they brought him, sir, he said: 'Every man may jump but the engineer—the engineer must stick to the engine.' And he said, father said, away off it seemed to me, like you try to speak when the steam's a-sizzing, sir; he said: 'Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack.' And I've been a-thinking, Mr. Robinson, I've been a-thinking all day as maybe I ought not to have left her by herself a whole day."

The engineer answered without turning his head:

"Oh, she's all right, Jack; she's safe."

"But you know what father said, 'Stand by your mother, Jack,' and here I am away off on your engine, sir."

The delayed freight rattled by, twenty minutes late; the fireman threw in some coal, the steam began to puff, and No. 6 sped on its way and drew up in time at Antioch, 5:10. A door flew open as the whistle sounded four times, as if it said, "Here I am, mother."

A little form was lowered from the engine and went flying through the mist and fog towards the lighted doorway.

It was one sunshiny morning in June, when Jack's mother went to call on a sick friend, at the station just above Antioch.

"You can come to meet me at twelve o'clock, Jack," she said, as she kissed his cheek. "I'll be sure to come on that train unless something happens."

"I'll be here, mother," said Jack, "to every train until you come."

The sun still shone when the train came in at noon. Jack thought the whistle sounded mournful, somehow. And the engine "slowed up" sooner than usual, so that the train came in "slow and solemn-like."

The telegraph operator had laid his hand in a very gentle way on the boy's head as he hurried past him. And Engineer Robinson never once looked out to speak to him. The fireman, too, turned his face the other way and was busy with his shovel. The brakeman leaned on his brake and never lifted his eyes as the cars pulled up. Jack thought it all very strange.

"Here I am, mother."

The conductor cleared his throat when the well-known welcome rang through the train. Passengers turned from the windows and put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, as if the sight of an eager little face aglow with expectation and delight were painful to them.

"Here I am, mother." He was scanning

every face eagerly, longingly, when the conductor stepped out.

"Jack," he said, "she isn't aboard."

A shadow flitted across the bright countenance. The conductor took the boy's hand in his and held it close.

"Jack, my boy," he said, "you must be a man. Your mother has not come,—*will* not come, Jack. Your mother is dead, my son."

And the sun still shone, but not for Jack.

He never knew the terrible story, how in stepping from the train her foot slipped and she fell beneath the wheels, which passed over her body. He never knew—for from that day he never knew anything, except that she never came back to him.

Day after day when the whistle sounded a little figure was seen to climb the wood-pile—Jerry Crane's wood-pile now—to watch for his mother.

"Here I am, mother," the shrill, clear voice would ring out. And when the train had passed on some one would explain: "It's poor Jack Connor come to meet his mother." They grew accustomed to seeing him there as the days drifted into years. "Every train until you come back," he had said.

One day they missed him; he was ill, raving with fever, Jerry Crane's wife bent over his pillow; the poor little life was going. At ten o'clock he opened his eyes.

"Is No. 6 in yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, Jack," they told him.

He smiled and closed his eyes again.

"She'll be here on that train," he said. "I must go down to meet her when No. 6 comes in."

At eleven he started and sat up in bed. "Is she in yet?" he asked. "Is No. 6 in?"

"Not yet, Jack, dear," they told him, and he dropped back among his pillows.

"Stick to your engine and stand by your mother, Jack," they heard him whisper.

At midnight a whistle sounded sharp and shrill, and Jack raised himself in bed and gave a cry of joy: "She's in!" he shouted, "No. 6 is in. Here I am, mother!"

The train pulled up and stopped. It was only a freight stopping for water, but that was nothing to Jack. A smile flitted across his face.

"She's come," he said, and with a look of unutterable peace held out his arms and went to meet her.

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### **A Son of Abdallah.**

ALBION W. TOURE.

Adapted from "A Son of Old Harry."

Way back in the year 1850, there lived in one of the frontier districts of Ohio, a farmer by the name of Seth Goodwin, with his wife Susan and his son Jack, a boy of twelve years.

Seth Goodwin's desire for more land had caused him to mortgage what he had already had, to raise money, and shortly after a financial crisis swept over the country, causing the value of produce and also of land to decrease, so that the prospect was that Seth would lose his farm, and to make matters worse his health failed. Just at this time his younger brother Horace came home, bringing with him his racing mare Queen. Now among the stock on Seth's farm was a colt which, although highly bred, had never attracted the attention of his owner, but which Jack Goodwin, the boy, had claimed as his own. After his Uncle's arrival with the Queen, the two horses were often run side by side, the colt always beating in the race—until Uncle Horace finally told his brother that the colt was worth a small fortune and could be used to pay off the mortgage.

About a mile from the Goodwin place was a small village, in which the man who held the mortgage kept a store and hotel and was the monied man of that locality. His name was Marsh Kincaid, and he was a hard-hearted, unscrupulous rascal.

He had recently purchased in Kentucky a noted race horse called Gray Eagle, and Horace Goodwin, by laughing about Gray Eagle, finally got him to agree to give \$2,500 for a horse he (Horace) could produce that had been reared in the county, and never raced for money, providing said horse could beat Gray Eagle the best two in three, and in case Gray Eagle should win Kincaid was to have Queen. So the race was arranged to come off on the mile of road commencing in front of the Goodwin farmhouse.

Kincaid's only child, Delia, a girl of thirteen years—loyal and true to her playmate, Jack Goodwin, had given him warning—that from things she had overheard from her father—foul play was intended if the race could not be won by fair.

THE day of the race was all that could be desired, and the concourse of people greater even than had been anticipated. Long before the hour of eleven, the "measured mile" seemed merely a broad yellow ribbon between two dark lines of vehicles arranged along the sides. The marshals, with white sashes across their shoulders, rode hither and thither, getting the crowd in order and finding places for the wagons still arriving. The trees in the orchard and along the sides of the course were filled with boys. Men perched on the fences or leaned against them, whittling as they talked. Here and there were venders of cakes and cider, ginger-beer and other harmless decoctions. The Gray Eagle occupied a spacious marquee in the orchard, from which a flag gayly floated. The horse that was to compete with him was securely screened from prying eyes in a little tent erected in Seth Goodwin's yard. It was carefully guarded by the friends of Horace, none of whom seemed to know, however, what manner of horse it was that stamped and whinnied within. Boys swarmed everywhere, and Delia Kincaid's black pony, white plumes and waving curls flashed in and out among the spectators in the most unexpected places.

When all the details were completed, the marshal, standing on the workbench, commanded silence, ordered the track to be cleared and that

none should cross it until the race was ended. His deputies waved their flags and repeated his announcements. Then the makers of the race were called on to name the horses, and Marsh Kincaid, standing on a chair on the west side of the track, named Gray Eagle, giving the name of his sire and dame and announcing himself as the owner. At the same moment, the sides of the marquee were thrown back, and the proud horse, with his wiry little colored jockey, clad in gray with shining boots and spurs, pranced out and took his place before the judges' stand. Their appearance was greeted with a loud cheer.

Nothing was yet known about the horse that was to contest the race with Gray Eagle. There was a breathless silence, therefore, when Horace Goodwin, standing jauntily on the shoulders of two friends, took off his hat to the judges and announced:

"Belmont's Abdallah, son of Abdallah, by the Belmont mare; bay colt four years old; never entered for any race."

"Who owns him?" interrupted Kincaid, imperiously.

"Seth Goodwin owns him," answered Horace, with a ring of triumph in his voice.

"Do you want any proofs of this fact, Mr. Kincaid?" asked the marshal.

"Nothing but the horse," said Kincaid, incredulously.

Horace Goodwin placed two fingers of his left hand between his lips and gave a shrill whistle. The front of the tent was thrown open, and the son of Abdallah walked with steady, springing strides to the starting-place, looking wonderingly about upon the unaccustomed crowd. Jack was attired in a white jacket and trousers, with red stockings tied above the knee with blue ribbons, without shoes, and wore a red cap. He carried a long, heavy whip strapped to his wrist and rode a narrow sheepskin pad with stirrups attached, which he hardly seemed to need.

There was another hush as every eye scanned the points of the new candidate for the honors of the turf. Some thought him lacking in spirit; others said he was too long in the back to endure continued exertion; one pronounced him too deep in the chest; another thought him too low in the withers; but all confessed that the trim, round body, slender limbs, lithe neck, lean head, quick-moving ears, shiny coat and glossy black points presented as nearly perfect a picture of the ideal horse as they had ever seen.

"Do you have to ride him with an ox-gad?" asked the owner of Gray Eagle with a sneer, pointing to the whip at Jack's wrist.

"Why, that's style, Marsh, don't you understand?" answered Horace, jocosely. "I couldn't afford to borrow a nigger and fit him out with jimcracks as you have done; but raw-hide's cheap,



you know, and being sure you'd got the longest purse, I thought I'd try and have the longest whip."

The Gray Eagle, catching the excitement of the admiring, shouting crowd, pranced and ambled along the whole course, his rider foolishly inducing him to sidle and curvet for the gratification of the beholders. Jack rode with a loose rein, allowing his horse to take the long, easy walk to which he had been accustomed in training, while his rider fixed his attention closely upon the track he was to use.

Cris Barclay was the starter at the north end of the course. The Gray was half a length ahead when the horses went under the string, but Jack nodded to him and he gave the word. The starting-gun was fired, and before its echoes had died away the Gray Eagle improved the advantage he had at the send-off, and was two, three, —a half-dozen lengths ahead. What was the matter with the colt? At this rate he would be distanced in the first heat. The people along the route were silent. The Gray Eagle's jockey glanced backward and spoke encouragingly to his horse. If he could keep his lead until the half-mile post he stood to win. But now the colt began to close the gap. The jockey touched the Eagle with his boot. Still the bay crept up. As they saw it the people cheered. Public sympathy was evidently with the boy and the home-

bred colt. As they passed the half-mile maple, the black muzzle was even with the white flank. The Gray Eagle's rider urged him openly, and the veteran answered with a magnificent burst of speed. Still the colt did not lag. His ears were laid back, the white teeth showed as he champed the bit, and his eyes flashed wickedly; but he neither gained nor lost. The boy patted his neck and spoke soothingly to him, his hand bearing lightly on the rein. They passed the three-quarter post, and now the colt began to gain. The rider of Gray Eagle is using the spur! They are twenty lengths away from the big beech, and the black nose is on a line with the white one. Now the boy leans forward, shaking the reins and speaks sharply to the colt. The Gray's jockey plies the whip. The old horse responds nobly, but in vain. The colt is half a length ahead as they pass under the string.

The gun is fired. A shout goes up. The marshals, sitting on their horses along the course, wave their red flags to show that the bay has won. Then the shout echoes back and forth. Seth Goodwin smiles contentedly, and his wife, standing behind his chair in the front doorway, waves a greeting to the boy, who glances toward her before he jumps down and runs into the tent, leaving the colt to be cared for by the others.

Kincaid gave some directions to his jockey, and Horace Goodwin whispered a word in Jack's

ear as he tossed him to his seat for the second heat. The boy was pale and his set lips were white to their very edges. There was some trouble about getting away, and again the Gray Eagle got the lead and kept it all the way, winning by a length and more. The time, as nearly as it could be computed, was nothing like as good as in the first heat. As soon as the result was announced, Goodwin's friends scattered themselves along the southern part of the track. Kincaid's followers cheered loudly, but the shout lacked the volume that comes from numbers.

When the gun was fired for the third heat the Gray was again in the lead and remained there for the first quarter. Then the colt closed up. At the half-mile they were neck to neck. Then the bay suddenly shot ahead, and at the third quarter there were a dozen lengths between them. A roar of triumph rolled before him down the line.

"No chance for a foul there," said Horace Goodwin, standing on the end of the work-bench, to the stranger at his side, in a tone of exultant satisfaction. Everybody was straining to see the finish and shouting in anticipation.

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger, gazing with a look of horror up the track. What he saw froze his blood with terror! Horace Goodwin's eyes followed his startled gaze. A man, brandishing a club above his head, had rushed out of the

west line of spectators and was standing directly in the path of the rushing steed, threatening the colt and his rider. A cry of angry warning went up from the excited crowd. Even at that distance Horace knew him. He was his enemy; his brother's enemy, too. Dan Marvin meant revenge. The crowd thought so. Women shrieked and closed their eyes that they might not see the young lad's death.

"Get off the track! Ride him down! Kill him!" were cries heard amid the tumult. A dozen men started toward the intruder. It was too late! The bay, with outstretched neck and gnashing teeth, was rushing down upon him. The man brandished his club and shouted. The boy's long whip went back over his head. He leaned forward, and it cut down into the man's face before he came in range of the brandished club. Marvin shrank back with a howl of agony. The colt rose to leap over him, hardly pausing in his strides. The bent knees struck the man in the breast and he was thrown down. The horse's feet cleared him by a yard, and the son of Abdallah came home a winner by some twenty lengths, not having swerved a hair's breadth from his course!

## **The Gold Louis.**

ADAPTED.

WHEN Lucien de Hem had seen his last 100 francnote raked in by the banker and had risen from the roulette table where he had just lost the remains of his small fortune, he experienced a sort of vertigo and almost fell.

With reeling brain and failing limbs he tottered over to the leather bench that encircled the room and threw himself on it. He heard the soft friction of the gold on the felt and realized his loss, his ruin; but he remembered that at home, in a bureau drawer there were two army pistols that had been bravely used by his father, Gen. de Hem, in the attack of Zaatcha. Then utterly worn out, he slept soundly.

He awoke with a parched throat and glancing at the clock saw that he had barely slept a half-hour.

An imperative need to breathe the night air came over him. The hands marked a quarter to midnight, and, on rising and stretching his arms, Lucien recollected that it was Christmas eve, and by an ironical freak of memory, he saw himself a little child again putting his shoes in front of the chimney at bedtime.

Just then old Dronski, the Pole, a fixture of the place, in threadbare, braided livery, came up

to Lucien and mouthed a few words in his dirty beard.

"Lend me five francs, Monsieur. Here are two days since I have been out of the club and seventeen has not turned up once. Laugh at me if you will, but you may cut off my fist if seventeen does not come out in a few minutes when the clock strikes midnight."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders; he had not even the wherewithal in his pockets to pay the tax known by the house habitués as "The Poles Pence."

He passed into the hall, put on his hat, his coat, then descended the stairs with the haste of a fevered person. During the four hours he has been indoors heavy snow has fallen, and the street, a central one, walled in by high houses, was all white. Multitudes of cold stars shone in the blue-black purged sky.

The ruined man walked rapidly, revolving desperate thoughts in his mind, and was more than ever drawn to the pistol box in his dressing case drawer.

Suddenly he stopped. He was confronted by a heart-breaking scene.

On a stone bench, placed according to the old-time custom beside the monumental door of a palace, a little girl of six or seven, barely covered by a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had gone to sleep there, in spite

of the cold, in a painful attitude of utter weariness, with her poor little head and shoulder propped in an angle of the icy stone.

One of her shoes had fallen from the foot which hung over, and lay in the snow.

Lucien de Hem felt mechanically in his vest pocket, and was suddenly reminded that a moment before he had not even found a forgotten franc for the valet.

However, stirred by an instinctive pity, he approached the little girl, and would have perhaps carried her in his arms to give her a night's shelter, if he had not seen something shining in the old shoe as it lay in the snow.

He bent over. It was a gold louis.

Some charitable person, a woman, doubtless, in passing by this Christmas eve had seen the shoe in front of the sleeping child, and had remembered the touching legend. This generous alms had been given so that the little one might believe in the gifts of the holy child, and in spite of her distress retain some hope in the goodness of Providence.

A louis! It meant many days of plenty for the beggar, and Lucien was about to waken and tell her so, when he heard a voice in his ear, a drawling, thick voice, mumbling:

"Here are two days since I have been out of the club. You can cut off my fist if seventeen does not come out when the clock strikes midnight."

Then this young man of twenty-three, coming of honest stock, with a magnificent military record, never failing in honor, this young man suddenly conceived a dreadful thought, fell prey to a wild, hysterical, monstrous desire. Assuring himself with one swift glance that the street was deserted he swiftly stooped, advanced a trembling hand, and stole the louis from the old shoe. With a wild rush he reached the club again, cleared the stairs in one impetuous bound, flung open the door of the reeking hall, and threw the gold piece on the green, just as the clock chimed the first stroke of midnight.

"All on seventeen!"

Seventeen won.

With a turn of his hand he shoved the thirty-six louis on red.

Red won.

He left seventy-two louis on the same color. Again it appeared. Three times he put up the double stakes with the same luck. There was now a great heap of gold and bank-notes before him, and he began frantically to sow them broadcast over the table. Every combination favored him. The little ivory ball jumping about the divisions of the roulette seemed to be magnetized by the gambler's gaze, and obeyed it. In ten plays he had recovered the few thousand francs, his last resource, that he had lost early in the evening. By putting 200 or 300 louis at once he



would soon have far more than the heritage he had fooled away.

In his haste to play, he kept on his heavy coat, and the great pockets were already crammed with rolls of bank-notes and gold pieces. He had now to stuff them into his inside pockets, his vest and trousers pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, and everything that could hold them. He still played. He still won; like a lunatic, like a drunken man! He threw the gold anywhere on the table with disdainful certainty.

In his heart a red-hot iron was burning; he thought only of the child asleep in the snow—of the little beggar he had robbed.

“She is still there, of course; certainly, she must be there! In a minute, when it strikes one—I swear it—I will leave here and carry her home sleeping in my arms. I will bring her up, love her as my own child, and care for her always, always.”

The clock struck one, the quarter, the half, the three-quarters, and Lucien still sat at the table. A minute before two the banker rose abruptly from the table and said in a sharp voice:

“Enough for to-day, gentlemen; the bank is closed.”

Lucien leaped to his feet. Roughly he pushed the players aside as they lingered about, eying him with envious admiration; hurriedly he cleared the stairs and ran to the stone bench.

From afar he could see the little form in the faint light of a gas lamp.

"Thank God!" he cried, "she is still there!" He seized her hand.

"Ah! how cold she is, poor little one!"

As he lifted her in his arms, the child's head fell back limp, and she did not waken. How children sleep, he thought, pressing her to his breast for warmth; and, vaguely anxious, he was about to kiss her lids to draw her from this heavy slumber, when he saw with terror that the child's eyes were half-open, showing glassy pupils, extinguished and motionless. With a terrible suspicion, Lucien brushed her little lips with his own, and no breath came from them. While Lucien had been winning a fortune with the louis stolen from her, this little beggar had died—died from cold.

His throat contracted in awful agony, he tried to cry out—and in the effort he awoke from a nightmare on the bench at his club, where he had fallen asleep before midnight, and had been left undisturbed by the kindness of the old valet, who had gone off last of all at five o'clock. His heart had been touched by the poor bankrupt.

A misty December dawn was peering through the panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, bathed, breakfasted, then went to the recruiting office, where he enlisted in the First African Chasseurs.

Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant ; he lives on his small pay and never touches a card.

It appears that he saves something too, for not long ago, in Algiers, he was seen by a brother officer, who was walking behind him in a winding street of the Kasha, giving alms to a little Spanish beggar asleep under a doorway. The officer had the indiscretion to look at the money which Lucien had given to poverty.

He had put a gold louis into the child's hand.

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### Washington.

W. HAMILTON SPENCE.

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THE five years following the final separation of the colonies have been called the critical period of American History. Imperial Unity had departed : National Unity had not taken its place. Local interests prevailed. State selfishness manifested itself in violence. There were disputes about territory ; there was collapse of public spirit. Grievances and discontent were rife. Commerce was almost ruined by war and currency. There was groaning under public and private debt. Men were dragged to the debtor's prison. Gambling speculation flourished. Repudiation was whispered. Scarcity appeared ; and with it bread riots. Law-loving mass broke out in rebellion. Anarchy seemed at hand.

To guard against these dangers the Convention was called of which Washington was president. In it he arose and said: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

But dissensions, strifes, differences as to taxation and representation threatened to destroy the foundations of the new national edifice. When the vote on the constitution came to be taken, sixteen of the delegates withdrew, while others remained to prophesy civil war, or scent tyranny and despotism. Some foretold war because the constitution was too weak; others prophesied disaster because the enmities of leaders were so intense. Adams felt compelled to appeal to the patriotism of another age because of the political baseness of some.

Then having formulated the constitution, the members went forth to pacify towns and villages torn with discussion regarding its adoption. Jay was hanged in effigy. Hamilton was stoned in the streets. England gave the constitution five years in which to effect a revolution. France was a volcano shaking institutions to the ground, and covering the remains with embers

and ashes. Strife raged on land and sea. Surely no propitious time for that prescience of vision, that calmness and judiciousness of thought essential to the conception and realization of a peaceful and permanent nation.

But amid the din of arms, the strife of tongues, there was one who stood forth

“ Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

That cliff was Washington. Said Randolph :  
“ There is but one character which keeps them  
in awe !—Washington ! ”

Another thing that made the cementing of the states an Herculean task was the heterogeneous character of the population ; and the difficulty of communication that always fosters prejudices, provincialism and individual selfishness. There was great divergence in blood, education, antecedents. There were those who had come to America for conscience sake, and those inspired by adventure. These had nothing in common. Then, too, the land was often poor ; and poverty keeps the eyes on self-interests alone. Men and women worked together in the field. The evenings were spent in mending shoes, hammering out nails or tools, and in spinning or weaving cloth. It was the period of flint and fireplaces. No lamps, no matches, no stoves ;

no asylums or hospitals ; no modern conveniences for work or house ; no agricultural implements ; no pavements, street-lamps, cars, libraries, or galleries. Little to foster the broad outlook, the sense of essential dependence necessary to unity.

To make a homogeneous whole of this was the task and the reward of Washington. In the darkest hour, he alone saw rifts in the clouds, making his calmness and hope the refutation of skeptics. With masterly tact he dovetailed unlikes together, curbed the spirit of party strife, inspired singleness of heart into state councils, honesty into government, provided equality of privilege for rich and poor. Greater than he who found a city of brick and left it stone, he found a nation of atoms and left it granite. He was the hub in which all the radiating spokes were united and held ; the cement in which all the repellent elements of the formative period were embedded. He aroused the sense of mutual dependence in the states, which came to see in him, not a star in their firmament, but in their national system.

In the universe there are two opposite forces at work—the centrifugal and the centripetal. By the centrifugal, everything in our solar system is repelled from a common centre ; by the centripetal everything is drawn toward a common centre.

Had the centrifugal absolute sway, each planet

would fly off in a tangent, become totally independent, and the universe lose the coherence by virtue of which it is a perfectly balanced system. Had the centripetal absolute sway, the various planets would soon lose their individuality, and the whole settle down upon and become merged into one all-including mass.

But by exactness in the balance of these two opposite forces the universe is not an agglomeration of planets, but a system, each planet revolving in its own orbit, occupying an undisputed sphere, contributing something to the splendor of the whole, and all revolving in harmony divine about a common centre—the sun.

In that somewhat chaotic and wholly formative period of our national life these two elemental forces were at work.

Jefferson was the centrifugal force—the champion and exponent of it. As the advocate of state rights and individual freedom; as the author of the “Kentucky Resolutions” which became a precedent and authority for all subsequent secession doctrines of the Eastern States, for the nullification proceedings of South Carolina, almost, if not quite for the rebellion of ’61; as the interpreter of the Constitution as a contract between independent parties, not binding upon one of them beyond its distinct stipulations; as the champion of a “general government reduced to a very simple organization, with a few

plain duties to be performed by a few servants"—had his theories held undisputed sway, it is difficult to see how a federal league could have been transformed into a national unit, or the nation been more than a rope of sand.

On the other hand, Hamilton was the centripetal force. The whole tendency of his mind was toward centralization.

With but one object in life—strength, order, national force: as the persistent developer of the "implied powers" of the constitution first seized by him, and in which he found everything he needed to effect his theories provided his progress was not arrested; as the advocate of an aristocratic as distinguished from a democratic republic, in which the choice of president and senators should be committed to a class qualified to vote on a property basis, and in which the chief executive should appoint the governors of the various states, who should have a veto on all state legislation—principles he never lost faith in and were deepened by conflicts arising from the French Revolution—it is not difficult to see that although purely republican, had his theories had absolute sway, our constitution had conformed too nearly to the British model for our conditions and development, while by such treatment of states, an over-centralized national government had entirely superseded the Confederate form.

There stood these two men over against each



other with their policies, parties, and purposes, like the two elemental centrifugal and centripetal forces of the planetary system, each admiring what the other feared, and despising what the other admired.

But between these two, admitting both to his cabinet, rising above party more than any other statesman in our history, leaning on and learning from each, yet with his master-hand upon both ; with his marvelous balance of intellectual qualities giving him almost an unerring judgment, stood Washington, mediating, restraining excesses, preserving the equilibrium, until out of this chaotic condition came a planet-like system of states, each revolving in its own orbit, each contributing to the lustre of the whole, and all revolving around a centre of unity—the Federal Sun—“ forever singing as they shine, the hand that made us is divine.” Modern Æneas that he was, he safely steered the ship of state in whose hold lay a nation’s destiny, between the Scylla of excessive centralization on the one hand and the Charybdis of state individualism on the other.

And now, thou Father of our country, great soldier, greater statesman, greatest American citizen ; first to rise above the colonial spirit and reach the conception of a broad nationality, at this, the beginning of a new century, we bring thee, not thirteen states—thy thirteen children—jealous, disaffected, impoverished—but a nation

of states that only oceans can bound, mutually helpful, united, one and inseparable forever, but still thy children ; a family so multiplied and fruitful it promises to replenish and subdue the earth ; we bring thee representatives of every kindred and clime and tongue who have learned to call thee "Father" ; we bring to thee the islands of the sea, on whose altars the victims of tyranny shall bleed no more, and we trust that from thy higher height than that which overlooks the broad Potomac we may receive thy Fatherly benediction : "Well done, good and faithful ; thou shalt be made ruler over many."

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### **Jerry, The Bobbin-Boy.**

ADAPTED.

IT was almost morning. Already the black curtain, rent here and there by a furious wind, was slowly lifting toward the east ; and the dull gray dawn appearing formed a sombre background, upon which the leafless trees that fringed the far-away hills were painted in waving silhouette.

The swinging signboards in front of small taverns creaked and groaned dismally ; the tall chimney of the Watterson mill rocked threateningly.

Ever since the sun had gone down the wild

storm had continued, and even now the rain, driven by the mighty wind, fell in long, slanting lances upon the town and the frothing river that, filled with great masses of broken ice and débris from all the up-country, roared and plunged between its banks and shook with giant hands the foundation of the mills beneath which it ran.

At the head of the dam, where the channel was the narrowest, and directly opposite the Watterson mills, was an ice jam.

Piled block upon block until it towered high in the air, pressing with terrific force against the mills upon the one hand and the natural wall of rock upon the other, the broken ice had formed a great white barricade, growing each moment, which checked the mad rush of the water and sent it swirling backward in eddying waves, which beat furiously upon the mills and threatened each instant to engulf them.

Along the higher shore the townspeople gathered, powerless to aid, but simply awaiting the catastrophe ; and among them, pale and haggard, was the proprietor himself.

As he passed to and fro, intent upon the scene before him, hoping that the jam might even yet give away in time to save his buildings, many a watcher turned aside with pitying word and look, for Mr. Watterson was a man beloved by all his employees.

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd

—a hastening toward the common centre—and, with eager faces, both men and women gathered about a new-comer who was speaking earnestly.

“Yes. If that timber could be cut, it would break the jam. It lies just so that it holds——”

“What timber? Where? Quick, tell me; can the jam be broken?”

“Yes, sir,” returned the other, respectfully, “it can, but it’s dangerous work. I have just been below, and from there I saw that a great log which has lodged at the very crown of the dam is all that holds the ice. If that could be cut, the jam would be broken.”

“But how can it be reached?” queried Mr. Watterson, anxiously. “Can any one get at it to cut it?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the man; “in one way.”

“And that is——”

“Over the ice itself.”

A shudder ran through the listeners, and even the proprietor’s face grew more pale. Who would venture upon such a bridge on such an errand?

With common impulse, the crowd, led by the workman who first discovered the log, turned hurriedly away from the river’s brink, and gained a position lower down the stream, from which the dam could be plainly seen.

The report was true. The jam was held in place by a single timber—a great square stick,

doubtless torn by the angry waters from some bridge far up the country. If that could be cut, the blockade would be broken, the ice would no longer clog the stream, and the mills would be saved.

For a moment silence fell upon all; then, suddenly, Mr. Watterson's voice, hoarse and thin, rang out above the noise of the storm and the war of the waters:

"A thousand dollars to the man who will cut that timber!"

The women in the little group looked at each other and shuddered; the men fixed their eyes upon the dam; but no one replied. The roar of the angry stream increased and the waters deepened beneath the mill walls.

"Two thousand dollars!"

The proprietor's voice was hoarser than before. The women closed their lips firmly and shook their heads. The men moved a little uneasily, and one drew his hand across his mouth as if he would have spoken; but still no one replied, and the white foam from the imprisoned river was tossed by the wind against the lower windows of the mills, while the corners of the buildings were already beginning to crumble and waste away before the grinding ice.

"Three thousand!"

"I will go!"

The two voices sounded so closely together

that it was not until the crowd turned their eyes upward, and saw the one who had answered, that they fairly understood the reply.

Running from a third-story window of the lower mill across the river, above the dam, was a long, endless chain used to convey power from the mighty water-wheel of the mills to the machinery of a little box-factory located on the opposite bluff. The chain was at rest now, and there appeared at the window near it the figure of a boy in a blue blouse, carrying in his hands an ax. He it was who had said, "I will go!"

When the people saw him and realized what he was about to attempt, for already he had fastened a rope around his body and was passing the other end over the chain, evidently with the intention of sliding along the same until he found a point where he could lower himself to within reach of the timber—when they realized this, a great murmur went up from the crowd, and the women cried out in terror, while many turned to Mr. Watterson and urged him to order the boy back.

"Who is he?" said the proprietor, in a dazed way.

"It's Jerry, sir. Jerry, the bobbin-boy," said a man stepping forward. "An orphan, sir, an' strivin' to care for his sick sister."

"Jerry! Is it Jerry?" cried Mr. Watterson, turning quickly. "Then he shall not go!" and

he waved his hand, and shouted toward the window, "Go back! Go back!"

But already it was too late, for, with a little cry, the boy dropped from his perch and hung swinging above the roaring, grinding ice, the rope which supported him sliding downward along the chain toward the centre of the dam. The breathless crowd, the terror-stricken proprietor, could only watch and wait now.

Slowly and unevenly the looped rope from which Jerry was suspended slipped, link by link, down the sagging chain; slowly his feet neared the great mass of ragged ice beneath. At length, when he was directly over the centre of the dam, and just above the long beam which held the jam, allowing the rope to slide quickly through his hands, he dropped lightly upon the timber he had come to cut.

At the sight the sympathetic crowd broke into a wild cheer, both men and women; but Jerry wasted no time listening. A moment, half a moment, lost might mean destruction to the mills, and before the echo of the shouting had ceased he was plying his ax with vigorous strokes, that rang sharp and clear above the crumbling ice and gathering waters.

It was not a long task. The strain upon the timber already was enormous, and ere the lad had dealt a half a score of blows an ominous, crackling sound warned him that his errand was accomplished, and that he must be gone.

Dropping the ax, he turned, seized the dangling rope, and began to climb toward the chain above, when, with a shock like the report of a cannon, the beam gave way, and, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the air was filled with a horrible roaring, and the imprisoned waters burst the bounds which had confined them, and in one impetuous, boiling flood rushed over the dam, tossing the great cakes of ice that had formed the barrier high on the frothing waves—so high that they hid from sight the form of poor Jerry; and there went up from all the people a single cry: “The boy is lost!”

But the jam was broken! The mills were saved!

\* \* \* \* \*

And Jerry was saved too! Bruised and stunned and bleeding, hanging half sensible above the black waters that swept with a swift curve toward the fall, when the ice that had buffeted him had passed away the watchers saw that the boy still lived; and quicker than it can be told a boat was procured and manned, a long line made fast to it, and, dropping down the stream until they were close to him, tender hands were upraised, loving voices called, and with a long, sobbing cry the little hero loosed his grasp upon the rope and dropped, fainting, into the waiting arms below.



**The Mount of Laws.**

HALL CAINE.

ADAPTED.

THE lonely valley of Thingvellir, in southern Iceland, was alive one early morning with a great throng of people. Troup after troupe flowed into the vast amphitheatre that lies between dark hills and great jokulls tipped with snow. Near the middle of the plain stood the Mount of Laws, a lava island, surrounded by a stream, and bounded by overhanging walls cut deep with fissures.

Around this Mount the people gathered. It was a vast assembly, chiefly of men, in their homespun and sheepskins and woolen stockings, cross-gartered with hemp from ankle to knee. It was the hour for the business of Althing to begin, but the Governor had not arrived. The whisper went round that by his tardy coming he meant to humiliate them. At that, the people began to mutter among themselves and such hot protests were made that presently the door of the little place, wherein the Thingmen were wont to gather, was thrown open and six and thirty Thingmen came out.

Then followed the solemn ceremonies that had been observed on the spot for nigh a thousand years. The Bishop offered prayer for the sitting of Althing. Then the Judge, holding

his sword erect, read his charge and repeated his oath, to deal justly between man and man even as the sword stood upright before him. No sooner, however, had he begun to promulgate the new laws, when there was an uneasy movement at the outskirts of the crowd to the west of the Mount.

"The Governor," whispered one!

It was indeed he, even now pushing his way through the closely packed people, who saw him coming, but stood together like a wall until riven apart by his pony's feet. At the causeway he dismounted and stepped up to the top of the Mount. He looked old and feeble, and torn by evil passions; his straight gray hair hung like a blasted sheaf onto his shoulders, his forehead was blistered with blue veins, his cheeks were guttered with wrinkles, his little eyes were cruel, and his jaw was broad and heavy, and his mouth hard and square.

A moment he stood there silent, then he exclaimed, "Chief Justice, I have something to say. Michael Sunlocks, the rebel and traitor who once usurped the government of this island, has escaped from the Krisuvik sulphur mines. Men of Iceland, I call on you to take him. I call on you to help the Crown of Denmark. Chief Justice, adjourn this Althing so that every man here present may go out in search of him." Then a loud involuntary murmur of

dissent rose from the people, and at the same moment the Judge said, "Your Excellency, every other year for a thousand years Althing has met on this ancient ground, but never once since it began has the thing you ask been done. This day is ours by ancient right and custom, and we ask you to step back and let us go on." At that the Governor faced the crowd. "Men of Iceland, you know the man who has escaped. You know he is not one of yourselves, but a bastard Englishman. I will put a price on his head. I will give ten thousand kroner for the man who takes him alive, and twenty thousand kroner—do you hear me?—twenty thousand for the man who takes him dead." He would have said more, but his tongue seemed suddenly paralyzed and his wide eyes fixed themselves on something at the outskirts of the crowd. "There," he said in a smothered cry. It was Red Jason, an escaped convict of the Krisuvik sulphur mines carrying Michael Sunlocks across his breast and shoulders. His bronzed cheeks were worn, his sunken eyes burned with a dull fire. He strode on, erect and strong, through the riven way of men and women. When he came to the foot of the Mount, he let Sunlocks drop gently to the ground. Sunlocks was insensible, and his piteous, white face looked up at the heavy dome of the sky. A sensation of awe held the vast crowd spellbound.

Then in that breathless silence, Jason stood erect and said, "You know who I am. All of you think me a sort of wild beast among men. That is why you caged me. Would to God you could know by bitter proof what he has suffered. Where is your Michael Sunlocks, that I may tell him?" Then the people drew a deep breath, for they saw in an instant what had befallen these two men in the dread shaping of their fate. "Where is he?" cried Jason again. And then the Judge said, "Don't you know the man you've brought here?" "No—yes—yes," cried Jason. "My brother in suffering—my brother in misery—that's all I know or care. But where is your Michael Sunlocks? I have something to say to him. Where is he?"

The Governor had recovered himself by this time and said with a cruel smile, "Fool that you are and have been, that's where your Michael Sunlocks is." There was a moment of silence, in which the vast crowd trembled as one man with wonder and dismay. Then Jason raised his right hand to cover his face, as the dark truth swept over him; that his yoke-fellow had been Michael Sunlocks,—that his life-long enemy had been his life's sole friend. It was a terrible discovery, and Jason reeled under the shock of it like a beast that is smitten to death. While he stood there, half deaf, swaying to and fro as if the earth rocked about him, he was recalled to

himself by a dull hum of words that seemed to be spoken from the Mount. Some one was asking why he had come there, and brought Michael Sunlocks. He lifted his hand, partly to call attention and partly to steady himself, and in a broken voice he said these words:—"Men and women, you know what I am—a sort of bastard who has never been a man among men, but has walked alone all the days of his life. Another woman supplanted my mother and her son supplanted me, so I vowed to kill him. I had never once set eyes on my enemy. By what chance I do not know, but in that hell to which you sent me, where all names are lost and no man may know his yoke-fellow except by his face if he has seen it, I met with one who became my friend, my brother, my second self. I loved him, as one might love a little child. And he loved me—yes, me—I could swear it. I have brought him here and he is Michael Sunlocks. My brother in suffering is my brother in blood. The man I vowed to slay is the man I tried to save."

There was a dead hush for a moment, and then the Judge said, "Why have you brought Michael Sunlocks here? Speak!" Jason stood silent for a moment and then said, "I too am an Iclander, and this is our Ancient Mount of Laws, the sacred ground of our fathers and of our fathers' fathers, for a thousand years, and I

have heard that if any one is wronged and oppressed and unjustly punished, let him but find his way to this place, and though he be the meanest slave that wipes his forehead, yet he will be a man among you all. I have also heard that this Mount, on this day, is as the gate of the ancient city in old time, when judges sat to judge the people; and that he who is permitted to set foot on it, and cross it, though he were as guilty as the outlaws that hide in the desert, is innocent and free forever after. Answer me—is it true?"

"Yes! yes!" came from a thousand throats.

"Then, judges of Iceland, fellow-men, do you ask me why I have brought this man to this place? Look at his bleeding hand. It has been pierced by a nail. Look at these poor eyes—they are blind. Do you know what that means? It means hellish barbarity and damned tyranny. What crime and what condition deserves punishment that is worse than death and hell?"

"None, none," shouted a thousand voices.

There was a low rumble as of thunder. The people turned pallid with dismay, but Jason's face was lit up with a wild frenzy. "Do you hear it? It is the voice that was heard when these old hills were formed and the valleys ran like fire. It is the voice of the Almighty God calling on you." The word was like a war-cry. The people answered it with a shout, but Jason's

voice *pealed over their heads*. "Vengeance is God's but mercy belongs to man." He stooped to Michael Sunlocks, picked him up in his arms as if he had been a child, turned his face towards the Mount and cried, "Let me pass!" Then at one impulse the Judge and Bishop made a way, and Jason, carrying Michael Sunlocks, strode up the causeway and swept through.

"Free! free!" was the mighty shout that rose from that great assembly and seemed to rend the heavy sky.

The powers of God and the powers of evil had wrestled together in Jason's heart for mastery. But the moment of their struggle was ended, and love had conquered hate in that big heart forever and forever.

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### **The Archbishop's Christmas Gift.**

ROBERT BARR.

Abridged by permission of the Author.

ARRAS, blacksmith and armorer, stood at the door of his hut, in the valley of the Alf, on a summer evening. He was the most powerful man in all the Alf-thal and few could lift the iron sledge-hammer, which he wielded, as if it were a toy. Arras had twelve sons, scarcely less stalwart than himself, some of whom helped

him in his occupation of blacksmith and armorer, while the others tilled the land near by.

The blacksmith heard coming up the valley the hoof-beats of a horse and his quick, experienced ear told him, distant though the animal yet was, that one of its shoes was loose. As the hurrying rider came within call the blacksmith shouted to him in stentorian tones: "Friend, pause a moment until I fasten again the shoe on your horse's hoof."

"I cannot stop," was the brief answer.

"Then your animal will go lame," rejoined the blacksmith.

"Better lose the horse than an empire," replied the rider, hurrying on.

"Now, what does that mean?" said the blacksmith to himself.

Some time after, Arras, again standing at the door of his smithy, heard coming from the castle, the click of the broken shoe; but this time the rider drew up before him and said:

"The offer of help which you tendered me I shall now be glad to accept. Do your work well, and know that in performing it you are obliging the Archbishop of Treves."

The armorer raised his cap at the mention of the august name.

"You said something," spoke up the smith, "of loss of empire as you rode by. I trust there is no disquieting news from Treves."



"Disquieting enough," replied the messenger. "The Hungarians have crossed the Rhine and are now about to make their way through the defiles of the Eifel into this valley, intending then to march upon Treves, lay that ancient city in ruin and carry havoc over the surrounding country. A hundred men could hold them in check while they are passing through the narrow ravine of the Eifel; but you breed a scurry set of nobles in the Alf-thal, for Count Bertrich disdains the command of his overlord, to rise at the head of his men and stay the progress of the invader, until the archbishop can come with the army to his assistance."

"Now out upon the drunken count for a base coward!" cried the armorer in anger. "May his castle be sacked and himself hanged on the highest turret, for refusing aid to his overlord in time of need. I and my twelve sons know every defile, ravine, pass, rock, and cave, in the Eifel. Would the archbishop, think you, accept the aid of such underlings as we, whose only commendation is that our hearts are as stout as our sinews?"

"What better warranty could the archbishop ask than that?" replied the envoy. "If you can hold back the Hungarians for four or five days, then I doubt not that whatever you ask of the archbishop will be speedily granted."

"We shall ask nothing," cried Arras, "but his

blessing, and be deeply honored in receiving it."

Whereupon the blacksmith went to the door of his hut and smote a hanging iron with his sledge until the clangorous reverberation echoed through all the valley, and presently there came hurrying to him, eight of his stalwart sons, who had been occupied in tilling the fields.

"Scatter ye," cried the blacksmith, "over all the land. Rouse the people and tell them the Hungarians are upon us. Urge all to collect here at the smithy with whatever of arms or weapons they may be possessed. Tell them they are called by an order from the Archbishop of Treves himself, and that I shall lead them. Tell them they fight for their homes, their wives and their children. And now, away!"

Long before midnight the peasants came straggling to the smithy from all quarters, and by daylight the blacksmith had led them over the volcanic hills, to the lip of the tremendous pass, through which the Hungarians must come. They had little fear that the numerous Hungarians could scale the precipitous walls and decimate their scanty band.

When the Hungarian army appeared the blacksmith and his men rolled great stones and rocks down upon them, practically annihilating the advance guard and throwing the whole army into confusion. The week's struggle that fol-

lowed forms one of the most exciting episodes in German history. Again and again the Hungarians attempted the pass, but nothing could withstand the avalanche of stone and rocks with which they were overwhelmed. (Nevertheless the devoted little band did not have things all their own way. They were so few and they had to keep such close watch night and day, that before the week was out many turned longing eyes in the direction from which the archbishop's army was expected to come.) It was not until the seventh day that help arrived and then the archbishop's forces speedily put to flight the now demoralized Hungarians and chased them once more across the Rhine.

"There is nothing now left for us to do," said the blacksmith to his little following, "so I will get back to my forge and you to your farms." And this, without more ado, they did. . . . Arras and his twelve sons were at their noon-day meal, when an imposing cavalcade rode up to the smithy at the head of which procession was the archbishop, who said:

"Blacksmith Arras, you and your sons would not wait for me to thank you, so I now come to you, that in the presence of all these followers of mine I may pay fitting tribute to your loyalty and your great bravery.

"Thanks cost little and are easily bestowed. I hope, however, to have a Christmas present

for you which will show the whole country round how much I esteem true valor."

At the mouth of the Alf-thal, somewhat back from the small village of Alf, stands a conical hill that completely commands the valley. The archbishop put some hundreds of men at work and erected on the top of this hill a strong castle which was the wonder of the country. The year was nearing its end when this great stronghold was completed, and it began to be known throughout the land that the archbishop intended to hold high Christmas revel there, and had invited to the castle all the nobles in the country, while the chief guest was no other than the emperor himself. The blacksmith and his twelve sons also received notification to attend at the castle and enjoy the week's festivities. Arras was commanded to come in his leathern apron and to bring his huge sledgehammer with him.

It had been rumored among the nobles that the emperor would not permit the archbishop to sully the caste of Knighthood, by asking the barons to recognize or hold converse with one in so humble station of life. Indeed had it been otherwise, Count Bertrich, who had remained drinking in his castle while the blacksmith fought for the land, was resolved to speak out boldly to the emperor, upholding the privileges

of his class and protesting against insult to it in the presence of the blacksmith.

At Christmas, when all assembled in the great hall, they found at the centre of the long side wall a magnificent throne erected with a dais in front of it, and on this throne sat the emperor in state, while at his right hand stood the lordly archbishop and elector of Treves. But what was more disquieting they beheld also the blacksmith standing before the dais some distance in front of the emperor, clad in his leathern apron, with his big brawny hands folded over the top of the handle of his huge sledge-hammer. Behind him ranged his twelve sons. There were deep frowns on the brows of the nobles when they saw this, and after kneeling and protesting their loyalty to the emperor, they stood aloof and apart, leaving a clear space between themselves and the plebeian blacksmith.

When the salutations to the emperor had been given, the archbishop took a step forward on the dais and in a clear voice said :

“My lords, I have invited you here that you may have the privilege of doing honor to a brave man. I ask you to salute the blacksmith Arras, who, when his country was in danger, crushed the invaders as effectually as ever his right arm, wielding sledge, crushed hot iron.”

A red flush of confusion overspread the face of the blacksmith, but loud murmurs broke out

among the nobility and none stepped forward to salute him. One indeed stepped forward, but it was to appeal to the emperor.

"Your majesty," said Count Bertrich, "this is an unwarranted breach of our privileges. It is not meet that we, holding noble names, should be asked to consort with an untitled blacksmith. I appeal to your majesty against the archbishop under the feudal law."

All eyes turned upon the emperor, who, after a pause, spoke and said :

"Count Bertrich is right and I sustain his appeal."

An expression of triumph came into the red bibulous face of Count Bertrich, and the nobles shouted joyously.

"The emperor! The emperor!"

The archbishop, however, seemed in no way nonplussed by his defeat, but said, addressing the armorer :

"Advance, Blacksmith, and do homage to the emperor."

When the blacksmith knelt before the throne, the emperor, taking his jeweled sword from his side, smote him lightly on his broad shoulders saying,

"Arise, Count Arras, noble of the German empire, and first lord of the Alf-thal."

The blacksmith rose slowly to his feet, bowed

lowly to the emperor and backed to the place where he had formerly stood.

The look of exultation faded from the face of Count Bertrich, and was replaced by one of dismay, for he had been, till that moment, himself, first lord of the Alf-thal.

"My lords," once more spoke up the archbishop, "I ask you to salute Count Arras, first lord of the Alf-thal."

No noble moved and again Count Bertrich appealed to the emperor.

"Are we to receive on terms of equality," he said, "a landless man, a count of a blacksmith's hut, a first lord of the forge? For the second time I appeal to your majesty against such an outrage."

The emperor replied calmly,

"Again I support the appeal of Count Bertrich."

There was this time no applause from the surrounding nobles, for many of them had some smattering idea of what was next to happen, although the muddled brain of Count Bertrich gave him no intimation of it.

"Count Arras," said the archbishop, "I promised you a Christmas gift when last I met you at your smithy door. I now bestow upon you and your heirs forever, this Castle of Burg Arras and the lands adjoining it. I ask you to hold it well and faithfully as you held the pass

of the Eifel. My lords," continued the archbishop, turning to the nobles with a ring of menace in his voice, "I ask you to salute Count Arras, your equal in title, your equal in possessions, and the superior of any of you in patriotism and bravery. If any noble, question his courage, let him neglect to give Count of Burg Arras his title and salutation as he passes before him."

One by one, the nobles passed and saluted, Count Bertrich hanging back until the last; then as he passed, the new Count of Burg Arras he hissed at him, with a look of rage, the single word "Blacksmith."

The Count of Burg Arras, stirred to sudden anger, and forgetting in whose presence he stood, swung his huge sledge-hammer round his head and brought it down on the armored back of Count Bertrich, roaring the word "Anvil!"

The armor splintered like crushed ice, and Count Bertrich fell prone on his face and lay there.

There was instant cry of "Treason, treason," and shouts of "No man may draw arms in the emperor's presence."

"My lord Emperor," cried the Count of Burg Arras, "I crave pardon if I have done amiss. Your majesty has said that I am a count. This man having heard your majesty's word proclaims me blacksmith, and so gives the lie to his emperor. For this I struck him and would again even though he stood before the throne in



a palace, or the altar in a cathedral. If that be treason, take from me your honors and let me back to my forge."

"You have broken no tenet of the feudal law," said the emperor. "You have broken nothing, I trust, but the count's armor, for, as I see he is arousing himself, doubtless no bones are broken. The feudal law does not regard a blacksmith's hammer as a weapon. And as for treason, Count of Burg Arras, may my throne always be surrounded by such treason as yours."

And for centuries after, the descendants of the blacksmith were Counts of Burg Arras and held the castle of that name, whose ruins to-day attest the excellence of the archbishop's building.

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### **An Imperial Secret.**

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

A true incident of one of the earlier Russian Emperors.

FOR two years I had been an ensign in the Paulovsky Regiment. Emperor Paul I. was in the third year of his reign, and lived at the Red Palace.

One night I had retired to my room and had fallen into the semi-unconsciousness of my first sleep. I was aroused by the rough voice of a man whose voice was close to mine and who whispered in my ear.

"Dmitri-Alexandrovitch, awake, and follow me!" I opened my eyes. A man stood before me whom I did not know and who had so suddenly brought me back to the world.

"Follow you, and where?" I exclaimed.

"I cannot tell you. Sufficient for you to know it is by order of the Emperor." My blood froze. By order of the Emperor! What could he wish from me, a poor ensign?

Through my mind ran the awful Russian proverb, "Near to the Czar, near to death."

There was no time to hesitate. I sprang from my bed and dressed myself. I looked with keen attention at the man who had summoned me. He was wrapped in a great fur pelisse, but I believed I could recognize in him the Turkish slave, the favorite servant of the Emperor.

"I am ready," I said at the end of five minutes, clapping my hand with some confidence on the sword that hung at my side. My fears were redoubled when my guide, instead of taking the corridor that led from the barracks to the open air, descended by a little circular staircase into the lower vaults of this sombre building. He lighted the way with a smoky lantern.

At the end of five hundred paces our progress was stopped by an iron gate. My guide drew a key from his pocket, opened the grill and closed it behind us. We continued on our way. Presently we found ourselves at the foot of the small

staircase which we ascended. It brought us into one of a number of small apartments where the atmosphere was such that I realized that I was in a building intended for human habitation, but I never realized that I was being conducted to the Emperor. We had reached the last door and before it stood a sentinel. My guide, placing his hand on my shoulder, said :

“ Be quiet ; you are now to see the Emperor ! ”

He whispered a word to the sentinel. The sentinel opened the door, not by placing a key in the lock, but by means of a secret spring. I stepped into the room.

A man, short of stature, dressed in the Prussian uniform, his high boots of the softest leather, a long coat falling below his knees, was in the chamber. I recognized the Emperor.

“ Sire,” said my guide, bowing low, “ here is the young ensign with whom you wished to speak.”

The Emperor approached me, and, as he was much shorter than I, he raised himself on his toes and looked at me intently. Then turning on his heel, he said, “ Go ! ”

My guide, bowing again, withdrew and left me alone with the Emperor. I would quite as willingly have been left alone with a lion. Finally he came toward me and said : “ You know that when I give an order I am to be obeyed without hesitation, without remark, without thought ! ”

"As one would obey God ; yes, Sire, I know that."

He went to the desk, took a document lying there, placed it in an envelope, sealed it, then returned to me.

"I wish you to know that from a thousand, I have chosen you to carry out my orders," said he, "because I think you will execute them properly."

"I shall always have before me the consciousness of the obedience I owe my Emperor," I replied.

"Good ! good ! and remember that you are no more than earth, and that I am everything. I ! I !"

"I await the orders of Your Majesty."

"Take this letter to the Governor of the fortress, go with him where he will direct you, assist him in what he will do, return to me and say, 'I have seen.'"

I took the paper and bowed.

"I have seen, you understand. I have seen !"

"Yes, Sire."

"Go !"

"Come !" said my guide. A troupe of cavalry was stationed in the court. We galloped across the great square and reached the banks of the Neva. When we climbed up the bank of the river and found ourselves again on firm earth, we were at the gates of the fortress.

The Governor had retired, but he quickly

appeared in response to the all-powerful summons :

“By order of the Emperor !”

Without a word, I handed him the order. He read it once, he looked at me, and then said :

“You have come here to see ?”

“I have come to see,” I replied.

Then “Come and you shall see.”

He walked down the corridor and I followed him. A door-keeper came behind us. We continued thus till we reached the outer walls of the prison. There the Governor stopped and pointed to a door. The jailer opened it, passed in ahead of us, lighting the way with a lantern and we followed, through many galleries, in the lower one of which were many doors, all of them numbered. The Governor walked directly to that which bore the figure 11. The temperature was far below freezing, and the cold was mingled with a dampness which penetrated to the bone. We found ourselves in a cell eight feet square.

“The light,” he said to the jailer.

The jailer directed the flame from his lantern into the corner of the cell

There I saw, crouched upon a pile of rags, a thin, pale, and aged man, with long white hair and beard. Doubtless he had entered this cell dressed in the clothes he wore when he had been arrested, but they had long since dropped off him, piece by piece, and he now shivered in the

cold, protected only by a ragged quilt. Beneath the light of the lantern his almost naked body looked shrunken and bony. Possibly he had been clothed in splendid robes, possibly insignia of the most noble orders had covered his breast ; to-day he existed without rank : his dignity, even his name were lost—he was known merely as Number 11.

At the order of the Governor, the man arose, covering his nakedness as well as he could with the tattered garment and without uttering a word. His body was bent, weakened by confinement, by the dampness, by age, by the gloom, by hunger. But his eye was fiery and defiant—almost menacing.

“It is well,” said the Governor. “Come !”

The Governor stepped into the gallery first.

The prisoner looked for the last time about his cell, on his stone pillow, on his cruse of water, on his straw mattress. He followed the Governor and passed before me, and I shall never forget the look he gave me, so full of reproach was it.

I came out behind him ; the jailer followed us all and closed the door.

At the entrance to the Governor's apartments we found the two squads of cavalry. They placed the prisoner in the sleigh, the Governor at his side. The second squad of four soldiers followed behind.

Where were we going? Of that I was ignor-

ant. What were we to do? Of that I was also ignorant. My orders were to say, "I have seen."

We went from the fortress at a rapid pace. Sitting as I was on the forward seat of the sleigh, the knees of the prisoner were between mine, and I could feel them tremble. The Governor was wrapped in his furs; my heavy military coat was buttoned up about my ears, and yet I shivered with the cold. The old man was naked, or nearly so, and the Governor offered him nothing to protect him from the freezing wind. I involuntarily started to take off my coat and throw it about him, but the Governor, divining my intention, said:

"It is not permitted."

We recrossed the Neva, and when we had reached the further side, we turned in the direction of Cronstadt, keeping along on the ice of the river. The wind came down from the Baltic with awful violence; splinters of ice cut our faces; one of those terrible snow-storms that exist only in the Gulf of Finland was approaching.

Suddenly the snow-storm burst upon us. Our horses reared, balked, and refused to go ahead. Our drivers forced them forward by furious blows of the whip.

What a night!

And the old man with his knees trembling more and more between my own!

Finally we stopped. We had reached the spot

a distance below the city of St. Petersburg. The Governor stepped from the sleigh and went back to the four cavalry-men that were right behind us. They had already dismounted, and each man was holding in his hand the ax or crowbar with which he had armed himself before leaving the fortress.

"Cut a hole in the ice," the Governor said to them.

I gave a cry of terror ; I began to understand.

"Ah!" murmured the old man with a chilling laugh, "the Empress has remembered me, then? I feared that she had forgotten me."

Of what Empress did he speak? Three Empresses had succeeded each other—Anne, Elizabeth, Catherine. It was evident that he still believed that he was living under one of them, and he was ignorant even of the name of him to whom he owed his death.

"Get out," said the Governor to the old man, as he turned toward him.

It was a needless order—the old man had already left the sleigh. He was upon his knees upon the ice—in prayer. The Governor whispered an order to the four soldiers, then he came back and took his place beside me. I had not left the sleigh. At the end of a minute, the old man arose.

"I am ready," he said.

The four soldiers threw themselves upon him.



I turned my eyes away, but if I could not see, I heard. I heard the sound of a body plunged into the water. In spite of myself, I looked back again.

The old man had disappeared. I forgot that it did not rest with me to give orders, and I shouted to the driver :

“Pachol ! Pachol !”

“Stoi !” cried the Governor.

The sleigh, that had begun to move, instantly stopped.

“It is not finished,” the Governor said to me in French.

“What more have we to do ?” I asked.

“To wait,” he responded.

We waited half an hour.

“The ice has formed again, Excellency,” said one of the soldiers.

“Solid ?” demanded the Governor.

The man struck upon the ice with his ax ; the water had become firm.

“Go,” said the Governor.

The horses started at a gallop. They flew as though the demon of torment pursued them ; in less than ten minutes we were within the walls of the fortress. My guide was waiting.

“To the Red Palace !” he said to the driver.

Five minutes later the door of the Emperor's apartments opened and I passed within. He was dressed as I had seen him a short time be-

fore. He came forward and looked me in the eyes.

"Well?" he said.

"I have seen," I answered.

"You have seen, seen, seen?"

"Look at me, Sire, and you will not doubt it," I said.

I stood before a glass. I saw myself. I was pale, my features were drawn and haggard. I hardly knew myself.

The Emperor looked at me intently, and without a word he went to his desk, and took from it a paper.

"I have given you," he said, "between Troitza and Pereslof, an estate upon which dwell five hundred peasants. Leave for there to-night and never return to St. Petersburg. If you speak you know how I can punish. Go!"

I left. I have never returned to St. Petersburg, and this is the first time I have ever told any living soul that which I have just recounted to you.

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### The Black Killer.

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

Adapted from "Bob, Son of Battle." Used by permission of the publishers, Doubleday and McClure Co.

In the north of England, where almost every farmer is a shepherd, and where the sheep dog is as dear to his master

as any member of the family, there is much jealousy felt over their respective herding qualities. James Moore was justly proud of his dogs, for the fame of the gray dogs of Kenmuir was everywhere known. "Aye, the gray dogs, bless them," said Thomas Thornton who had served the Moores for half a century. "Ye can na beat 'em no how, I've known 'em ony time these sixty year, and never a bad un yet, and Owd Bob is as good as any. A rare dog was Owd Bob, dark gray, his long coat dashed here and there with lighter touches. Upon his chest an escutcheon of purest white. Perfectly compact, inimitably graceful, a gentleman every inch. You could not help but stare at him—Owd Bob of Kenmuir.

The nearest neighbor of Kenmuir was Adam McAdam, a little Scotchman whose evil tongue and ways had made him hated far and near. His only friend was his great dog "Red Wullie," as fierce and evil as his master, and McAdam's hatred of James Moore and Owd Bob, who had twice won the cup from him at the Dale Trials, was so great that he brooded constantly on some method of revenge.

At this time, that terror to herders, the "Sheep Killer," had begun his havoc, and suspicion pointed to Red Wullie as the murderer, but Adam McAdam would hear nothing against his dog, and labored night and day to throw suspicion on Owd Bob.

In the meantime the "Killer" pursued his bloody trail unchecked. Such a woeful season had never been known. Loud were the curses and deep the vows for revenge, and many a shepherd patrolled all night with his dogs, only to find in the morning that the "Killer" had slipped in and havoced in some secluded portion of his beat.

It was the day of the Squire's annual banquet to his tenants. Dusk was merging into darkness as James Moore and his son, Andrew, left the

scene of festivities and started for home. As they crossed the Silver Lea and trudged over that familiar ground, the wind fluttered past them in spasmodic gasps.

"There's trouble in the wind to-night," said the Master.

"Aye!" answered his laconic son.

A world of black was surging up from the horizon, smothering the star-lit night and small dark clouds like puffs of smoke detaching themselves from the main column were driving tempestuously forward,—the vanguard of the storm. The air was oppressed with a leaden blackness, no glimpse of light on any hand, and as they began the ascent of the pass they reached out blind hands to feel along the rock face. A few big rain-drops splashed heavily down, the wind raised with a leap and roared past them up the rocky track. Wet and weary they battled on, wondering whether Owd Bob would come to meet them.

"It's the 'Black Killer's' night," panted the Master. "I reckon he's out."

"Aye! reckon he is," the boy gasped.

At length nigh spent, they topped the last and steepest pitch of the pass and merged into Devil's Bowl. There, overcome with their exertions, they flung themselves on the soaking ground to draw a breath. In front through the lashing rain they could discern the hillocks that

squat hag-like round Devil's Bowl, and lying in its bosom, its waters usually so still, plowed now into a thousand furrows, the lone tarn. The Master raised himself and craned forward at the ghostly sight. Of a sudden he dropped as though dead, forcing down Andrew with an iron hand.

"Lad, did see?"

"Nay, what was't?" the boy replied, roused by his father's tone.

"There!" And Andrew looking with all his eyes saw indeed. In front, by the fretting waters of the tarn, packed into a solid phalanx, with every head turned in one direction, was a flock of sheep. They were motionless all intent, staring with horror-bulging eyes, panting and palpitating, yet they stood with their backs to the water as though determined to sell their lives dearly. Beyond them, not fifty yards away, crouched the hump-back boulder, and beneath it were two black objects, one still struggling feebly.

"The Killer!" gasped the boy, and all ablaze with excitement he began forging forward.

"Steady, lad," urged the Master, laying a restraining hand on the boy's shoulder. "Follow," he ordered and began to creep silently forward, and over the sodden ground they crept until the swish of the rain on the waters of the tarn and the sobbing of the flock warned them that they

were near. They skirted the trembling pack, pressing so close as to brush the flanking sheep and yet unnoticed, for the sheep were absorbed in the tragedy in front, so they crept on hands and knees, with hearts aghast and fluttering breath, until of a sudden they could hear, right in front of them, the smack and slobber of bloody lips chewing their bloody meal.

"Say thy prayers, Red Wullie, for thy last minute's come," muttered the Master. Then in Andrew's ear, "When I rush, lad, follow."

For he thought when the moon was in, to rush in on the great dog as he lay gorged and unsuspecting, to deal him one terrible swashing blow, and end forever the lawless doings of the tailless Tyke. The moon flung open its vale of cloud. White and cold it stared down into Devil's Bowl on murderer and murdered. Within a hand's cast of the avengers of the blood, crouched the hump-backed boulder. On the border of its shadow lay a dead sheep and standing beside his body, his coat all ruffled by the hand of the storm, *Owd Bob, Owd Bob of Kenmuir*. Then the light went in and darkness covered the land.

It was Owd Bob, there could be no mistake. In the whole wide world there was but one Owd Bob of Kenmuir, and in the darkness James Moore was lying with his face pressed down that he might not see. Once he raised himself and cast a furtive glance like a murderer at the

gallow's tree at the scene in front. It was no dream. Clear and cruel in the moonlight the hump-backed boulder, the dead sheep and that gray figure, beautiful, motionless, damned for all eternity. Then his head lolled down again and the strong man was whimpering.

Suddenly a harsh cruel laugh smote on his ear, "He, he, he, skuse me for laughing, Mr. Moore."

A little man all wet and shrunken, sat hunched on the mound above them rocking himself in the agony of his mirth. It was Adam McAdam.

"Ye rascal, ye rogue!" and he shook his fist at the unconscious gray dog.

"I owe ye another grudge for this," and leaned back and shook himself in convulsive mirth. The great man below him rose heavily to his feet and stumbled toward the mocker, his figure swaying from side to side like one in blind delirium, and there was that on his face which no one can mistake. Boy though he was, Andrew knew it.

"Fayther, Fayther, do e not, do e not," he pleaded, running after his father and laying impotent hands on him, but the great man shook him off like a fly, and rolled on with that awful expression plain to see in the moonlight. In front the little man squatted in the rain, bent double still and took no thought to flee.

"Come on, James Moore, come on," he called, malignant joy in his voice and something gleamed

bright in his right hand and was hid again. "I've waitin' this weary while noo, come on."

But suddenly there sounded the splash of a man's foot falling heavily behind, a hand like a falling tree smote the Master on the shoulder, and a voice above the storm cried, "Mr. Moore, look! man, look!" He tried to shake off that detaining grasp, but it pinned him where he was immovable. "Look! I tell you," cried that great voice again, and the hand pushed him and pointed and suddenly he turned, ignoring the figure at his side, and looked.

The wind had gone down as suddenly as it had risen. Andrew's sobs were hushed. The little man on the mound had ceased to chuckle and in the background the hideled flock edged closer. Every eye was in one direction, and with a dull incomprehensible gaze, James Moore stared as bidden. Then he stared as though struck dumb. The shadow of the boulder had moved. Aye, aye, aye, he was sure of it. A huge outline in the very thickness of the blackness. At this he was seized with a palsy of trembling. Nearer every moment came that crouching figure until they could plainly discern a line of arching loins. The chest thick as a stallion's, a massive, wagging head. No mistake this time, there he lay reveling in his horrid debauch, Red Wullie, the "Black Killer."

And they watched him at his feast. Now he



burrowed into the spongy flesh. Now he turned to lap the dark pool which glittered at his side like claret in a silver cup. Then raising his great head he snapped irritably at the rain-drops and the moon caught his wicked rolling eye and the red shreds dripping from his jaw; and all the while the gray dog stood before him motionless as though carved in stone.

At last as the murderer rolled his great head from side to side, he saw that still figure. At the sight he leaped back dismayed, then with a roar that shook the waters of the tarn, he was up and across his victim with fangs bared, his coat standing in wet rigid furrows from top-knot to tail. So the two stood, face to face, with scarcely a yard of rain-pierced air between them. An age it seemed, they waited so. Then a voice clear yet low like a bugle from a distant city broke the silence.

"Eh, Wullie," he said. There was no anger in the tone, only incomparable reproach. At that the great dog leaped around, snarling in hideous passion. He saw that small familiar figure clear-cut against the tumbling sky and for the only time in his life Red Wullie was afraid. His blood foe was forgotten. The dead sheep was forgotten. Everything was sunk in the agony of that moment. He cowered upon the ground and a cry like that of a lost soul was wrung from him. On the mound above stood his master,

his white head bared to the wind. The rain trickled down his cheeks and his hands were gripped behind his back.

"Wullie, Wullie, to me," he cried, and his voice sounded weak and far away. At the call the huge brute came crawling towards him, whimpering as he came, very pitiable in his distress—for he knew his fate as every sheep dog knows it. That troubled him not. His pain insufferable was that this, his friend and father, should have found him in his sin, so he crept up to his master's feet and the little man never moved.

"Wullie, ma Wullie," he said very tenderly. "They've all been agin me, and noo you. A man's mither, a man's wife, a man's dog. They're all I've ever had, and noo ane of the three have turned agin me. Indeed, I am alane."

At that the great dog raised himself and placing his fore paws on his master's chest tenderly, lest he should hurt him, who was already hurt past healing, stood towering above him. The little man placed his two cold hands on the dog's shoulders. So they stood looking at one another like a man and his love. At McAdam's word, Owd Bob looked up and for the first time saw his master. He seemed in no wise startled, but trotted over to him. There was nothing fearful in his carriage, no haunting blood-guiltiness in those true gray eyes which never

told a lie. Which never, dog-like, failed to look you in the face.

For weeks he had traced the "Killer," for weeks he had followed him as he had crossed Kenmuir bound on his bloody errands, yet always had lost him on the marches. Now he had run him to ground.

"I thowt it ud been yoo, lad," the Master said, stroking the rough gray head at his knee. "I'd thowht it been yoo."

A little later as they trudged along, James Moore heard pattering, staggering footsteps behind. He stopped, the other two men went on. "Man!" a voice whispered in his ear, and a face white and pitiable looked into his. "Man, you'l noo tell 'em all, I'd na like 'em to know it was ma 'Wullie'—think if it had been your dog."

"You may trust me," the other answered thickly.

The little man stretched out a palsied hand. "God bless ye, James Moore."

So the two shook hands in the moonlight with none to witness but God who made them. And that is why the mystery of the "Black Killer" remains unsolved in the Dale land.

## The Queen's Letter.

ANTHONY HOPE.

Adapted from "Rupert of Hentzau."

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rassendyll seeks Rupert to recover the letter and finally discovers him in hiding at a little shop.

"I'VE come to see the Count of Hentzau, said Rassendyll as he crossed the threshold.

"The shop is shut to-day; you can't come in," said Mother Holf.

"But I am in," said Rudolf; "where is Count Rupert?"

Her daughter Rhoda looked at him fearfully. "He's up stairs in the attic," she whispered in frightened tones. Then to her mother: "It is the king!"

What she said was enough for him. He slipped by the old woman and mounted the stairs. From the attic room no sound came; Rupert may have heard the step outside and stood motionless to listen. Rudolf opened the door and walked in. As he entered, the count had been half-way between window and table; he came forward to the table now, and stood leaning the points of two fingers on the unpolished, dirty-white deal.

"Ah, the play-actor!" said he, with a gleam of his teeth and a toss of his curls, while his second hand, like Mr. Rassendyll's, rested in the pocket of his coat.

"Yes, the play-actor," he answered, smiling.

"Well, what's your business, play-actor?"

Rudolf grew grave. He advanced towards the table and spoke in low, serious tones.

"You have what you know of in your hands. If you yield, on my honor I will save your life."

Rupert looked at him thoughtfully.

"You'll see me safe off if I give it you?" he asked.

"I'll prevent your death. Yes, and I'll see you safe."

"Where to?"

"To a fortress, where a trustworthy gentleman will guard you."

"For how long, my dear friend?"

"I hope for many years, my dear count."

"In fact, I suppose, as long as——?"

"Heaven leaves you to the world, count. It's impossible to set you free."

"That's the offer, then?"

"The extreme limit of indulgence," answered Rudolf.

Rupert burst into a laugh, half of defiance, yet touched with the ring of true amusement. Then he lit a cigarette and sat puffing and smiling.

"I should wrong you by straining your kindness so far," said he; and in wanton insolence, seeking again to show Mr. Rassendyll the mean esteem in which he held him, and the weariness his presence was, he raised his arms and stretched them above his head, as a man does in the fatigue of tedium. "Heigho!" he yawned.

But he had overshot the mark this time. With a sudden swift bound Rudolf was upon him; his hands gripped Rupert's wrists, and with his greater strength he bent back the count's pliant body till trunk and head lay flat on the table. Neither man spoke; their eyes met; each heard the other's breathing and felt the vapor of it on his face. Slowly and with patient force Rudolf began to work his enemy's arms towards one another. Rupert had read his design in his eyes and resisted with tense muscles. It seemed as though his arms must crack; but at last they moved. Inch by inch they were driven closer; now the elbows almost touched; now the wrists

joined in reluctant contact. The sweat broke out on the count's brow, and stood in large drops on Rudolf's. Now the wrists were side by side, and slowly the long sinewy fingers of Rudolf's right hand, that held one wrist already in their vice, began to creep round the other. The grip seemed to have half-numbered Rupert's arms, and his struggles grew fainter. Round both wrists the sinewy fingers climbed and coiled ; gradually and timidly the grasp of the other hand was relaxed and withdrawn. Would the one hold both? With a great spasm of effort Rupert put it to the proof. The smile that bent Rassendyll's lips gave the answer. He could hold both with one hand : not for long, no, but for an instant. And then, in the instant, his left hand, free at last, shot to the breast of the count's coat. Rudolf tore it open, and his hand dashed in.

"Curse on you!" snarled Rupert of Hentzau.

But Mr. Rassendyll still smiled. Then he drew out a letter. A glance at it showed him the queen's seal. As he glanced Rupert made another effort. The one hand, wearied out, gave way, and Mr. Rassendyll had no more than time to spring away, holding his prize. The next moment he had his revolver in his hand—none too soon, for Rupert of Hentzau's barrel faced him, and they stood thus, opposite to one another, with no more than three or four feet between the mouths of their weapons.

"I'm not a street bully, and I don't excel in a rough-and-tumble. Will you fight now like a gentleman? There's a pair of blades in the case yonder," said Rupert.

"As you will, provided we settle the matter here and now, the manner is the same to me."

"Put your revolver on the table, then, and I'll lay mine by the side of it."

"I beg your pardon," smiled Rudolf, "but you must lay yours down first."

"I'm to trust you, it seems, but you won't trust me!"

"Precisely. You know you can trust me; you know that I can't trust you."

With an angry muttered oath Rupert flung his revolver on the table. Rudolf came forward and laid his by it. Then he took up both, and, crossing to the mantelpiece, laid them there; between them he placed the queen's letter.

Rupert of Hentzau took the swords from their case and put them on the table. With a slight bow Rudolf took one, and the two assumed their positions.

The steel jangled. The blades crossed again and again. Then one would run up the other with a sharp, grating slither. Then a cry rang out, clear and merry with the fierce hope of triumph:

"Nearly! nearly!"

"Nearly isn't quite," said Rudolf.



Backward step by step Rudolf was driven, nearer and nearer to the door. Again the voice of Rupert rang in rich exultation, "I have you now! Say your prayers, King Rudolf!"

"Say your prayers!"

Then there came an instant when there dawned on Rupert of Hentzau the knowledge that he could not break down his enemy's guard. His quick brain grasped the lesson in an instant. In quickly conceived strategy he began to give pause in his attack, nay, he retreated a step or two. They were in the middle of the room, close by the table. Rupert, as though he had eyes in the back of his head, skirted round, avoiding it by a narrow inch. For it was towards the mantelpiece that his retreat, seeming forced, in truth so deliberate, led him. There was the letter, there lay the revolvers.

Rupert was hard by the mantelpiece now. The sweat was pouring from his face, and his breast seemed like to burst in the effort after breath; yet he had enough strength for his purpose. He must have slackened his hold on his weapon, for when Rudolf's blade next struck it, it flew from his hand, twirled out of a nerveless grasp, and slid along the floor. Rupert stood disarmed, and Rudolf motionless.

"Pick it up," said Mr. Rassendyll, never thinking there had been a trick.

"You swear you won't touch me while I pick

it up?" asked Rupert, shrinking back a little, and thereby getting an inch or two nearer the mantelpiece.

"You have my promise: pick it up. I won't wait any longer."

But Rupert's hand had shot out behind him and was on the butt of one of the revolvers. The whole trick flashed on Rudolf, and he sprang, flinging his long arms round Rupert. And at the moment a revolver shot rang clear and loud.

The smoke of the shot was curling about, but neither man seemed wounded. The revolver was in Rupert's hand, and its muzzle smoked. But Rupert was jammed against the wall, just by the side of the mantelpiece. With one hand Rudolf had pinned his left arm to the wainscoting higher than his head, with the other he held his right wrist. Rupert's teeth were biting his under lip, the sweat dropped, and the veins swelled large and blue on his forehead; his eyes were set on Rudolf Rassendyll. Inch by inch Rupert's arm curved, the elbow bent, the hand that had pointed almost straight from him and at Mr. Rassendyll pointed now away from both towards the window. But its motion did not stop; it followed the line of a circle: now it was on Rupert's arm; still it moved, and quicker now, for the power of resistance grew less. Rupert was beaten; he felt it and knew it. The

revolver, held still in the man's own hand, was at his heart. The motion ceased, the point was reached.

By the swiftest of movements Rudolf shifted his grasp from Rupert's wrist and pounced on his hand. Now his forefinger rested on Rupert's and Rupert's was on the trigger. There was a sudden tightening in the pressure of that crooked forefinger, a flash, a noise. He was held up against the wall for an instant by Rudolf's hand; when that was removed he sank, a heap that looked all head and knees.

Rudolf put out the hand with which he had just killed Rupert of Hentzau, and took the letter from the mantelpiece. He glanced at the envelope, then he opened the letter. The handwriting banished any last doubt he had; he tore the letter across, and again in four pieces, and yet again in smaller fragments. Then he sprinkled the morsels of paper into the blaze of the fire and watched till they curled and crinkled into black, wafery ashes. Thus, at last, the queen's letter was safe.

### The Heart of Old Hickory.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

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THERE was an air of desolation about the grim old State House. The last loitering feet came down the damp corridors. The Governor wondered why it was that women *would* work beyond their time. He had heard the librarian pass that door at dusk, day in, day out, for two years. This evening she stopped.

"I only stopped to say a word for the little hunchback's mother," she said. "She is not a bad woman, and her provocation was great. Moreover, she is a *woman*."

He sighed, and took up the long roll of paper lying upon his desk. It was an old story; yet it read well. Five hundred names were signed to it; and yet, thrice five hundred tongues would lash him if he set his own name there. Those old threadbare stories had well-nigh wrought his political ruin: At least the papers said as much; they had sneeringly nicknamed him "Tender-heart," and compared him, with a sneer, too, to that old sterling hero—the Governor's eyes sought the east window, where the statue of Andrew Jackson loomed like a bronze giant amid the snowflakes and the gathering twilight. They had compared them, the old hero who

lived in bronze, and the young human-heart who had no "backbone," and was moved by a rogue's cry.

"Papers! Papers! Wanter paper, mister?"

A thin little face peered in at the door.

"Yes," said the Executive, "I want a *Banner*."

"Don't sell that sort, mister," said he. "It's—low-lived."

"What? You don't sell the *Evening Banner*, the only independent journal in the city?"

"That's about the size on't."

"And so," said he, "you refuse to sell the *Banner*. Why is that?"

"Sckucks!" was the reply. "'Tain't no good. None o' us likes it. Yer see, cully—" The Executive started; but a glance at the earnest, unconscious face convinced him the familiarity was not intentional disrespect. "Yer see," the boy went on, "it sez mean things, tells lies, yer know, about a friend o' mine."

"And so the *Banner* abuses your friend? And what does it say of him?"

"Aw, sher! It called him a '*mugwump*.' An' it said ez ther' wa'n't no backbone to him, an' ez he wuz only fitten to set pris'ners loose. An' it said a lot about a feller named Ole Poplar—"

"What!"

"Poplar? Ben't it poplar? Naw, cedar,—ash, wonnut, hick'ry—that's it! Hick'ry. Ole Hick'ry. It said a lot about him; an' it made the

boys orful mad, an' they won't sell the nasty paper."

"Who is your friend?"

"Aw, he ain't *my* friend perzactly. He's Skinny's though, an' all the boys stan's up for Skinny."

"And who is 'Skinny'?"

"He wuz a newsboy—till yistiddy. We buried uv him yistiddy."

"And this man whom the *Banner* abuses was Skinny's friend."

"Yes. This here was Skinny's route. I took it yistiddy. Yer see Skinny didn't have no mammy an' no folks, an' no meat onter his bones,—that's why we all named him Skinny."

"Tell me about this friend of Skinny's."

"The Gov'ner?"

"*Was* it the Governor?"

"Say! is ther' anybody else can pardon out convicts? In course 'twus the Gov'ner. Skinny had a picture uv him, too. A great big un, an' golly! but 'twus pritty. Say, cully, does you know the Gov'ner?"

"Yes; but go on with your story. Tell me all about Skinny and—*his friend!*"

"Me an' him wuz on the pris'n route. Skinny tuk this route last year. He begged it fur me when he—come ter quit, because I ben't ez strong ez—Solermun, you know. But 'twuz when we wuz ter the pris'n route I larnt about

Skinny's friend, the Gov'ner, you know. First ther' was ole Jack Nasby up an' got parelized, an' w'an't no 'count ter nobody, let 'lone ter the State. 'A dead *expense*,' the ward'n said. He suffered orful, too, an' so 'd his wife. An' one day Skinny said he wuz goin' ter write a pertition an' git all the 'fishuls ter sign it, an' git the Gov'ner ter pard'n ole Nasby out. They all signed it——. An' one day, don't yer think when ole Nasby wuz layin' on the hospittul bunk with his dead side kivered over with a pris'n blanket, an' his wife a-cryin' becace the ward'n war 'bleeged ter lock her out, the Gov'ner his se'f walked in. An' what yer reckon he done? *Cried!* What yer think o' that, cully? *Cried;* an' then he called the man's wife back, an' p'inted ter the half-dead ole convic', an' told her ter 'fetch him home.' Did! An' the nex' day if the *Banner* didn't tan him! Yer jest bet it did.

"An' ther' wuz a feller ther' been in twenty year, an' had seventy-nine more ahead uv him. An' one night when ther' w'an't nobody thinkin' uv it, he up an' got erligion. An' he ain't no more en got it, en he wants ter git away fum ther'. Prayed fur it constant: 'Lord, let me out!' 'Lord, let me out!' That's what he ud say ez he set on the spoke pile fittin' spokes fur the Tennessee wagins; an' a-cryin' all the time. The other pris'ners poked fun at him; an' tol' him if he got out they ud try erligion in theirn. Y'orter seen

him; he wuza good un. Spec' yer have heerd about him. Did yer heear 'bout the big fire that bruk out in the pris'n las' November?

"Well, that ther' convic' worked orful hard at that fire. He fetched thirteen men out on his back. They wuz suf'cated, yer know. He fetched the warden out, too, in his arms. An' one uv his arms wuz burnt that bad it had ter be cut off. An' the pris'n doctor said he breathed fire inter his lungs or somethin'. An' the next day the Gov'ner pard'ned uv him out. The warden's voice trim'led when he read it ter the feller layin' bundled upon his iron bunk. An' when he heeard it he riz up in bed an' sez, he, 'My prayers is answered.' The warden bent over 'im ez he dropped back an' shet his eyes, an' tried ter shake him up. 'What must I tell the Gov'ner?' sez he. 'Tell him, God bless him.' An' that wuz the las' word he ever did say topside o' *this* earth. Whatcher think o' that, cully?

"But the best uv all wuz about ole Bemis. Did you ever heear about ole Bemis?"

Did he? Would he ever cease to hear about him.

"Yer see," said he, "Bemis wuz a banker. He kilt a man,—kilt him dead, too. An' one cote went dead against him, an' they fetched it ter t'other, 's'preme' or 'sperm,' or somethin'. An' the *Banner* said 'he orter be hung, an' would



be if the Guv'ner'd let him.' But if he'd cry a little the Guv'ner'd set him on his feet again. One night the jailer heerd a little pitapat on the steps, an' a little rattle uv the door, an' when he opened uv it ther' wuz a little lame cripple girl standin' ther' leanin' on her crutches a-cryin', an' a-beggin' ter see her pappy. Truth, cully; cross my heart. Atter that, folks begin ter feel sorry fur the ole banker, when the jailer'd tell about the little crutch ez sounded up'n down them jail halls all day. The pris'ners got ter know it, an' ter wait fur it, an' they named uv her 'crippled angul,' she wuz that white an' pretty, with her blue eyes, an' hair like tumbled up sunshine all round her face. When the pris'ners heerd her they ud say, 'Ther's the little angul's wings.' An' they said the jail got more darker after the wings went by. An' when they had ther' las' trial uv ole Bemis, lots o' meanness leaked out ez had been done him, an' it showed ez the pris'ner wa'n't so mightily ter blame atter all. But the cote said he mus' hang, hang, hang. Did; an' when it said so the angul fell over in her pappy's arms, an' her crutch rolled down an' lay against the judge's foot, an' he picked it up an' helt it in his han' all the time he wuz saying o' the death sentence.

"An' the *Banner* said 'that wuz enough fur chicken heart,'—an' said ever'body might look fur a pard'n nex' day. An *then* whatcher reckon?

What do yer reckon, cully? The nex' day down come a little yaller-headed gal ter the jail a-kerryin' uv a *pard'n*. Whatcher think o' that? Wuz that chicken-heart? Naw, cully, that wuz *grit*. An' they said the little gal come up ter see the Gov'ner, an' he wouldn't see her at first. But she got in at last, an' begged an' begged fur the ole man 'bout ter hang.

"But the Gov'ner wouldn't lis'n, till all't once she turned ter him an' sez she, 'Have *you* got a chile?' An' his eyes flt up in a minute, an' sez he, 'One, at Mount Olivet.' Then he called his sec't'ry man, an' whispered ter him. An' the man sez, 'Is it wise?' An' then the Gov'ner stood up gran' like, an' sez he, 'Hit's right; an' that's enough.' Wa'n't that bully, though? Wa'n't it? Say, cully, whatcher think o' that? An whatcher lookin' at out the winder?

"Say, cully, does the firelight hurt yer eyes, makes 'em water? They looks like the picture o' Skinny's man when the water's in 'em so. It's a man, layin' in bed. Sick or somethin', I reckon. An' his face has got a kind o' glory look. An' plumb square in the middle uv it is a angul, a gal angul, I reckon, because it's orful pretty, with goldish hair, an' eyes ez blue. An' she has a book, a gold un; whatcher think o' that? An' she's writin' down names in it. An' the man in the bed is watchin' uv her, an' tellin' uv her what ter do; for down ter the bottom

ther's some gol'-writin.' Skinny figgered it out an' it said, '*Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.*' Ain't that scrumptious? Yer jest bet.

"I asked Skinny once what it meant, and he said he didn't know fur plumb certain, but sez he, 'I calls it the Gov'ner, Skip; the Gov'ner an' the crippled angul.' Atter that Skinny an' me an' the boys allus called it the Gov'ner. Say! did you ever *see* the Gov'ner?"

The Executive nodded.

"Oh, say now! did yer though? An' did yer ever heear him make a speech? Raily now, did yer?"

"Yorter heerd him. Skinny did once, when he wuz 'norgated, yer know. An' you bet he's gran', then, on them 'norgrat'n days. He jest up an' *dares* the ole *Banner*.

"Say! yorter knowed Skinny. He wuz the nicest boy yevver *did* see. Skinny heerd the Gov'ner speak, an' when the ban' played, an' the folks all clapped their hands, Skinny flung his hat up, plumb inter the big chand'ler, an' hollered out: 'Hooray for the Gov'ner an' the Low Taxers!' an' a p'liceman fetched him out by the collar, an' when he got out the cop sez ter him, sez he, 'Now whatcher got ter say?' Skinny wuz a Low Taxer his *own* self, so when the cop axed him for his say, he flung his hat up todes the bare-headed Liberty woman out ther' at the front door, an' sez he, 'Hooray! fur

the Gov'ner an' the Low Tax party.' Did. He slep' in the lock-up that night fur it, you bet; but he got his holler. He wuz a plumb good un.

"Say, cully! I wisht yer could see Skinny's picture anyhow. When he wuz a-dyin' he turned ter me, an' sez he, 'Skip, hang the Gov'ner so's I can see him.' An' when I done it, he sez, sorter smilin', sez he, 'Skip?' Sez I, 'Skinny!' Sez he, 'The crippled angul has wiped all the tears out o' the Gov'ner's eyes.' Then he fell back on his straw pillar an' shet his eyes, so; an' after while he opened uv um, an' sez he—so soft yer *jest* could a-heerd it; sez he, 'Write me ez one who loves his fellow-men.' An' that wuz the las' word he ever said *on this* earth. He had a nice fun'ril; yer bet. Us newsboys made it; an' the pris'n chaplin said the surment.

"We bought the flowers, us boys did, they cos' ten dollars. Ther' wuz a wreath made uv white roses, an' right in the middle, made out o' little teeny buds, wuz his name—'Skinny.' The flower-man said it wouldn't do, when we told him ter put it ther', but we 'lowed 'twuz our money and our fun'ril and if we couldn't have it our way we wouldn't have it at all. An' he said it might hurt his folkses' feelin's; but we tol' him Skinny didn't have no folks, an' no name neither, 'cept jest 'Skinny.'

"Say, cully! Don't yer be a-cryin' fur Skinny. He's all right—the chaplin sez so. The Gov'n'er'd cry fur him though, I bet yer, if he knowed about the fun'ril yistiddy. Mebbe ole Pop-Hick'ry wouldn't, but I bet the Gov'n'er would."

There was a sound of heavy footsteps coming down the gray stone corridor—"What's that?" asked the newsboy, starting up.

"That is the porter, closing up for the night."

The tatters stood as near upright as tatters may, "Say! yer wouldn't want a *Herald*?"

"Yes, a *Herald* will do. What is your name, boy?"

"Skippy! 'cause I don't skip, yer know," thrusting his maimed foot forward. "Say! I can't change a dollar."

"Never mind the change, and be sure you bring me to-morrow's *Herald*."

"Say! who *be you* anyhow?"

"I am the Governor of Tennessee, Skip."

There was a low, soft whistle, a hurried shambling out of the door, a half-whispered something about "Skinny" and "old Pop-Hickory." When the fire had burned low the Governor arose and began to put away his papers.

"Inasmuch as she was sorely wronged"—his eye fell upon a line of the woman-murderer's long petition.

It lay in his private drawer; his day's work

was done; to-morrow the despised afternoon journal would sum it up so: "Pardoned another red-handed Cain." The angels might perhaps record it something after this wise: "Saved another soul from hell." To-morrow the critics might lash; but *to-night*—he opened the door of the great gray corridor; the wind swept with a groan through the vault-like gloom; he lifted his face to the leaden sky, starless and cold.—"Write me," he said, "as one who loves his fellow-men."

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### The Secret Dispatches.

ADAPTED.

Monsieur de Cheauvelins, a wealthy old gentleman, was on his way to the village of Bagueret. He was to marry the daughter of Count de Roguin. Standing at the door of a wayside inn, he was accosted by a delicate young man who begged leave to accompany him in his carriage, his own having broken down.

"AND pray, who may you be?" asked de Cheauvelins with a sneer.

"Captain de Luc, secretary to the Marquis de Villeroy," was his answer.

The manner of Cheauvelins changed instantly, and with the greatest respect, he permitted the captain to ride with him. The conversation turned to highwaymen, and de Luc spoke of the

dangers of such an encounter. De Cheauvelins laughed scornfully and said: "Don't be alarmed, Captain, if the robbers bother us I shall do my best to take care of you."

"I am not so much afraid for myself," said de Luc smiling sadly, "as of my property. I have a few louis about me which are all I have in the world."

"How must I feel then, who have a large treasure in my bosom—gold—and a magnificent suite of diamonds in my boots, both of which have false soles."

"Nervous enough, monsieur."

"Not at all, I have a sword and have learned how to use it."

His braggadocio was cut entirely short, for they had approached a turn in the road, when suddenly the bushes on the left were parted and two men in crepe masks stepped forth. Each held a leveled pistol in his hand. "Hold, gentlemen," said one of the robbers, "you must pay toll here. You will surrender everything you have—money, jewelry, and papers."

De Luc began fumbling in his bosom; but suddenly arresting his hand, said, "Messieurs, I am a poor man, and my money so carefully saved is dear to me. Let me keep my fifty louis, and I will tell you a secret worth, possibly thousands."

"Well then, keep your money; and now out with the secret, make haste."

"My companion, here, is a gentleman on his way to the estate of Count de Roguin who is soon, they say, to carry special messages from our king to Sardinia. He has, in his bosom, a large treasure in gold, and in his boots, both of which have false soles, he carries a magnificent suite of diamonds."

De Cheauvelins uttered a fiery curse, and turned upon the captain as if about to run him through. "Coward and traitor," he panted, when the robber succeeded in restraining him. "Get out of the carriage," said the latter, "and take off your outer clothing and boots."

With a dismal countenance, foaming and blaspheming in an undertone, the old man obeyed. But he no sooner touched the ground than he turned upon the robber who held the pistol, and made a desperate onset. The man fired, but ineffectually; and now both villains with drawn swords engaged old de Cheauvelins, and the clang and clash of steel rang out fiercely, mingled with all sorts of cries and execrations from the combatants.

While all this proceeded, de Luc touched the horses with the whip and noiselessly disappeared. Arriving at Bagueret, he left the carriage at the inn and proceeded on foot to Château de Roguin where he was received by the count and his daughter.

De Luc told his story briefly—that he was the



courier of the Marquis de Villeroy—who would himself follow shortly—and was cordially welcomed and invited to make himself at home.

"It is no secret, I believe, count," he said presently, "that you are going on a special mission for the king to Sardinia?"

"I expect my messages by the marquis."

"Mademoiselle accompanies you?"

"No," said de Roguin, "but there is to be a change for her also, doubtless even more agreeable than a sight of Italy. She is about to be married to a very worthy gentleman, Monsieur de Cheauvelins—rich, amiable, and good of birth."

Here the door was suddenly opened, and a servant announced, "Colonel de Scromberg."

A tall, burly man, with a large head, a red brutal face, stepped in smiling. It was evident he had been drinking. "Necessity forces me to trespass upon your hospitality, count," he said, "my horse has fallen and cannot go a mile farther."

Count de Roguin bowed, passing over the apology, and introduced the newcomer to his daughter and lastly to young de Luc.

So the colonel sat down among them with a smile upon his coarse face that was remarkably like a sneer, and something in his attitude that was very like insolence.

"You go to Sardinia soon?" he questioned presently, crossing his long legs.

"Yes," said de Roguin doubtfully.

"And you carry important secret dispatches?"

"I don't know. It is not certain. I mean I have no official notification."

"But they have arrived, you have them in your possession."

"I assure you they have not."

"Come, why hide it? We are friends here."

"But I really have no such papers."

"A million devils! Why such secrecy? I am no child to be put off in this way."

"I have not, monsieur. It is not your affair either way," said the count with heightened color, "but I have not."

"You lie!"

Count de Roguin sprang to his feet with a lurid glare in his countenance. Mademoiselle Marguerite clung to de Luc's arm convulsed with terror saying, "Monsieur, do not let them fight." At last with a strangling gasp, de Roguin said, "Retract that!"

De Scromberg laughed slowly and insolently, looking him fully in the eyes, said again, "You lie!"

"One of us must die before to-morrow," said the count in a measured voice, low and intense. His daughter would have rushed to him, but de Luc held her. He was very pale—even his lips were white—in the fingers of his right hand there trembled his still unemptied glass of wine,

and now raising it slowly and deliberately, he held it for a moment just above his shoulder, and then, with all the force of his wrist, and with deadly precision, he hurled it at the colonel striking that gentleman between the eyes, blinding him and shattering it into a thousand fragments.

With a roar of pain the brute sprang up, drawing his sword, and staggered toward the young man; but at the same moment the latter's weapon was out and the two blades met.

"Not here," said de Luc, "five minutes from now in the forest on the other side of the park. It is a moonlight night and we can discuss our affairs very comfortably."

De Scromberg towered above him with a frightful smile on his bleeding visage—"Monsieur, my little friend, we shall meet where you propose and in ten minutes from now, you will have been cut into a thousand slices." He turned on his heel and instantly left the house. Captain de Luc, placing the fainting form of Marguerite on a chair, at once followed.

De Scromberg, furious and unsober, paced up and down looking more like a gigantic fiend than a man. Suddenly he was confronted by de Luc. The captain, sword in hand, had emerged from between two great oaks, and stood in the path of his enemy, smiling insolently. As de Scromberg advanced, he guarded himself, and an in-

stant later the combat began. The exchanges were furious; the captain, however, acting on the defensive and even retreating. But in a short time the aspect of things began to look different; de Scromberg's breath came and went with more and more difficulty, the wine he had drunk, his rage and fatigue, seemed to make him stupid. He cut and slashed about wildly, stumbling and cursing but doing no execution, and just as he swung his sword for a downward cut with all the force he possessed, and with the agility of a panther, de Luc sprang aside and thrust his own glittering blade directly through the giant heart, the blade coming out on the other side.

De Scromberg fell without a sound. De Luc rested a moment to recover his breath, then stooping, he began searching the body. His search was rewarded by the discovery of some papers.

And now, he returned to the château, in whose windows the lights were still burning. Evidently there had been a new arrival, a late one—for it was now past twelve—and therefore an important one.

As he stepped in pale and calm, Marguerite, with clasped hands, and a little cry, sprang up. "The insult is avenged," he said quietly, "he lies in the forest a corpse."

"How can I ever repay you, Captain de Luc?" said de Roguin.

"Very easily, your daughter is to marry Monsieur de Cheauvelins—a very worthy gentleman, perhaps—but unsuitable for her. I ask you to release her from that bargain. Mademoiselle, I love you and something in your conduct to-night has made me hope that my fate is not indifferent to you."

"This is presumption, Captain de Luc," said the count, growing angry. "Monsieur de Cheauvelins has arrived and gone to his room."

"Speak, mademoiselle!"

"Yes."

The door opened and old de Cheauvelins, with one arm in a sling and patches on his face, entered, but stopped short instantly. "Ho! here you are again, Monsieur le Capitaine," he cried; "this is the cowardly villain who ran away with my carriage to-night and left me to the tender mercies of the highwaymen, as I told you awhile ago, count."

All started in astonishment.

"Not only that, but he betrayed me to them, telling them of money and diamonds I had concealed on my person, which, having overpowered me, they stripped me of. It was a very clever performance, my good captain, but you shall answer to me for it."

"My dear de Cheauvelins," said de Luc, "I

have already killed one man to-night, and scarcely have the appetite for another."

"How dare you address me so familiarly, sir," said de Cheauvelins, "it seems to me that you need a good drubbing with a stick more than anything else."

"You are a simpleton, because you tell your secrets to strangers you may meet on the road," said de Luc. "How much was the value of your loss?"

"Hundreds of louis! thousands!! But for you I should have had them every one now!"

"Let Count de Roguin, who is a just man, estimate the sum, and I will pay it three times over," said de Luc, "I betrayed you for a purpose. It was not your money or diamonds they were after, but these secret dispatches from his Majesty the king."

He took a bundle of papers from his bosom as he spoke, and threw them down before de Roguin.

"These men," continued the captain, "were in the pay of the Prussian government, and one of them was the villain that I killed to-night, Colonel de Scromberg. He knew that these dispatches were on their way to the Count de Roguin, and took you for the messenger. I therefore adopted a ruse by which I prevented their interception. De Scromberg, finding that he had been fooled, at once followed me here. His purpose was, at any cost, to delay the secret

mission to Sardinia, and knowing no other way to accomplish it, he determined to provoke a duel with Count de Roguin, in other words to assassinate him."

His audience listened with amazement.

"He lies in the forest dead, and will trouble us no more. On his person, I found documents confirming all I have said of his relations with the Prussian government, which, when you please, I will show you. Now, Count de Roguin, have I not earned the right to compete for your daughter's hand?"

"But you see, Captain de Luc, while acknowledging all your services, and feeling, certainly, the profoundest gratitude, I must—a—look at the prudent side of things. Here is Monsieur de Cheauvelins, a wealthy gentleman, of good birth, to whom my daughter is engaged, although I admit she does not seem to be at all in love with him; while you, whom she really likes, I am afraid, are only a poor soldier, the son of nobody knows whom, with prospects as uncertain as your birth."

"Count, I have deceived you. I am the Marquis de Villeroy."

Count de Roguin fell into a chair, old de Cheauvelins stared in amazement. Mademoiselle Marguerite smiled mischievously, and the Marquis, observing this, seized her hand and imprinted a kiss upon it.

The secret dispatches reached Sardinia safely, and were of great importance in framing the policy of that government towards France in the singular political events that followed.

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### **Cut off from the People.**

HALL CAINE.

Adapted from "The Deemster."

Dan Mylrea was the only son of the Bishop of Ballamona on the Isle of Man. He was a careless, idle fellow—hot-headed and passionate, yet, notwithstanding his faults, he was loved by all for his kind heart and loyal nature. His two cousins, Ewan and Mona, had been his playfellows from childhood. Ewan he loved as a brother, but dearer to him than all the world had grown his gentle cousin, Mona.

False rumors reached Ewan concerning Dan and Mona and he sought Dan to accuse him of dishonor. Dan, furious with rage, too proud to deny the charge, fought and killed his cousin in a duel. Then he gave himself into the custody of the Deemster, pleading guilty of the murder of Ewan, and refusing to reveal the cause of the quarrel. Upon his own father, the Bishop of Ballamona, devolved the duty of passing sentence.

AT eleven o'clock the crowd at Tynwald had grown to a vast concourse that covered every foot of the green with a dense mass of moving heads. The Deemster was there in his carriage and his wizened face was full of uncharity. Suddenly the great clamorous human billow was



moved by a ruffle of silence that spread from side to side, and in the midst of a deep hush the door of the chapel opened, and a line of ecclesiastics came out and walked toward the mount. At the end of the line was the Bishop, bareheaded, much bent, his face white and seamed, his step heavy and uncertain, his whole figure and carriage telling of the sword that is too keen for its scabbard. When the procession reached the mount, the Bishop ascended to the topmost round of it, and on the four green ledges below him his clergy ranged themselves. Almost at the same moment there was a subdued murmur among the people, and at one side of the green, the gate to the west, the crowd opened and parted, and the space widened and the line lengthened until it reached the foot of the Tynwald. Then the cart that brought the sergeant and his prisoner from the castle entered it slowly, and drew up, and then, with head and eyes down, like a beast that is struck to its death, Daniel Mylrea, dropped to his feet on the ground. He was clad in the blue cloth of a fisherman, with a brown knitted guernsey under his coat, and sea-boots over his stockings. He stood in his great stature above the shoulders of the tallest of the men around him; and women who were as far away as the door of the inn could see the seaman's cap he wore. The sergeant drew him up to the foot of the mount, but his bowed head was never raised

to where the Bishop stood above him. An all-consuming shame sat upon him, and around him was the deep breathing of the people.

Presently a full, clear voice was heard over the low murmur of the crowd, and instantly the mass of moving heads was lifted to the mount, and the sea of faces flashed white under the heaviness of the sky.

"Daniel Mylrea," said the Bishop, "it is not for us to know if any hidden circumstance lessens the hideousness of your crime. Against all questions concerning your motive your lips have been sealed, and we who are your earthly judges are compelled to take you at the worst. But if, in the fulness of your remorse, your silence conceals what would soften your great offence, be sure that your Heavenly Judge, who reads your heart, sees all. You have taken a precious life; you have spilled the blood of one who bore himself so meekly and lovingly and with such charity before the world that the hearts of all men were drawn to him. And you, who slew him in heat or malice, you he ever loved with a great tenderness. Your guilt is confessed, your crime is black, and now your punishment is sure."

The crowd held its breath while the Bishop spoke, but the guilty man moaned feebly and his bowed head swayed to and fro.

"Daniel Mylrea, there is an everlasting sacredness in human life, and God who gave it guards

it jealously. When man violates it, God calls for vengeance. Woe unto us if now we sin against the Lord by falling short of the punishment that he has ordered. Righteously, and without qualm of human mercy, even as God has commanded, we, his servants, must execute judgment on the evil-doer, lest his wrath be poured out upon this island itself, upon man and upon beast, and upon the fruit of the ground."

A deep murmur broke out afresh over the people, and under the low sky their upturned faces were turned to a grim paleness. And now a strange light came into the eyes of the Bishop, and his deep voice quavered.

"Daniel Mylrea," he continued, "it is not the way of God's worse chastisement to take an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and to spill blood for blood that has been spilled. When the sword of the Lord goes forth it is sometimes to destroy the guilty man, and sometimes to cut him off from the land of the living, to banish him to the parched places of the wilderness, to end the days wherein his sleep shall be sweet to him, to blot out his name from the names of men, and to give him no burial at the last when the darkness of death shall cover him.

"Daniel Mylrea, you are not to die for your crime."

The prisoner staggered like a drunken man, and lifted his right hand mechanically above his

head, as one who would avert a blow. And now it was easy to see in the wild light in the eyes of the Bishop, and to hear in his hollow, tense voice, that the heart of the father was wrestling with the soul of the priest, and that every word that condemned the guilty man made its sore wound on the spirit of him that uttered it.

"Daniel Mylrea," said the Bishop again, and notwithstanding his efforts to uphold it, his voice softened and all but broke, "vengeance belongs to God, but we who are men and prone to fall are not to deny mercy. When your fetters are removed, and you leave this place, you will go to the Calf Sound that flows at the extreme south of the island. There you will find your fishing-boat, stored with such as may meet your immediate wants. With that offering we part from you while life shall last. Use it well, but henceforth look for no succor whence it has come. Though you loath your life, be zealous to preserve it, and hasten not, I warn you, by one hour the great day of God's final reckoning. Most of all be mindful of the things of an eternal concernment, that we who part from you now may not part forever as from a soul given over to everlasting darkness."

The prisoner gave no further sign. Then the Bishop turned with a wild gesture to the right and to the left and lifted both his hands. "Men and women of Man," he said, in a voice that rose

to the shrillness of a cry, "the sentence of the court of the barony of the island is, that this man shall be cut off from his people. Henceforth let him have no name among us, nor family, nor kin. From now forever let no flesh touch his flesh, let no tongue speak to him. Let no eye look on him. If he should be an-hungred, let none give him meat. When he shall be sick let none minister to him. When his death shall come, let no man bury him. Alone let him live, alone let him die, and among the beasts of the field let him hide his unburied bones."

A great hoarse groan arose from the people, such as comes from the bosom of a sullen sea. The pathos of the awful struggle which they had looked upon was swallowed up in the horror of its tragedy. What they had come to see was as nothing to the awfulness of the thing they had witnessed. Death was terrible, but this was beyond death's terror. They looked up at the mount, and the gaunt figure standing there above the vast multitude of moving heads seemed to be something beyond nature. The trembling upraised hands, the eyes of fire, the white quivering lips, the fever in the face which consumed the grosser senses, appeared to transcend the natural man. And below was the prisoner, dazed, stunned, a beast smitten mortally and staggering to its fall.

The sergeant removed the fetters from the

prisoner's hands and feet, and turned him about with his face toward the south. Not at first did the man seem to realize that he was no longer a prisoner, but an outcast, and free to go whither he would, save where other men might be. Then, recovering some partial consciousness, he moved a pace or two forward, and instantly the crowd opened for him and a long, wide way was made through the dense mass, and he walked through it, slow yet strong of step, with head bent and eyes that looked into the eyes of no man. Thus he passed away from the Tynwald toward the foot of Slieau Whallin and the valley of Foxdale that runs southward. And the people looked after him, and the Bishop on the mount and the clergy below followed him with their eyes. A great wave of compassion swept over the crowd as the solitary figure crossed the river and began to ascend the mountain-path. The man was accursed, and none might look upon him with pity; but there were eyes that grew dim at that sight.

And while the people watched the lonely man who moved away from them across the breast of the hill, a pale sheet of lightning, without noise of thunder, flashed twice or thrice before their faces. So still was the crowd, and so reverberant the air, that they could hear the man's footsteps on the stony hillside. When he reached the topmost point of the path, and was about to descend to

the valley, he was seen to stop, and presently to turn his face, gazing backward for a moment. Against the dim sky his figure could be seen from head to foot. While he stood the people held their breath. Then he was gone, and the mountain had hidden him forever.

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### **An Encounter with a Panther.**

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

ADAPTED.

THE day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. Elizabeth suddenly started and said :

“Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? Or has some little one strayed from its parents?”

“Such things frequently happen,” returned Louisa. “Let us follow the sound : it may be a wanderer starving on the hill.”

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick, impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the

sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them cried,—

“Look at the dog!”

Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements with eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

“Brave,” she said, “be quiet. Brave! what do you see, fellow?”

At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being allayed, was very sensibly increased.

“What does he see?” said Elizabeth. “There must be some animal in sight.” She turned her head and beheld Louisa, standing with her face



whitened to the color of death and her finger pointing upwards. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them with horrid malignity and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her tones beginning to tremble. "Courage, courage, good Brave!"

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn back on its haunches and his eyes following the movements of the panther.

Suddenly she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog

nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his foe like a feather and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended and dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. . But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass round his neck which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and still-

ness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly to the mercy of the beast. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stopped to examine her fallen foe; it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously and its claws projecting inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy: her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind attracted her attention.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal, your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-Stocking rushed by her, and called aloud,—

"Come in, Hector, come in, old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

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### **The Cruelty of Legree.**

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

From "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

SLOWLY the weary, dispirited creatures wound their way into the room, and with crouching reluctance presented their baskets to be weighed. Legree noted on a slate, on the side of which was pasted a list of the names, the amount. Tom's basket was weighed and approved, and he looked with an anxious glance for the success of the woman he had befriended.

Tottering with weakness, she came forward and delivered her basket. It was of full weight, as Legree well perceived, but, affecting anger, he said,—

"What, you lazy beast! Short again!"

The woman gave a groan of utter despair, and sat down on a board.

"And now," said Legree, "come here. You, Tom, you see I telled ye I didn't buy ye jest for common work; I mean to promote ye, and make a driver of ye; and to-night ye may jest as well begin to get yer hand in. Now, ye jest take this gal and flog her; ye've seen enough on't to know how!"

"I beg Mas'r's pardon," said Tom, "hopes Mas'r won't set me at that. It's what I ain't used to—never did—and I can't do, no way possible."

"Yo'll larn a pretty smart chance of things ye never did know, before, I've done with ye!" said Legree, taking up a cowhide and striking Tom a heavy blow across the cheek, and following up the infliction by a shower of blows.

"There," he said, as he stopped to rest; "now will ye tell me ye can't do it?"

"Yes, Mas'r," said Tom, putting up his hand to wipe the blood that trickled down his face. "I'm willin' to work night and day and work while there's life and breath in me, but this yer thing I can't feel it right to do; and, Mas'r, I never shall do it—never!"

Tom had a remarkably smooth, soft voice, and a habitually respectful manner that had given Legree an idea that he would be cowardly and easily subdued. When he spoke these last

words, a thrill of amazement went through every one, and they involuntarily looked at each other and drew in their breath, as if to prepare for the storm that was about to burst.

Legree looked stupefied and confounded, but at last burst forth:

"What! ye blasted black beast! tell me ye don't think it right to do what I tell ye? What have any of ye cussed cattle to do with thinking what's right? I'll put a stop to it! Why, what do ye think ye are? Maybe ye think ye are a gentleman, Master Tom, to be a telling your master what's right and what ain't! So you pretend it's wrong to flog the gal!"

"I think so, Mas'r," said Tom, "the poor crittur's sick and feeble, 'twould be downright cruel, and it's what I never will do, nor begin to. Mas'r, if you mean to kill me, kill me; but, as to my raising my hand agin any one here, I never shall—I'll die first."

Tom spoke in a mild voice, but with a decision that could not be mistaken. Legree shook with anger; his greenish eyes glared fiercely and his very whiskers seemed to curl with passion; but like some ferocious beast that plays with its victim before he devours it, he kept back his strong impulse to proceed to immediate violence, and broke out into bitter raillery.

"Well, here's a pious dog, at last, let down among us sinners!—a saint, a gentleman, and no

less, to talk to us sinners about our sins! Powerful holy crittur, he must be! Here, you rascal, you make believe to be so pious, didn't ye never hear out of your Bible, 'Servants, obey yer masters?' Ain't I yer master? Didn't I pay down twelve hundred dollars, cash, for all there is inside yer old black shell? Ain't yer mine, now, body and soul?" he said, giving Tom a violent kick with his heavy boot, "tell me!"

In the very depth of physical suffering, bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and, looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed,

"No! no! no! my soul ain't yours, Mas'r! you haven't bought it—ye can't buy it! It's been bought and paid for, by one that is able to keep it;—no matter, no matter, you can't harm me!"

"I can't," said Legree, with a sneer; "we'll see—we'll see! Here Sambo, Jumbo, give this dog such a breakin' in as he won't get over this month!"

The two gigantic negroes that now laid hold of Tom with fiendish exultation in their faces, might have formed no inapt personification of the powers of darkness. The poor woman screamed with apprehension, and all rose, as by a general impulse, while they dragged him unre-sisting from the place.

## **The Sin of the Bishop of Modenstein.**

ANTHONY HOPE.

ADAPTED.

King Rudolph III was a dissipated man, fond of wines, sports, and gambling. After losing all his personal wealth to his enemy and neighbor, Count Nikolas of Festenburg—he had in a moment of desperation risked his castle and demesne of Zenda in a game of dice.

Count Nikolas won, and the king having given him an order to take possession of the castle, the count immediately proceeded there with an army of men.

Now King Rudolph, in his chagrin and dismay, had forgotten to warn the count that his sister, the Princess Osra was residing in the castle of Zenda, and when Nikolas and his cavalcade came to the gate, it being after nine, she had gone to her room and sat reading an old story book.

NIKOLAS roused the watchman, the bridge was let down, and the steward summoned, who, when he read the king's order, was greatly astonished and grieved, but declared himself ready to obey and to surrender the castle, but added that since the princess was there they must inform her concerning the matter and take her commands.

"Aye, do," said Nikolas. "Tell her not to be disturbed, and say that I will wait on her if it be her pleasure."

When the steward delivered the message to her and told her the news, she was much indignant and aghast, and she flung away her book and cried, "Send the count here to me." And



when he came she asked: "What is this, my lord?"

"It is the fortune of the dice, madame."

"Yes, my lord, as you play the game," said she.

For several moments she stood rigid and motionless. Then she said: "My lord, the king, has lost the castle of Zenda, which is the home and cradle of our house—it was scarce his to lose—it is yours, now, but have you a mind to venture it again, my lord?"

"I would venture it again only against a great stake," said he.

"I can play dice as well as the king," she cried.

"But what would your stake be?"

"A stake, my lord, that many men have thought above any castle in preciousness."

"Name this great stake, madame."

"It is myself."

"Yourself?"

"Aye, to be lord of Zenda is much. Is it not more to be husband to the king's sister?"

"It is more, when the king's sister is Princess Osra."

With face pale as death, she seized a small table and drew it between them.

"Throw, my lord, we know the stakes."

"If you win, Zenda is yours. If I win, you are mine."

"Yes, I and Zenda also."

The count rattled the box, and the throw was seven. Then Osra took the box and threw.

"Fortune is with you, madame. For a four and a five make nine." And again he threw. "Ah, it is but five."

"It is enough," said she, and she pointed to the dice that she had thrown, a three and a one.

The count sprang toward her and was about to seize the box, but he checked himself, saying, "Throw first this time, I pray you, madame."

"I do not care which way it is," said Osra, and she made her third cast. When she lifted the box the dice showed seven. A smile broadened the count's lips, surely he could beat seven.

Then a sudden faintness seized upon the princess and she turned away her head. Catching sight of her face in a mirror she started to see herself pallid and ghastly.

The dice rattled in the box; they rattled on the table; there was a pause. Then Count Nikolas cried out in a voice that trembled over the words: "Eight, eight, eight!"

But before the last of the words had left his lips the princess faced round on him and cried: "Foul play!" And before he could speak she darted toward the door. But he sprang forward and caught her by the arm.

"You lie. Where are you going?"

"I am going to tell all the world that Count Nikolas of Festenburg is a common cheat and a

rogue, and should be whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of Stretslau. For I saw you, my lord, I saw you in the mirror."

For as she watched her own pale face in the mirror, she had seen him throw—had seen his gloomy, maddened face; then the swift movement of his hand as the fingers darted down and turned one of the dice.

An instant longer he held her where she was, then he suddenly dragged her across the room, snatched a coverlet and flung it tight about her, drawing close over her face. She could neither cry out nor move. He lifted her up and swung her over his shoulder and opening the door of the room, dashed down the stairs, through the great hall out under the portcullis, shouting as he went. "My men, follow me! To Festenburg!"

Through the town galloped the whole company, and they roused the Bishop of Modenstein for the second time that night, as he was staying at the inn. And since he was at once angry and half-asleep, it was long before he could understand the monstrous news which his terrified host came to tell him in the dead of night. A servant girl had run down half-dressed and panting from the castle of Zenda declaring that whether they chose to believe her or not, yet Count Nikolas had carried off the princess with him on his horse, alive or dead, none knew.

The bishop was greatly incensed at the news of the princess' abduction which his terrified host had come to tell him. He sat up in bed and fairly roared at the inn-keeper: "Are there no men, then, in the town who can fight?"

"None, none, my lord, not against the count. He is a terrible man. Please God he has not killed the princess."

"Saddle my horse, and be quick about it." And he leaped out of bed with sparkling eyes, for the bishop was a young man, but little turned of thirty. In ten minutes he was at the door of the inn and was galloping towards Festenburg.

On the stroke of half past twelve, he came to the castle moat and shouted to the watchman, "Let down the bridge! I am the Bishop of Modenstein, and I charge you as you are a dutiful son of the church, to obey me. My pistol is full at your head."

The frightened watchman lowered the bridge and the bishop ran across with his sword drawn. Walking into the hall, he found a great company of Nikolas' men looking alarmed and uneasy. He raised his hand that held the sword in the attitude of benediction, saying "Peace be with you." And he added, "Where is your master?" "The count is upstairs. You cannot see him now. We are ordered to let none pass."

"Do you think I do not know what has been? Do you all want to swing from the turret of the

castle when the king comes with a thousand men from Stretslau? The church is free to enter everywhere, stand back!" and he burst through them at the point of the sword, and swiftly mounted the stairs.

At this instant in the room in the gate tower, Count Nikolas had told the princess she should never leave that room alive save as his promised wife.

"You do not dare to kill me," said she.

"Madame, I dare do nothing else. They may write 'murderer' on my tomb; they shall not throw 'cheat' in my living face."

"I will cry your cheating in all Stretslau," said she.

"Then commend your soul to God. For in a minute you shall die."

He began to come nearer. His sword drawn in his hand, he paused and gazed into her eyes. There was for an instant utter stillness in the room and in that instant the Bishop of Modenstein set his foot on the stair and came running up. Osra heard the step, and a gleam flashed into her eyes. The count heard it also and his sword was arrested in its stroke. He dropped it on the floor and sprang upon her, pressed his hand upon her mouth and carried her swiftly across the room to a door in the wall. He pulled the door open and flung her down roughly on the stone floor and as he

rushed out he heard a man throw himself violently against the door of the room.

Twice the man hurled himself against the door. At last it strained and gave way and the Bishop of Modenstein burst into the room. But he saw no trace of the princess, only Count Nikolas standing sword in hand in front of the door in the wall with a sneering smile.

"My lord," said the bishop, "where is the princess?"

"What do you want here, and who are you?"

"My lord, do you not know the Bishop of Modenstein?"

"Bishop! This is no place for bishops. Go back to your prayers."

"It wants sometime yet before matins, my lord. Where is the princess?"

"I do not know where she is," said Count Nikolas of Festenburg.

"My lord, you lie," said the Bishop of Modenstein.

At this instant the Princess Osra, hearing the bishop's voice, cried out loudly for help.

The bishop darted across the room and was at the door of the little chamber before the count could stop him. He pulled the door open and Princess Osra sprang out to him.

"Save me! Save me!"

"You are safe, madame, have no fear," said the bishop.

But the rage of the count and the fear of exposure lashed him to fury and he sprang toward the bishop crying: "You first, and then her: I'll be rid of the pair of you!" The bishop faced him, guarding himself. He neither flinched nor gave back, but turned every thrust with a wrist of iron and pressed on and on. And while the Princess Osra gazed with wide eyes and close-held breath, and Count Nikolas muttered oaths and grew more furious, the bishop seemed as gay as when he first started. And still he drove Count Nikolas back and back.

Now behind the count was a window—low and wide and open now, and beneath was a fall of fifty feet into the moat below.

"Will you yield yourself, my lord?" cried the bishop lowering his point.

In that moment the count taking advantage of the bishop's unguarded front—thrust and wounded him in the left side, and the bishop staggered back. Then the count drawing back his sword seized it by the blade held way up and flung it like a javelin at the Princess. By an ace it missed her head.

When the bishop saw this, hesitation and mercy passed out of his heart. He sprang and drove his sword into the count's body.

Then came from the count's lips a loud cry,

as, staggering back, he fell, wounded to death, through the open window. The bishop looked out after him and Princess Osra heard a great splash in the water of the moat below.

Then came up through the window the clatter of a hundred feet and the confused sound of men talking. And they cried, "The bishop has killed him! The bishop has killed him!"

Cried the bishop from the window, "Yes, I have killed him. So perish all such villains!"

"Is he dead?" asked the princess.

"He is dead. God have mercy on him. I killed him : if it were a sin, pray God forgive me."

Then suddenly she threw herself on her knees and seizing hold of his hand, she kissed first the Episcopal ring that he wore and then his hand. But he raised her hastily and knelt before her, kissing her hands many times. Then he raised his eyes—met her glance and smiled. For an instant they were thus, then the bishop rose to his feet, standing before her with bent head and eyes that sought the ground.

"It is by God's infinite goodness and divine permission that I hold my sacred office," said he. I would that I were more worthy of it, but to-day I have taken pleasure in killing a man."

"And in saving a lady, sir, who will always count you among her dearest friends and defenders. Is God angry with such a deed as that?"

"May He forgive us all our sins," said the



bishop gravely ; but what other sins he had in mind he did not say, nor did the princess ask him.

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### **A Study in Dialect.**

MARIETTA HALLEY.

Adapted from "Samantha at the Centennial," published by American Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn. Used by permission of the author.

AFTER dinner the Widder Doodle went upstairs and laid down for a nap, as she makes the practice of doin' every day ; and glad enough was I to see her go. And after she had laid down and our ears had got rested off, and I got the work all done up, and Tirzah Ann and me had sot down to our sewin'—she was doin' some fine sewin' and I laid to and helped her—as we sot there all alone by ourselves she began on me, and her face lengthened down a considerable number of inches longer than I had ever seen it as she went on.

She was afraid Whitfield didn't think so much of her as he used to ; he didn't act a mite as he used to when he was a courtin' of her. Didn't kiss her so much in a week now, as he used to one Sunday night. Didn't set and look at her for hours and hours at a time, as he did then. Didn't seem to be half as 'fraid of her wings spreadin' out,

and takin' her up to heaven. Didn't seem to be a bit afraid of her goin' up bodily. Didn't call her "seraph" any more, or "blessed old honey-cake," or "heavenly sweetness," or "angel-pie." About all he called her now besides Tirzah Ann was "my dear."

I see in a minute the cause of the extra deprested look onto her face that day ; I see in a minute "where the shoe pinched," as the poet says. And I see here was a chance for me to do good ; and I spoke up real earnest-like, but considerably calm, and says I :

"Tirzah Ann, that is a first-rate word, and your husband, Whitfield Minkley, hits the nails on the head every time he says it. 'Dear!' that is jest what you are to him, and when he puts the 'my' onto it that tells the hull story ; you are dear, and you are hisen, that is the hull on't." Says I, in a real solemn and almost camp-meetin' tone, "Tirzah Ann you are a sailin' by that rock now that the happiness of a great many hearts founder on, that a great many lifeboats are wrecked on." Says I, "Lots of happy young hearts have sailed smilin' out of the harbor of single blessedness, hit ag'inst that rock and gone down ; don't you be one of 'em," says I ; "don't make a shipwreck of the happiness of T. A. Minkley, late Allen ; histe up the sail of common-sense and go round the rock with flyin' colors, and," says I, in agitated tones, "I'll help you,

I'll put my shoulder blades to the wheel." And I continued in almost tremblin' tones—as I trimmed off the edge of the linen cambric, and went to overcastin' of it:

"I never could bear to see anybody want to set down and stand up at the same time," says I, "it always looked so unreasonable to me. And," says I, "Tirzah Ann, you are in the same place; you want to be courted, and you want to be married at the same time; you want a husband and you want a bo out of the same man, simultaneous, as it were."

Says I: "Truly we can't have everything we want at one time. There is a time for apple trees to blow out, rosy color—sweet with honey bees a-hummin' round 'em; and there is a time for the ripe fruit, and apple sass. We can't have good sleighin' in hot weather, or can't be drawn out to a peach tree to eat ripe peaches on a hand sled. Slidin' down hill is fun, but you can't slide down hill over sweet clover blows, for clover and snow don't blow out at the same time. And you can't have peace, and rest, and quiet of mind, at the same time with delirious enjoyment, and highlarious mirth.

"There is as many kinds of happiness as 'there is stars in the heavens,' and no two stars are alike; they all differ from each other, in their particular kind of glory.

"Now courtin' is considerable fun, suthin' on

the plan of catchin' a bird, kind o' resky and uncert'in but excitin' like, and considerable happyfyin'. To set down after a good supper, contented and quiet, by a bright fireside with your knittin' work, and your affectionate pardner fast asleep and snorin' in the arm chair opposite, is another kind of happiness, nothin' delerious nor highlarious about it, but considerable comfortin' and consolin' after all. Now you have got a good affectionate husband, Tirzah Ann, a man that will look out for your comfort, do well by you, and be a good provider; and you mustn't expect him to be the lover; I mean, you mustn't expect him to go through with all the performances he used to when he was tryin' to get you; why it is as unreasonable as anything in the world can be unreasonable.

"Now," says I, "there's your pa and me, Tirzah Ann; we have lived together in the neighborhood of twenty years, and we are attached to each other with a firm and cast-iron affection, our love for each other towers up like a pillow. But if that man should go to talkin' to me as he used to when he came a-courtin' me I'd shet him up in the smoke house, for I should be afraid of him, I'll be hanged if I shouldn't; I should think he was a lunny.

"I s'pose he thought it was necessary to go through with all them mysterious, curious performances—talkin' strange, praisin' me to the

skies, runnin' other wimmen down to the lowest notch, jealous of likely men, actin' wild, spooney; eyein' me all the time as close as if he was a cat, and I was a rat hole; writin' the curiosest letters to me, threatenin' to kill himself if I wouldn't have him, and jumpin' up as if he would jump out of his skin if I went to wait on myself any, pick up a ball of yarn, or open a door or anything. I s'pose he thought he had got to go through all this, or else it wouldn't be courtin'. But good land! he couldn't keep it up; I hadn't no idee he could, he couldn't get no rest nor I nuther. It wore on me, he used to talk so dretful curious to me, so 'fraid I'd get killed or wait on myself a little or sunthin'; and eat! why I s'pose he eat next to nothin', till I promised to have him. Why! when we got engaged he wasn't much mor'n skin and bones. But good land! he eats enough now to make it up; we hadn't been married a month before he'd eat anything that was put before him, and instead of settin' down and talkin' strange at me, or jumpin' up, as if he was shot, to open the door—so 'fraid that I would strain myself openin' a door—why, he would set and whittle and let me wait on myself jest as natural—let me sprain my back a-reachin' for things at the table, or bring in wood, or anything. Or he would drop to sleep in his chair, and sleep most of the hull evenin', he felt so contented and happy in his mind."

I see I was a-impressin' Tirzah Ann the way I wanted to—and it made me feel so neat, that I went to allegorin', as I made a practice of doin' real often when I get eloquent; sunthin' in the Bunyan style, only not so long. It is a dretful impressive way of talkin'.

Says I, "S'posen a man was a-racin' to catch a boat, that was liable to start off without him. How he would swing his arms and canter, and how the sweat would pour offen his eyebrows, so dretful afraid he wouldn't get there in time to embark. But after he had caught it and sot down as easy as he could be, sailin' along comfortable and happy towards the place he wants to go to; how simple it would be in him, if he should keep up his performances. Do you s'pose he is any more indifferent about the journey he has undertook because he hain't a-swingin' his arms and canterin'? No! the time for that was when he was a catchin' the boat, 'fraid he wouldn't git it in time. That was the time for racin', that was the time for lookin' wild, that was the time for sweat. And when he had caught it that was the time for quiet and happiness.

"When Whitfield Minkley was a-tryin' to git you, anxious, 'fraid he shouldn't, jealous of Shakespeare Bobbet, and etcetery,—that was the time for exertion, and that was the time for strange talk, spooney, wild, spiritual runnin' and

swingin' of the arms, sentimental canterin' and sweat. Now he has got you, he is jest as comfortable and happy as the man on the boat, and what under the sun is the use of his swinging his arms and hollerin'.

"There you two are, in your boat, a-sailin' down the river of life, and don't you go to up-settin' it and your happiness, by insistin' on makin' him go through with all the performance he did when he was tryin' to catch you. 'It is unreasonable."

I never see any one's mean, change much more in the same length of time than Tirzah Ann's mean did, while I was a-allegorin'. Her face seemed to look a number of inches shorter than it did when I begun.

Pretty soon Whitfield came, and he and Tirzah Ann stayed and eat supper, and we should have got along first rate, only there was a nutcake—a long slim one with two legs—that put the Widder in mind of Doodle; it happened to be on her plate, and she cried one hour and a half by the clock.

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### **The English Buccaneer.**

ADAPTED.

A LARGE Spanish ship-of-war was en route from Spain to a port in the West Indies. Among

the passengers was Julia De Lapez, niece of the governor of the province to which they were sailing. This vessel was attacked and captured by pirates commanded by a young man who had become notorious as the English Buccaneer.

After the capture, just as some of the ruffians were breaking into the cabin of this young lady, the commander of the pirates, whose name was Adolph Montreul, appeared. She, observing that he was an officer of high rank, threw herself upon his mercy and begged his protection. Hiding his real identity from her, he promised the protection she asked, if she would accompany him on board a French vessel which was alongside, and of which he claimed to be the commander. This she gladly consented to do. He then set sail for her destination and restored her to her uncle.

During the voyage they fell violently in love. Upon their arrival, Julia artlessly related the tale of her rescue to her uncle; and that functionary in gratitude to her gallant preserver prepared a magnificent banquet in his honor.

And a banquet worthy of the princely giver it was. Lights blazed along the lofty hall, decorated with colors of France and Spain intermingled, noble gentlemen and high dignitaries of state had been summoned to do honor to the guest. The table groaned with costly plate.



Venice glasses of rare price were ranged along the board. Servants in gorgeous liveries thronged the hall.

At the right of the governor sat Montreul, surrounded with officers of the state, but among them all none bore themselves with such grace and dignity. At length the subject turned on the all-engrossing subject of the day, the audacity and success of the great rover ; and Montreul was courteously asked respecting him, for he was supposed to have rescued Julia from the pirates. The young man was about to answer as best he might in this perplexing situation, when a servant approached the governor and whispered in his ear. He spoke hastily in reply.

"Tell him to call to-morrow. I must not be disturbed now."

"Pray, do not put off the suitor on my account," said Montreul. "It may be a matter of great importance to the applicant, and to-morrow may be too late."

Even while he was speaking a second lacquey approached, bearing a note addressed to the governor, on a silver salver. The governor read the note, and started with surprise. He turned instantly to Montreul and said, "I will then excuse myself for a few minutes. This is of great importance to the state."

Fully half an hour elapsed before the governor came back. He entered at length, with a dis-

turbed brow. He walked to his chair, and without sitting down, spoke.

"Gentlemen, my excuse for this absence is to be found in the urgent nature of the business which called me from you. I scarcely know how to act in the emergency in which I find myself, but the path of duty is before me, and in that I must tread, let the consequences be what they may." He paused and looked again around the board. Every eye remained fixed on him.

"The business of which I speak relates to the pirate who has so long infested our seas. He sits among you. He is at my side. This is he."

As he spoke, he turned to Montreul and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. Montreul sprang to his feet. His hand sought his sword which leaped half-way out of the scabbard. But instantly he controlled himself and stood with a half-contemptuous smile, looking in the face of the governor, who returned his gaze without flinching.

"Yes, I repeat it; we have the tiger at length in our toils. Sir Buccaneer, your own lieutenant has betrayed you!" The words of the governor announcing that Montreul was the dreaded rover fell like a thunderbolt on the assembly. Every man sprang to his feet. Stood gazing on him, spellbound, struck dumb with astonishment. Montreul stood like a lion caught in the toils,

his sword half-drawn, one foot advanced, his form erect, his chest thrown back, his nostrils dilated, and his dark eyes gleaming with haughty defiance and disdain. At length he spoke, "I am the English Buccaneer, I have come alone into your midst as a guest, and alone I shall depart. Make way there!"

He moved as he spoke, toward the entrance. Not an arm was upraised to oppose his progress; the crowd of civil functionaries who stood in his passage hastily fell back. The governor was himself the first to break the spell. Advancing with quick steps, he said, "Ho! there, guards—close the door. Gentlemen of Castile, shall this man walk unopposed from our midst?"

But ere they could advance to lay hands on him, Montreul, stepping back against the wall, said, "Stand back, if you are gentlemen. Singly I defy you all, and none but cowards would set on a man ten to one. If there is honor in you, stand back." The group of officers halted and looked from each other to the governor doubtingly. The governor dropped the point of his sword. The taunt had stung home.

"I ask no favor at your hands," said Montreul, "but I demand the right of a guest. To this banquet I came at your invitation, Sir Governor, and from the laws of hospitality and the honor of gentlemen, I claim safe egress, and time to repair on board my ship. Then do your worst!

Make way! or God help him who opposes my passage, if any here is base enough to do it."

He stepped forward as he spoke, holding his rapier guardedly before him. Anxious as the governor was to secure this valuable prize, he felt, now that the momentary excitement of the discovery had passed, that he could not make Montreul a prisoner there without a breach of honor; and besides he was sanguine that even if the rover reached his ship, escape would be impossible. He drew back, therefore, bowing with haughty courtesy which his officers imitated. Montreul advanced through their midst, until he reached the door, when he turned and, waving his plumed cap with as haughty a courtesy as their own, glanced proudly around the group and then vanished from the apartment.

On leaving the governor's palace, he went directly to the wharf, stepped into a fisherman's canoe and ordered the owner with all speed to set him on board the French man-of-war. Words cannot describe the indignation of the crew when he related to them the treachery of the lieutenant.

In a short time preparations for defence were made, the anchor weighed, the ship turned seaward, and with every stretch of canvas set, the vessel began to move slowly through the water.

The shores, bristling at every salient point with fortifications, stretched in a semi-circle around the ship. As she started through the water,

Montreul stood for the first time silent. He saw his situation in its true light,—he was leaving the one he loved.

In what light would she now regard him? He saw all his hopes blasted. She would hear his name linked with terms of reproach—his motives misconstrued—his character blackened—but his reveries were interrupted—for at that instant the whole girdle of forts blazed with fire.

With bold defiance the batteries of the frigate now began to reply to those from the shore, and soon the roar of cannon shook the town and reverberated among the hills.

It was a noble sight, that of the gallant little ship beating out of the harbor, her sides a continuous sheet of flame, while from every embrasure around gushed in reply a fiery stream.

Fortune, which at first seemed to favor the buccaneers, speedily turned against them, for the wind hauled directly ahead. She instantly fell off, and it became necessary to tack. In this perilous moment a ball struck her foremast.

All the efforts of Montreul could not extricate his ship from her position in time. The fire of the enemy became momentarily more deadly, and, to crown the despair of the buccaneers, a shot carried away the rudder. In a few minutes more the frigate was a complete wreck.

Early on the ensuing morning the hall in the

principal fort was crowded with a dense assemblage. A buzz was heard at the door, and the governor, entering, took his seat.

Immediately a body of soldiers appeared, clearing the way for the prisoner, who followed close behind. Heavily ironed, and pale as if from late exhaustion, the captive yet advanced with a firm step to the place assigned him in front of the governor.

"Sir Prisoner," said the governor, "justice demands that the fate to which you condemn those who unhappily fall into your hands should be meted out to you in return. You are a soldier and a brave one, whatever else you may be, and will hear your doom without unmanly complainings. Ere the hand on yonder clock has traversed another circle, you die."

A shudder ran through the assembly at these words. Only the prisoner remained unmoved. He bowed his head in acknowledgment, but from weakness or some other cause, seemed indisposed to say anything.

"Take him away," said the governor, pointing to Montreul.

The prisoner rose feebly to his feet as the officers assisted him. He spoke not, but moved heavily along, his head drooped on his breast.

Only when he reached the door and heard the solemn toll of the cathedral bell, did he appear to arouse. Then he erected his form, his eye

brightened, and he moved once more with a soldierly step.

Suddenly a strange monk rushed up to the entrance.

"Stay," he exclaimed, "stay until I speak to the governor, or the blood of this man be on your heads. I command you," he said as the procession still moved on, "to stay."

He spoke so authoritatively that the officers paused. The intruder boldly advanced to the governor.

"Countermand the execution," he said, and having reached the governor he whispered in the old noble's ear. "He is your son who was stolen from you twenty-five years ago, respite him or you will destroy your own blood."

No one but he for whose ears they were intended, heard those words, but the spectators noticed, and long after commented on the ghastly change that came over the governor's face. For an instant he seemed about to swoon, but, mastering his emotions, he ordered, in a faint voice, that the prisoner be remanded, and then, accepting the monk's arm, staggered with him into a private room.

At length the governor re-entered the hall. "Gentlemen," said the old noble, looking around the company with a countenance haggard and pale from recent excitement, "what the causes are that induce me to free this prisoner must re-

main forever a secret between me, my sovereign, and my God. To his majesty alone, from whom I hold this appointment, I shall justify myself. With this day's sun, I resign my appointment and set sail for Spain, carrying with me, on honorable parole, the prisoner."

The descendants of Julia and Montreuil still live in England and are now high in rank and honored by the state. Nor are they the only ones whose ancestors in those romantic times waged war on Spain beyond the line.

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### **The Death of Bill Sykes.**

CHARLES DICKENS.

Adapted from "Oliver Twist."

Near to that part of the river Thames on which the church of Rotherhithe stands, exists the filthiest, the strangest, and most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in London. In this neighborhood stands Jacobs' Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch six or eight feet deep and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in.

In an upper room of an old house that backs up against Folly Ditch were assembled three men regarding each other with looks expressive of perplexity and expectation. One of these men was Toby Crackit, the owner of the crib—another Mr. Chitling and the third a robber of fifty years, known as Kags. The discovery of the police that their pal Bill Sykes had murdered his wife and then escaped, the taking of Fagin as accessory to the crime, and the breaking up of other cribs,—had caused these men to fear that the same fate might overtake them.



THERE had been a gloomy silence in the room, after which Toby Crackit, seeming to abandon as hopeless any further effort to maintain his usual devil-may-care swagger, turned to Chitling and said :

“When was Fagin took then?”

“Just at dinner-time—two o'clock this afternoon. Charlie and I made our lucky up the wash'us chimney, and Bolter got into the empty water-butt, head downwards; but his legs were so precious long that they stuck out at the top, and so they took him too.”

“Wot's come of Charley Bates?” demanded Kags.

“He hung about, not to come over here afore dark, but he'll be here soon,” replied Chitling. “There's nowhere else to go now, for the people at the cripples are all in custody, and the bar of the ken—I went up there and see it with my own eyes—is filled with traps.”

“This is a smash,” observed Toby, biting his lips. “There's more than one will go with this.”

“The sessions are on,” said Kags. “If they get the inquest over, and Bolter turns King's evidence—as of course he will, from what he's said already—they can prove Fagin an accessory before the fact, and get the trial on, on Friday, and he'll swing in six days from this.”

It being now dark, the shutter was closed, and a candle lighted and placed upon the table.

The terrible events of the last two days had made a deep impression on all three, increased by the danger and uncertainty of their own position. They drew their chairs closer together, starting at every sound. They spoke little, and that in whispers, and were as silent and awe-stricken as if the remains of the murdered woman lay in the next room.

They had sat thus, some time, when suddenly was heard a hurried knocking at the door below.

"Charley Bates," said Kags, looking angrily round, to check the fear he felt himself.

The knocking came again. No, it wasn't he. He never knocked like that.

Crackit went to the window, and, shaking all over, drew in his head. There was no need to tell them who it was; his pale face was enough.

"We must let him in," said Toby, taking up the candle.

"Isn't there any help for it?" asked the other man in a hoarse voice.

"None. He must come in."

Crackit went down to the door and returned, followed by a man with the lower part of his face buried in a handkerchief, and another tied over his head under his hat. He drew them slowly off. Blanched face, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, beard of three days' growth, wasted flesh,

short thick breath; it was the very ghost of Sykes.

He laid his hand upon a chair which stood in the middle of the room, but, shuddering as he was about to drop into it, and seeming to glance over his shoulder, dragged it back close to the wall—as close as it would go—ground it against it—and sat down.

Not a word was said. He looked from one to another in silence. If an eye were furtively raised and met his, it was instantly averted. When his hollow voice broke silence, they all three started. They seemed never to have heard its tone before.

“Curse you all. Have you nothing to say to me?”

There was an uneasy movement among them, but nobody spoke.

“You that keep this house,” said Sykes, turning his face to Crackit, “do you mean to sell me, or to let me lie here till this hunt is over?”

“You may stop here, if you think it safe.”

Sykes carried his eyes slowly up the wall behind him—rather trying to turn his head than actually doing it—and said, “Is—it—the body—is it buried?”

They shook their heads.

“Why isn’t it! Wot do they keep such ugly things above ground for?—Who’s that knocking?”

Crackit intimated, by a motion of his hand, as he left the room, that there was nothing to fear; and directly came back with Charley Bates behind him. Sykes sat opposite the door, so that the moment the boy entered the room, he encountered his figure.

"Toby," said the boy, falling back, as Sykes turned his eyes toward him, "why didn't you tell me this down stairs?"

There had been something so tremendous in the shrinking off of the three, that the wretched man was willing to propitiate even this lad. Accordingly he nodded, and made as though he would shake hands with him.

"Let me go into some other room," said the boy, retreating still farther.

"Charley!" said Sykes, stepping forward. "Don't you—don't you know me?"

"Don't come near me," answered the boy, still retreating, and looking with horror in his eyes upon the murderer's face. "You monster!"

The man stopped half-way, and they looked at each other, but Sykes's eyes sank gradually to the ground.

"Witness you three," cried the boy, shaking his clenched fist, and becoming more and more excited as he spoke. "Witness you three—I'm not afraid of him—if they come here after him, I'll give him up; I will. He may kill me for it if

he likes, or if he dares, but if I am here, I'll give him up. I'd give him up if he was to be boiled alive." A great noise outside stopped him.

Crackit pointed to the window. There were lights gleaming below, voices in loud and earnest conversation, and the tramp of hurried footsteps—endless they seemed in number—crossing the nearest wooden bridge. The gleam of lights increased: the footsteps came more quickly and noisily on. Then came a loud knocking at the door, and then a hoarse murmur from such a multitude of angry voices as would have made the boldest quail.

"Help!" shrieked the boy. "He's here! Break down the door!"

"In the king's name," cried the voices without.

"Break down the door! I tell you they'll never open it. Run straight to the room where the light is. Break down the door!"

Strokes, thick and heavy, rattled upon the door and lower window shutters and a loud huzzah burst from the crowd.

"Open the door of some place where I can lock this screeching fool," cried Sykes fiercely; running to and fro, and dragging the boy as easily as if he were an empty sack. "That door. Quick!" He flung him in, bolted it, and turned the key. "Is the down stairs door fast?"

"Double-locked and chained," replied Crackit.

"The panels—are they strong?"

"Lined with sheet-iron."

"And the windows too?"

"Yes, and the windows."

"Curse you!" cried the desperate ruffian, throwing up the sash and menacing the crowd. "Do your worst! I'll cheat you yet!"

Of all the terrific yells that ever fell on mortal ears, none could exceed the cry of the infuriated throng. Some shouted to those who were nearest to set the house on fire; others roared to the officers to shoot him dead; and all waved to and fro, in the darkness beneath, like a field of corn moved by an angry wind; and joined from time to time in one loud furious roar.

The murderer staggered back into the room and shut the faces out. "The tide was in as I came up. Give me a rope, a long rope. They're all in front. I may drop into the Folly Ditch, and clear off that way. Give me a rope."

The panic-stricken men pointed to where such articles were kept; the murderer, hastily selecting the longest and strongest cord, hurried up the house-top.

All the windows in the rear of the house had long ago been bricked up, except one small trap in the room where the boy was locked, and that was too small even for the passage of his body. But from this aperture he had never ceased to call to those without, to guard the back; and

thus, when the murderer emerged at last on the house-top by the door in the roof, a loud shout proclaimed the fact to those in front, who immediately began to pour around, pressing upon each other in an unbroken stream.

The water was out, and the ditch a bed of mud.

The crowd had been hushed during these few moments, watching his motions and doubtful of his purpose, but the instant they perceived it and knew it was defeated, they raised a cry of triumph. The houses on the opposite side of the ditch had been entered by the mob; sashes were thrown up, or torn bodily out; cluster upon cluster of people clinging to every house-top.

"They have him now," cried a man, "Hurrah!"

The man had shrunk down thoroughly quelled by the ferocity of the crowd, and the impossibility of escape; but seeing this sudden change with no less rapidity than it had occurred, he sprang upon his feet, determined to make one last effort for his life by dropping into the ditch, and at the risk of being stifled, endeavoring to creep away in the darkness and confusion.

Roused into new strength and energy, and stimulated by the noise within the house, which announced that an entrance had really been effected, he set foot against the stack of chimneys, fastened one end of the rope tightly and firmly

around it, and with the other made a strong running noose, by the aid of the hands and teeth almost in a second. He could let himself down by the cord to within less distance of the ground than his own height, and has his knife ready in his hand to cut it then and drop.

At the very instant when he brought the loop over his head, previous to slipping beneath his arm-pits, the murderer, looking behind him on the roof, threw his arms above his head, and uttered a yell of terror.

“Her eyes! Her eyes!”

Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was on his neck. It ran up with his weight, tight as a bow-string, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell for five-and-thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion of the limbs, and the murderer swung lifeless against the wall, with the open knife clenched in his stiffening hand.

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### The Wonderful Tar-Baby.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Adapted from “Uncle Remus.” Used by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company and author.

“ONE day atter Brer Rabbit fool Brer Fox



wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun wat he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby en sot'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see wat de news wuz gwinter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity-clip-pity, clippity-lippity—des ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancin' long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behine legs like he was 'stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Mawnin’!’ sez Brer Rabbit, seezee—‘ nice wedder dis mawnin’,’ sezee.

“ Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“ ‘How duz yo' sym'tums seem ter sega-shuate?’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

“ Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'.

“ ‘How you come on, den? Is you deaf?’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. ‘ Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder,’ sezee.

“ Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“ ‘ Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is,’ says Brer Rabbit, sezee, ‘ en I'm gwineter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm a gwineter do,’ sezee.

“ Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stum-

muck, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin'.

" 'I'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'specttubble fokes ef hit's de las' ack,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en blip he tuck er side er de head. Right dar's whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt him. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

" 'Ef you don't lemme loose, I'll knock you agin,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder han', en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

" 'Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. She des hilt on, en den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er crank-sided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox,

he sa'ntered fort', lookin' des ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

" 'Howdy, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin',' sezee, en den he roled on de groun', en laft en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo'. 'I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

" 'Well, I speck I got you dis time, Brer Rabbit,' sezee ; 'may-be I ain't, but I speck I is. You been runnin' roun' here sassin' atter me a mighty long time, but I speck you done come ter de een' er de row. You bin cuttin' up yo' capers en bouncin' 'roun' in dis naberhood ontwel you come ter b'leeve yo'se'f de boss er de whole gang. En den youer allers some'ers whar you got no bizness,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Who ax you fer ter come en strike up a 'quaintence wid dish yer Tar-Baby? En who stuck you up dar whar you iz? Nobody in de roun' worril. You des tuck en jam yo'se'f on dat Tar-Baby widout waitin' fer enny invite,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dar you is, en dar you'll stay twel I fixes up a bresh-pile and fires her up, kaze I'm gwineter bobbycue you dis day, sho,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

" Den Brer Rabbit talk mighty 'umble.

" 'I don't keer wa't you do wid me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'so you don't fling me in dat 'brier-patch.

Roas' me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'but don't fling me in that brier-patch,' sezee.

" 'Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dat I speck I'll hatter hang you,' sezee.

" 'Hang me des ez high as you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" 'I ain't got no string,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter drown you,' sezee.

" 'Drown me des ez deep ez you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" 'Dey aint'n no water nigh,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter skin you,' sezee.

" 'Skin me, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my ears by de roots, en cut off my legs,' sezee, 'but do please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" Co'se Brer Fox wanter hurt Brer Rabbit bad ez he kin, so he cotch 'im by de behine legs en slung 'im right in the middle er de brier-patch. Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar Brer Rabbit struck de bushes, en Brer Fox sorter hang 'roun' fer ter see w'at wuz gwineter happen. Bimeby he hear somebody call 'im, en way up de hill he see Brer Rabbit settin' cross-legged on a

chinkapin log koamin' de pitch ouden his har wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know dat he bin swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit wuz bleedzed fer ter fling back some er his sass, en he holler out:

“ ‘ Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier-patch!’ en wid dat he skip out des es lively ez a cricket in de embers.”

## The Escape.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Adapted from “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

Mr. Shelby, having lost considerable money, found that it would be necessary to sell his two most valuable slaves, namely: Tom and Eliza’s little boy, who was an unusually bright child and brought a large price. These two were purchased by a slave trader named Haley, who was an unprincipled rascal. Tom was too loyal to his old master to attempt to escape, but Eliza, driven wild at the thought of parting with her child, and, moreover, having heard of Haley’s unsavory reputation, decided to run away with her boy.

The scene opens at the Shelby House, just after the disappearance of Eliza had been discovered. Haley is about to start in pursuit, with Sam and Andy, two of Shelby’s slaves, (who of course are anxious that Eliza shall escape) as guides.

AT two o’clock, Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts. Sam was there new oiled from dinner with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness.

"Come," said Haley, mounting. "Come, tumble up now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split into a laugh greatly to Haley's indignation, and he made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

"I's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer mustn't be making game. This yer ant no way to help Mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley, decidedly, "I know the way of all of 'em,—they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat's de idee. Mas'r Haley hits de thing right in the middle. Now, der's two roads to the river,—de dirt road and de pike,—which Mas'r mean to take?"

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly confirmed what he said by a vehement reiteration.

"'Cause," said Sam, "I'd rather be 'clined to 'magine that 'Lizy'd take de dirt road bein' it's least traveled. Course, Mas'r can do as he'd rather; go the straight road if Mas'r think best,—it's all one to us. Now when I study 'pon it, I think de straight road's de best, *deridedly*."

"She'd naturally go a lonesome way," said Haley, thinking aloud, not minding Sam's remark.

"Dar an't no saying," said Sam; "gals is pecular; they never does nothing ye thinks they will; mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrar; now, my private 'pinion is, Liz took de dirt road; so I think we better take de straight one."

But Haley announced decidedly that he should go the dirt road and asked Sam when they should come to it.

"A little piece ahead," said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with the eye that was on Andy's side of the head; and he added gravely, "but I've studded on de matter and I'm quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it no way. It's despit lonesome, we might lose our way and whar we'd come to, the Lord only knows."

"Nevertheless," said Haley, "I shall go that way."

"Now I think on't, I think I hearn 'em tell that dat ar road was all fenced up and down by der creek, ain't it, Andy?"

Andy wasn't certain; he'd only "hern tell" about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly non-committal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought it lay in favor of the dirt road, aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's part at

first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him, he set down to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Eliza.

When, therefore, Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now, the road, in fact, was an old one, that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour's ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. A fact that Sam knew perfectly well.

"Now, I jest give yer warning," said Haley. "I know yer. Yer won't get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin', so you shet up!"

"Mas'r will go his own way," said Sam, with rueful submission, at the same time winking most portentiously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits, professing to keep a very brisk lookout,—at one time exclaiming that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "if that thar wasn't 'Lizy down in the hollow;" always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.



After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barnyard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but, as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

"Warn't dat ar what I telled Mas'r?" said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. "How does strange gentlemen spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?"

"You rascal!" said Haley, "you knew all about this."

"Didn't I tell yer I know'd, and yer wouldn't believe me? I telled Mas'r 'twas all shet up, and fenced up, and I didn't spect we could get through,—Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye

caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river.

She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her, scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, onto the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap,—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green cake of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment.

With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling,—leaping,—slipping,—springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone,—her stockings cut from her feet,—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

“Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!” said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

“Oh, Mr. Symmes!—save me,—do save me,—do hide me!” said Eliza.

“Why, what’s this?” said the man. “Why, if ’t an’t Shelby’s gal!”

“My child!—this boy!—he’d sold him! There is his Mas’r,” said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. “Oh, Mr. Symmes, you’ve got a little boy!”

“So I have,” said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. “Besides, you’re a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it.”

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. “I’d be glad to do something for ye,” said he; “but then there’s nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go thar,” said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the

village. "Go thar; they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you,—they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I've done 's of no 'coynt."

"And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've 'arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' crittur a-strivin' and pantin', and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind of 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither."

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

"That ar was a tol'able fair stroke of business," said Sam.

"The gal's got seven devils in her, I believe!" said Haley. "How like a wild-cat she jumped!"

"Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope Mas'r'll 'scuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel spry enough for dat ar, no way!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"You laugh!" said the trader, with a growl.

"Lord bless you, Mas'r, I couldn't help it, now," said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. "She looked so curi's a-leapin' and springin'—ice a-crackin'—and only to hear her,—plump! ker chunk! ker splash! Spring! Lord, how she goes it!" and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

"I'll make yer laugh t' other side yer mouths," said the trader, laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

"Good evening, Mas'r!" said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much spect Missis be anxious 'bout Jerry. Mas'r Haley won't want us no longer. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizy's bridge to-night;" and with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed—their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.

**Lincoln at Gettysburg.**

COL. CLARK E. CARR.

ON a bright November afternoon, when the autumn leaves were tinged with a thousand hues of beauty, upon an eminence in the midst of a great plain bounded by lofty mountains, I saw a vast concourse of men and women. I saw among them illustrious warriors, gifted poets, and profound statesmen. I saw ambassadors of mighty empires, governors of great commonwealths, ministers of cabinets, men of high position and power. I saw above their heads, upon every hand, a starry banner, drooping under the weight of sombre drapery. I saw men and women standing among new-made graves, overwhelmed with grief which they vainly endeavored to conceal. I knew that I was in the midst of a people bowing under great affliction, of a land stricken with sorrow. I knew that the tide of destruction and death had not ceased to ebb and flow, but that at that moment the fate of my country was trembling in the balance,—her only hope in the fortitude and valor of her sons who were baring their breasts to storms of shot and shell only a few miles away.

I saw standing in the midst of that mighty assembly a man of majestic but benignant mien, of worn and haggard features, but whose eyes beamed with purity, with patriotism, and with

hope. Every eye was directed toward him ; and as men looked into his calm, sad, earnest face, they recognized the great president, the foremost man of the world, not only in position and power but in all the noblest attributes of humanity. When he essayed to speak, such solemn silence reigned, as when, within consecrated walls, men come into the presence of Deity. Each sentence, slowly and earnestly pronounced, sank into every patriotic heart, gave a strange lustre to every face, and nerved every arm. In those utterances, the abstract, the condensation, the summing up of American patriotism, were contained the hopes, the aspirations, the stern resolves, the consecration, the dedication upon the altar of humanity, of a great people.

From the time of that solemn dedication the final triumph of the loyal hosts was assured. As the Christian day by day repeats the solemn words of prayer given him by his Savior, so the American patriot will continue to repeat those inspired sentiments. While the Republic lives, he will continue to repeat them, and while, realizing all their solemn significance, he continues to repeat them, *the Republic will live.*

### **An Afternoon in a Hotel Room.**

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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JIMMIEBOY had come to town for the winter, and was living in a great big hotel, and he liked it very much because there were nineteen different kinds of dessert on the bill-of-fare every day, and buckwheat cakes always for breakfast.

"That's the way to have things," said Jimmie-boy. "I like home very much, but when it comes to meals, hotels are much nicer. There's always plenty more of everything down stairs, which there never is at home."

There was another thing about hotel life which pleased Jimmieboy very much, and that was the remarkable dial in each of the rooms by means of which any one in these rooms could ring up anything he wanted. It was truly a wonderful thing, that dial. It had a metal needle on it which could be whirled around this way and that until the little pin at the end of it stood directly over the printed word which represented what the person using it wanted. For instance, turning the needle one way until it rested on the proper division, by merely pressing a button you could get a bath towel inside of



two minutes; turning it another way and pushing the button would bring a glass of lemonade or a saddle-horse, according to the division on the dial over which you let the pin rest. All of which seemed to Jimmieboy to be particularly lovely, and it was as much as he could do to keep from experimenting with it all the time. He had outlined in his mind a beautiful game for stormy days, which was, briefly, to shut his eyes, push the pointer blindly round, press the button and then try to guess what would come, but when he suggested the game to his mother, she said that he must never meddle with that dial.

One day, however, when everybody but himself and his mother had gone out, a card was sent up from the office stating that a certain Mrs. So-and-so had called, and Jimmieboy's mother, when she had observed the state of the parlor floor, over which marbles and parcheesi men and paper dolls cut out of Sunday newspapers, and other things were strewn in great confusion, said she fancied she'd better receive Mrs. So-and-so in the public parlor. Hence Jimmieboy, for the first time, was left alone in the room with the delightful dial. He was usually an obedient child, but until now his temptation had not been very great. Here he was all by himself with that pointer pointing at him, and the little button seemed to grin while it softly sung the

words, "Don't shove, just push." It was really too much, and about ten minutes after his mother's departure Jimmieboy yielded. Clambering upon a chair which stood directly beneath the dial, Jimmieboy seized the needle, closed his eyes, turned it about, and pressed the button. In a minute the little bell which showed that the message had been received at the office rang, and the needle flew back.

"Dear me," cried the boy in alarm, when he realized what he had done. "I do hope it isn't a saddle-horse I've rung up."

It wasn't, for a moment later a boy knocked at the door, and in response to Jimmieboy's cheerily spoken "come in," he entered, bringing with him a half-dozen of the loveliest sardines you ever saw in your life.

"Well—that's fine!" cried Jimmieboy in delight. He'd always been fond of sardines. "It beats a grab-bag at a Sunday-school fair all to pieces."

In two minutes the sardines were eaten and Jimmieboy was back at the dial again.

"Maybe I'll get a piece of pie this time," he said.

But he didn't. This time a man in a blue flannel shirt came up and asked where the trunk was. This puzzled Jimmieboy, but having been asked a question, he answered it.

"In there," he said, pointing to his mother's room.

The man in the blue shirt walked in, tried the cover, and finding that it was locked, hoisted it on his shoulder and walked out.

"Where's it to go, young un?" the porter asked as he passed Jimmieboy.

"Don't know," said Jimmieboy. "I didn't know it was going anywhere."

"Maybe they'll know at the office," said the porter, and he was gone and the trunk with him.

"Funny about that piece of pie," thought Jimmieboy. "Maybe they didn't understand; I'll try again."

Back he went to the dial and repeated his experiment.

Five minutes elapsed when up came the hall-boy again. This time, however, he didn't bring any sardines, nor had he the pie, but he did have one of the handsomest chicken salads you ever dreamed of.

"Is that all?" asked the boy.

"I guess so," said Jimmieboy.

And the boy departed.

"I wish we had a chicken salad machine like you in my house," said Jimmieboy, as he gazed at the dial, meanwhile gulping down the salad as fast as he could. "I'd give a dollar towards buying one myself."

In a little while the salad was eaten and Jim-

mieboy began again at the dial. In half an hour he had received two more plates of sardines, a dozen postage stamps and a magnificent bowl full of milk toast. A man came up and built a fire, grumbling that he should have to do it on a warmish day; the electrician called and asked what was wanted, only to be told by Jimmieboy that he didn't know; and the sardine boy, now grown red in the face because of his continuous trips up and down, announced that the carriage was ready. The bath-room had been visited twice by the chamber maid who brought enough bath towels to dry the Jersey coast—or so she said—and what seemed most singular of all, one of the waiters appeared carrying a tray upon which stood two bottles of champagne, a glass of Apollinaris water, and a funny looking little pink drink in a glass, which looked so much like medicine that Jimmieboy did not touch it.

Finally there was a great racket in the hall, and a tremendous pounding on the door which startled poor little Jimmieboy very much.

"C-come in," he cried.

And in rushed three men with fire extinguishers on their backs, and behind them came the housekeeper, the head clerk, two porters and the proprietor of the house. The housekeeper was very pale, but she did not lose her presence of mind. Sweeping all the bric-a-brac from the mantelpiece into a large clothes basket she had

the maids carry it out into the hall. The porters seized all the furniture and rushed out of the room with it; the head clerk emptied all the bureau drawers into a sheet and had them carried out, while the proprietor grabbed up the wondering Jimmieboy and carried him down to the office where he would be out of the way.

Meanwhile the men with the fire extinguishers were running here and there in the apartments looking for a fire.

"There doesn't seem to be any except in the fireplace," said one of them, and just then Jimmieboy's mother appeared, bringing with her Mrs. So-and-so, who had expressed a desire to see the rooms, which she had been told were so attractive.

"What on earth is the matter?" cried Jimmieboy's mother.

"Fire," said one of the chambermaids. "We've got everything out of the room though."

"But—where is Jimmieboy?"

"Oh, he's safe," said the housekeeper kindly.

"We had him taken down stairs."

"He's perfectly safe, madame," said the head clerk, "and so far as we can see so are the rooms. We are very sorry that this has occurred at this time. It is very awkward—particularly when you are about to entertain friends—to have an accident like this happen. I am very much

afraid one of your bottles of champagne has been broke."

"Champagne?" echoed Jimmieboy's mother.

"Yes, madame—and the last salad as well. I see that one of the maids has carelessly put it into the basket with your husband's collars and cuffs—and, by the way, while I think of it, where shall I send your trunk?"

Jimmieboy's mother sat down on the bed overcome, and Mrs. So-and-so looked at her in wonderment.

"I am sure I don't know what you mean," said she, "unless—" here she paused, for the truth began to dawn upon her. "I think you'd better send the trunk back; it was all a mistake."

The clerk bowed and went out.

"Queer people, those," he said to the proprietor.

"Very," said the proprietor, "but I guess they're all right. That teleseme ought to be looked after. I'm afraid it's out of order. It's either that, or that family has gone insane—unless—" and here he paused, for the truth dawned upon him as it had on Jimmieboy's mother.

"Unless what?" asked the clerk.

"Unless that boy had something to do with it." Then he added, with a laugh: "Anyhow it won't do any harm. The profits on the salads and sardines and the champagne we've been

sending up all the afternoon will more than pay us for our trouble."

As for Jimmieboy he was soon restored to his mother, and when three hours later the room was finally put in order again, he received what was for him a very uninteresting lecture.

"I won't do it again, mamma," he said, "but when you and I are home all alone I think it would be better if you didn't receive your company down stairs. It's a terrible thing to have a machine like that askin' you to have something all the time."

In which moral his mother agreed with him, and the boy never meddled with the dial again; but that night his father had to use it to summon a doctor, for the combination of sardines and salads and milk toast rather upset Jimmieboy's stomach.

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### **Mistress Sherwood's Victory.**

EVA L. OGDEN.

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"WIFE! wife! hither, wife!" shouted John Sherwood as he strode into the long kitchen. "The troops are at Norwalk and to march this way to-day or to-morrow at farthest. The king shall enjoy his own again. Hurrah!"

"I would not hurrah for the king over and above loudly, John, the neighbors distrust thee already. We have a son in the rebel camp remember, and a good son, too."

Farmer Sherwood did not answer, but as his wife looked up at him she saw his face drawn as with pain. Stepping up to her husband, she laid her head soothingly upon his breast. He threw his arms around her and drew her close to him. It was only for a moment. Loosening her with a kiss, he went back to his work in the garden and she to her moulding.

Yes, the troops, Tryon's troops, fresh from the burning and pillage of Norwalk, were coming; with gleam of musket and jingling of spurs, and ever and anon with the sound of fife and drum, they marched up the road. These were the men who would be fighting her boy, her only son, in a few hours perhaps, and she must give them food and drink.

It was only an instant before the captain of the troops rode up. He sprang lightly from his horse and raised his hat to the comely woman who stood in the doorway.

"I ask food in the king's name," he said.

"Enter, captain, and help yourself. You are used to doing so, I doubt not; the bread is just out of the oven, and the pies will soon be done."

Going forward to the table he picked up three



or four of the loaves saying as he did so, "I seize these, madam, in the king's name and for his soldiers. I will send in for the rest."

The soldiers outside scattered themselves over the broad greensward in front of the house, and did ample justice to the bread and meat brought out to them, and in an hour or so, marched off up the road.

Then the farmer came back through the keeping-room into the long pleasant kitchen, where his wife was stirring up corn-cakes for tea. "God grant this visit to-day set my neighbors not more against me."

"Amen," said his wife. "But we will not think of that. Unless Samuel Forrest sets them on to evil I doubt if one of them will do aught to hurt you."

"Aye, Samuel Forrest, he hath been our enemy ever since he took our daughter from us."

There was no answer. This was the one subject on which Mistress Sherwood dared not trust herself to speak, knowing well the torrent of bitterness that she must give utterance to if she once opened her lips.

John had finished his supper and gone out to the milking, and his wife had tidied the room, put away the last of the dishes and seated herself outside of the great south door-stone to pick the greens over for the morrow's dinner, when

the mocking voice of Samuel Forrest accosted her.

"Good evening, my fair mother-in-law, picking greens, eh? Now how much pleasanter this is for a lady of your housewifely habits than going to a show, a hanging for instance."

"What do you mean?"

"Only this, my good mother-in-law, the neighbors seem not to approve of my revered father-in-law's interest in the king's party and I should not much wonder if it came to a matter of a hanging ere long."

"Mayhap, but if it comes to a hanging, it will be a great pity if we can't make it a family party."

"Ye may feel my powers sooner than ye think for, woman. Are you counting on Harry's coming? Harry will never return from the war. I have seen to that. You will learn to curb your tongue when I come to live here, I fancy; good evening, my fair mother-in-law. I will see you again ere long."

His foot-steps died away on the graveled walk. She heard the click of the little front gate before she stirred or spoke, then she breathed rather than spoke, "My God! My God! Whither shall I turn for help? Whither indeed?" Her hands dropped into her lap. She stared unseeing into the mild, blue, spring sky that hung so softly above her. It was no idle

threat, she knew. More than one Tory in the neighborhood had been hanged by infuriated neighbors, and with a man like Samuel Forrest, able and unprincipled enough to stir sleeping passions, to hint and suggest the act, what had they not to fear?

She groaned aloud in her helpless misery. Suddenly, there came a light touch upon her arm. She turned to see old Cæsar, Samuel Forrest's decrepit slave. "Missy, you want your daughter, Missy Forrest?"

"Yes! yes!"

"To-morrow night at seben o'clock, come to the swamp behind the church an' I gib her to you. I can't stand dis no mo'!"

It was seven o'clock the next evening when Mistress Sherwood, wrapped in her great cape, stood by the bars at the entrance of the swamp behind the church. She had not waited more than three minutes when she saw two figures coming toward her, evidently Cæsar and her daughter. In another moment they stood at her side. "Fo' de Lawd's sake, Missy, hurry now if yo' nebber hurried befo' in your life. No, no, I don't want no money. Get home quick, an' the Lawd hab mussy on ye!"

He was gone as he spoke, but Mistress Sherwood deliberately put back the hood that shrouded her daughter's face and gazed upon it.

Then with a groan to God, she seized Joan's hand and hurried across the fields.

What meant those lights yonder in the valley near her home? What was that sullen hum as of voices? Was it the tramp of feet? She ran. She flew. She climbed the fences, she tore through the briars in the sheep pasture-woods, and panting and breathless she reached with her daughter the back door of the old homestead.

Scarce pausing to breathe, she burst into the kitchen. Angry, excited faces met her eye. Back by the fireplace near the open settee from which he had risen, stood John Sherwood with his musket in his hand.

"There is no one of ye I would fain hurt," he was saying as his wife entered, "but I will sell my life as dearly as possible. Never shall it be said that a Sherwood was dragged out to death with a halter round his neck."

"Down with the Tory!" "Hang him!" "Shoot him down where he stands and hang him afterward!" In another moment there would have been a rush upon him, but Abigail sprang forward. "Neighbors! neighbors! ye who have been our friends and neighbors for more than twenty years, listen to me. Ye were my schoolmates and my husband's schoolmates years ago. Is there any of you that John Sherwood, boy or man, ever wronged by so much as a farthing's worth?"

"No! He's an honest man, we'll say that much for him."

"Has he not been a good neighbor to ye? Robert Saunders, who loaned you the money for the debt you owed Samuel Forrest yonder when he threatened to take the last stick of wood and the last pound of meal in your house if you did not pay him? Israel Hyatt, who found the corn and the bacon for you that long winter when you knew not where to turn? and who paid the doctor's bill for you when Susan died? And I—is there one of you to whom I have not come with cheer and comfort when you needed me at any hour of the day or night? I have pounded drugs and distilled waters and watched with the dying and helped lay out the dead. Oh, I think shame, shame, to myself that I should have to tell you this. And now, now at a word from that man, that black-hearted fiend yonder, ye come to put my husband, your good neighbor, to a shameful death. And why? Do you know? Shall I tell you? Samuel Forrest thinks to take my husband's farm and his homestead that he has coveted, for his own. Aye, he told me, me his mother, that my son Harry, my only son, who is fighting on your side, shall never come home to me. He had taken care of that he said."

"'Tis false!" cried Samuel Forrest.

"'Tis true, true as he stands there, he who has robbed and cheated every one of you for years."

Under her burning words there had been a gradual, half-unconscious withdrawal on the part of the crowd from Samuel Forrest, and now one and another looked at him where he stood at one side, and muttered ominously.

"Ye mind my daughter, neighbors, my pretty Joan? I gave her to that man three years ago, the fairest bride that ever walked the streets of Pemigewasset.

"It was but yester-eve he told me, 'You haven't seen Joan for a year; she hath changed somewhat.' Changed! My God! men, if ye be men and not fiends like him, tell me what is this?" She had held her daughter's hand all the while and now she drew her forward to the door.

With a sense of something coming, the men had crowded up close on the great stone step and stood peering into the kitchen. One swung his lantern above his head and lighted up the scene, and they saw, as Joan's cloak fell off, a thin, wan form wasted with pain and sickness. Her wild black curls clustering over her forehead intensified the ghastly pallor of the face. She stood like one in a dream. At the leading of her mother's hand, and as her eyes fell on the crowd, in a strange voice, that voice which thrills the heart more than any other can, speaking as it does of the mind's departure, she said, "Who's dead? Who's dead?"

John Sherwood sprang forward, dropping his musket on the floor.

"Joan, Joan, my daughter!" he cried, and buried her face in his bosom.

With cries of hate and rage, the crowd sprang like hounds unleashed upon Samuel Forrest. And Mistress Sherwood shut the door.

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### **The Angel and the Shepherds.**

LEW WALLACE.

Adapted from "Ben Hur." Used by permission of the publishers, Harper and Brothers.

A mile and a half, it may be two miles, southeast of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain. At the side farthest from the town, close under a bluff, there was an extensive sheepcot, ages old.

A number of shepherds, seeking fresh walks for their flocks, led them up to this plain; and from early morning the groves had been made to ring with calls, and the blows of axes, the bleating of sheep and goats, the tinkling of bells, the lowing of cattle, and the barking of dogs. When the sun went down, they led the way to the marsh, and by nightfall had everything safe in the field; then they kindled a fire down by the gate, partook of their humble supper, and sat down to rest and talk, leaving one on watch.

There were six of these men, omitting the watchman; and after a while they assembled in a group near the fire, some sitting, some lying prone. As they went bareheaded habitually, their hair stood out in thick, coarse, sunburnt

shocks ; their beards covered their throats, and fell in mats down their breasts ; mantles of skin wrapped them from neck to knee, leaving the arms exposed ; broad belts girthed the rude garments to their waists ; their sandals were of the coarsest quality ; from their right shoulders hung scrips containing food and selected stones for slings, with which they were armed ; on the ground near each one lay his crook, a symbol of his calling and a weapon of offence.

SUCH were the shepherds of Judea ! In appearance, rough and savage as the gaunt dogs sitting with them around the blaze ; in fact, simple-minded, tender-hearted : effects due, in part, to the primitive life they led, but chiefly to their constant care of things lovable and helpless.

They rested and talked ; and their talk was all about their flocks, a dull theme to the world, yet a theme which was all the world to them. While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one the shepherds went to sleep, each lying where he had sat.

The night, like most nights of the winter season in the hill country, was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence ; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked ; at times he stopped, attracted by a jackal's cry off on the mountain-side. The midnight was slow coming to him ; but at last it



came. His task was done; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children! He moved towards the fire, but paused; a light was breaking around him, soft and white, like the moon's. He waited breathlessly. The light deepened; things before invisible came into view; he saw the whole field, and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air—a chill of fear—smote him. He looked up; the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky; as he looked, it became a splendor; then, in terror, he cried,

“Awake, awake!”

Up sprang the dogs, and, howling, ran away.

The herds rushed together bewildered.

The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand.

“What is it?” they asked, in one voice.

“See!” cried the watchman, “the sky is on fire!”

Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes, and dropped upon their knees; then, as their souls shrank with fear, they fell upon their faces blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them,

“Fear not!”

And they listened.

“Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.”

The voice, in sweetness and soothing more than human, and low and clear, penetrated all their beings, and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees, and, looking worshipfully, beheld in the centre of a great glory the appearance of a man, clad in a robe intensely white; above its shoulders towered the tops of wings shining and folded; a star over its forehead glowed brilliant as Hesperus; its hands were stretched towards them in blessing; its face was serene and divinely beautiful.

They had often heard, and, in their simple way, talked, of angels; and they doubted not now, but said, in their hearts, The glory of God is about us, and this is he who of old came to the prophet by the river of Ulai.

Directly the angel continued:

“For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!”

Again there was a rest, while the words sank into their minds.

“And this shall be a sign unto you,” the annunciator said next. “Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger.”

The herald spoke not again; his good tidings were told; yet he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light, of which he seemed the centre, turned roseate and began to tremble; then up, as far as the men could see, there was a flashing of white wings, and coming and going of radiant forms,

and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison :

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!"

Not once the praise, but many times.

Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one far off ; his wings stirred, and spread slowly and majestically ; when they were expanded many cubits beyond his stature, he rose lightly, and, without effort, floated out of view, taking the light up with him. Long after he was gone, down from the sky fell the refrain in measure mellowed by distance, " Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

When the shepherds came fully to their senses, they stared at each other stupidly, until one of them said, " It was Gabriel, the Lord's messenger unto men."

None answered.

" Christ the Lord is born ; said he not so ? "

Then another recovered his voice, and replied, " That is what he said."

" And did he not also say, in the city of David, which is our Bethlehem yonder ? Let us go up and worship him."

**The King of Boyville.**

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Adapted. Used by permission of the publishers,  
Doubleday and McClure Co.

THERE was one thing Piggy Pennington could not do, and it was the one of all things which he most wished he could do; he could not, under any circumstances, say three consecutive and coherent words to any girl under fifteen and over nine. He was invited, with nearly all the boys of his age in town, to children's parties. And while any other boy, whose only accomplishment was turning a cartwheel, or skinning the cat backwards, or, at most, hanging by one leg and turning a handspring, could boldly ask a girl if he could see her home, Piggy had to get his hat and sneak out of the house when the company broke up. Even after school Piggy could not join the select coterie of boys who followed the girls down through town to the post-office. He could not tease the girls about absent boys at such times and make up rhymes like

"First the cat and then her tail;  
Jimmy Sears and Maggie Hale,"

and shout them out for the crowd to hear. Instead of joining the courtly troupe, Piggy Pennington went off with the boys who really didn't

care for such things, and fought, or played "tracks up," or wrestled his way leisurely home in time to get in his "night wood." But his heart was not in these pastimes; it was with a red shawl of a peculiar shade, that was wending its way to the post-office and back to a home in one of the few two-story houses in the little town. Time and time again had Piggy tried to make some sign to let his feelings be known, but every time he had failed. Lying in wait for her at corners and suddenly breaking upon her with a glory of backward and forward somersaults did not convey the state of his heart. Hanging by his heels from an apple-tree limb over the sidewalk in front of her, unexpectedly, did not tell the tender tale for which his lips could find no words. And so, everything put together, poor Piggy was no nearer a declaration at the end of winter than he had been at the beginning of autumn. So only one heart beat with but a single thought, and the other took motto candy and valentines and red apples and picture cards from other boys, and beat on with any number of thoughts, entirely immaterial to the uses of this narrative.

One morning in the late spring, he spent half an hour before breakfast among his mother's roses, which were just in first bloom. He had taken out there all the wire from an old broom and all his kite-string. His mother had to call

three times before he would leave his work. The youngster was the first to leave the table, and by eight o'clock he was at his task again. Before the first schoolbell had rung, Piggy Pennington was bound for the schoolhouse with a strange-looking parcel under his arm. He tried to put his coat over it, but it stuck out, and the newspaper that was wrapped around it bulged into so many corners that it looked like a hometied bundle of laundry.

Just before school was called, Piggy Pennington was playing "scrub" with all his might, and a little girl—his Heart's Desire—was taking out of her desk a wreath of roses tied to a shaky wire frame. There was a crowd of girls round her, admiring it and speculating about the probable author of the gift; but to these she did not show the patent-medicine card on which was scrawled, over the druggist's advertisement, "Yours truly, W. H. P."

When the last bell rang, Piggy Pennington was the last boy in, and he did not look toward the desk where he had put the flowers, until after the singing.

Then he stole a sidewise glance that way, and his Heart's Desire was deep in her geography. It was an age before she filed past him with the "B" class in geography, and took a seat directly in front of him, where he could look at her all the time, unobserved by her. Once she squir-

med in her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "Iser rolling rapidly." When their eyes did meet at last, just as Piggy, leading the marching round the room, was at the door to go out for recess, the thrill amounted to a shock that sent him whirling in a pinwheel of handsprings toward the ball ground shouting "scrub—first bat, first bat, first bat," from sheer bubbling joy. Piggy made four tallies that recess, and the other boys couldn't have put him out if they had used a hand-grenade or a Babcock fire-extinguisher.

He received four distinct shots that day from the eyes of his Heart's Desire, and the last one sent him home on the run, tripping up every primary urchin whom he found tagging along by the way, and whooping at the top of his voice.

The next morning Piggy Pennington astonished his friends by bringing a big armful of red and yellow and pink and white roses to school.

He had never done this before; and when he had run the gauntlet of the big boys, who were not afraid to steal them from him, he made straight for his school-room, and stood holding them in his hands while the girls gathered round him, teasing for the beauties. It was nearly time for the last bell to ring, and Piggy knew that his Heart's Desire would be in the room by the time he got there. He was not mistaken.

But Heart's Desire did not clamor with the other girls for one of the roses. Piggy stood off their pleadings as long as he could with "Naw; Why, naw, of course I won't; Naw, what I want to give you one for?" and "Go away from here, I tell you;" and still Heart's Desire did not ask for her flowers. There were but a few minutes left before school would be called to order, and in desperation Piggy gave one rose away. It was not a very pretty rose, but he hoped she would see that the others were to be given away, and ask for one. But she, his Heart's Desire stood near a window, talking to the freckled-faced boy. Then Piggy gave away one rose after another. As the last bell began to ring, he gave them to the boys, as the girls were all supplied. And still she came not. There was one rose left, the most beautiful of all. She went to her desk, and as the teacher came in, bell in hand, Piggy surprised himself, the teacher, and the school, by laying the beautiful flower, without a word, on the teacher's desk. That day was a dark day. When a new boy, who didn't belong to the school, came up at recess to play, Piggy shuffled over to him and asked gruffly:

"What's your name?"

"Puddin' 'n' tame, ask me agin an' I'll tell you the same," said the new boy, and then there was a fight. It didn't soothe Piggy's feelings one bit



that he whipped the new boy, for the new boy was smaller than Piggy. And he dared not turn his flushed face towards his Heart's Desire. It was almost four o'clock when Piggy Pennington walked to the master's desk to get him to work out a problem, and as he passed the desk of Heart's Desire, he dropped a note into her lap. It read :  
"Are you mad?"

But he dared not look for an answer as they marched out that night ; so he contented himself with punching the boy ahead of him with a pin, and stepping on his heels, when they were in the back part of the room, where the teacher could not see him. The King of Boyville walked home alone that evening. The courtiers saw plainly that his majesty was troubled.

In his barn he sat listlessly on a nail-keg, while Abe and the freckle-faced boy did their deeds of daring on the rings and the trapeze. Only when the new boy came in did Piggy arouse himself to mount the flying bar, and, swinging in it to the very rafters, drop, and hang by his knees, and again drop from his knees, catching his ankle in the angle of the rope where it meets the swinging bar. That was to awe the new boy.

After this feat the King was quiet.

At dusk, when the evening chores were done, Piggy Pennington walked past the home of his Heart's Desire, and howled out a doleful ballad which began :

"You ask what makes this darky wee-eeep,  
Why he like others am not gay."

But a man on the sidewalk, passing, said, "Well, son, that's pretty good but wouldn't you just as lief sing as to make that noise?" So the King went to bed with a heavy heart.

He took that heart to school with him the next morning and dragged it over the school-ground, playing crack-the-whip and "stink-base." But when he saw Heart's Desire wearing in her hair one of the white roses from his mother's garden—the Pennington's had the only white roses in the little town—he knew it was from the wreath he had given her; and so light was his boyish heart that it was with an effort that he kept it out of his throat. There were smiles and smiles that day. During the singing they began, and every time she came past him, from a class, and every time he could pry his eyes behind her geography or her grammar, a flood of gladness swept over his soul. That night Piggy Pennington followed the girls from the schoolhouse to the post-office, and in a burst of enthusiasm walked on his hands in front of the crowd, for nearly half a block.

When his Heart's Desire said: "Oh! ain't you afraid you'll hurt yourself doing that?" Piggy pretended not to hear her, and said to the boys:

"Aw, that ain't nuthin'; come down to my

barn, an' I'll do somepin that'll make your head swim."

He was too exuberant to contain himself; and when he left the girls he started to run after a stray chicken that happened along, and ran till he was out of breath. He did not mean to run in the direction his Heart's Desire had taken but he turned a corner and came up with her suddenly.

Her eyes beamed upon him, and he could not run away as he wished. She made room for him on the sidewalk, and he could do nothing but walk beside her. For a block they were so embarrassed that neither spoke.

It was Piggy who broke the silence. His words came from his heart. He had not yet learned to speak otherwise.

"Where's your rose?" he asked, not seeing it.

"What rose?" said the girl, as though she had never in her short life heard of such an absurd thing as a rose.

"Oh, you know," returned the boy, stepping irregularly, to make the tips of his toes come on the cracks in the sidewalk. There was another pause, during which Piggy picked up a pebble, and threw it at a bird in a tree. His heart was sinking rapidly.

"Oh, that rose?" said his Heart's Desire, turning full upon him with the enchantment of her childish eyes. "Why, here it is in my

grammar. I'm taking it to keep with the others. Why?"

"Oh, nuthin' much," replied the boy. "I'll bet you can't do this," he added as he glowed up into her eyes from an impulsive hand-spring.

And thus the King of Boyville first set his light little foot upon the soil of unknown country.

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### Nominating General Grant.

SENATOR CONKLING.

"When asked what state he hails from,  
Our sole reply shall be,  
He comes from Appomattox,  
And its famous apple-tree."

IN obedience to instructions I should never dare to disregard—expressing, also, my own firm convictions—I rise to propose a nomination with which the country and the Republican party can grandly win. The election before us is to be the Austerlitz of American politics. It will decide, for many years, whether the country shall be Republican or Cossack. The supreme need of the hour is not a candidate who can carry Michigan. All Republican candidates can do that. The need is not of a candidate who is popular in the Territories, because they have no vote. The need is of a candidate who can carry

doubtful states. Not the doubtful states of the North alone, but doubtful states of the South, which we have heard, if I understand it right, ought to take little or no part here, because the South has nothing to give, but everything to receive. No, gentlemen, the need that presses upon the conscience of this Convention is of a candidate who can carry doubtful states both North and South. And believing that he, more surely than any other man, can carry New York against any opponent, and can carry not only the North, but several states of the South, New York is for Ulysses S. Grant. Never defeated in peace or in war, his name is the most illustrious borne by living man.

His services attest his greatness, and the country—nay, the world—knows them by heart. His fame was earned not alone in things written and said, but by the arduous greatness of things done. And perils and emergencies will search in vain in the future, as they have searched in vain in the past, for any other on whom the nation leans with such confidence and trust. Never having had a policy to enforce against the will of the people, he never betrayed a cause or a friend, and the people will never desert nor betray him. Standing on the highest eminence of human distinction, modest, firm, simple and self-poised, having filled all lands with his renown, he has seen not only the high-born and the titled,

but the poor and the lowly in the uttermost ends of the earth, rise and uncover before him. He has studied the needs and the defects of many systems of government, and he has returned a better American than ever, with a wealth of knowledge and experience added to the hard common sense which shone so conspicuously in all the fierce light that beat upon him during sixteen years, the most trying, the most portentous, the most perilous in the nation's history.

Vilified and reviled, ruthlessly aspersed by unnumbered presses, not in other lands but in his own, assaults upon him have seasoned and strengthened his hold on the public heart. Calumny's ammunition has all been exploded; the powder has all been burned once; its force is spent; the name of Grant will glitter a bright and imperishable star in the diadem of the republic when those who have tried to tarnish that name have moldered in forgotten graves, and when their memories and their epitaphs have vanished utterly.

Never elated by success, never depressed by adversity, he has ever, in peace as in war, shown the genius of common sense. The terms he prescribed for Lee's surrender foreshadowed the wisest prophecies and principles of true reconstruction. Victor in the greatest war of modern times, he quickly signalized his aversion to war and his love of peace by an arbitration to in-

ternal disputes, which stands as the wisest, the most majestic example of its kind in the world's diplomacy. When inflation, at the height of its popularity and frenzy, had swept both Houses of Congress, it was the veto of Grant, which, single and alone, overthrew expansion and cleared the way for specie resumption. To him, immeasurably more than to any other man, is due the fact that every paper dollar is at last as good as gold.

•With him as our leader we shall have no defensive campaign. No! We shall have nothing to explain away. We shall have no apologies to make. The shafts and the arrows have all been aimed at him, and they lie broken and harmless at his feet.

Life, liberty and property will find a safeguard in him. When he said of the colored men in Florida, "Wherever I am, they may come also"—when he so said, he meant that, had he the power, the poor dwellers in the cabins of the South should no longer be driven in terror from the homes of their childhood, and the graves of their murdered dead. When he refused to see Dennis Kearney in California, he meant that communism, lawlessness and disorder, although it might stalk high-headed and dictate law to a whole city, would always find a foe in him. He meant that, popular or unpopular, he would hew to the line of right, let them fly where they may.

His integrity, his common sense, his courage, his unequalled experience, are the qualities offered to his country. The only argument, the only one that the wit of man or the stress of politics has devised, is one which would dumbfound Solomon, because he thought there was nothing new under the sun. Having tried Grant twice and found him faithful, we are told that we must not, even after an interval of years, trust him again. My countrymen! my countrymen! what stultification does not such a fallacy involve! Is this an electioneering juggle, or is it hypocrisy's masquerade? There is no field of human activity, responsibility, or reason in which rational beings object to an agent because he has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. There is, I say, no department of human reason in which sane men reject an agent because he has had experience, making him exceptionally competent and fit. From the man who shoes your horse, to the lawyer who tries your cause, the officer who manages your railway or your mill, the doctor into whose hands you give your life, or the minister who seeks to save your soul, what man do you reject because by his works you have known him and found him faithful and fit? What makes the Presidential office an exception to all things else in the common sense to be applied to selecting its incumbent? Who dares—who dares to put



fetters on that free choice and judgment which is the birthright of the American people? Can it be said that Grant has used official power and place to perpetuate his term? He has no place, and official power has not been used for *him*. Without patronage and without emissaries, without committees, without bureaus, without telegraph wires running from his house to this Convention, or running from his house anywhere else, this man is the candidate whose friends have never threatened to bolt unless this Convention did as they said. He is a Republican who never wavers. He and his friends stand by the creed and the candidates of the Republican party. They hold the rightful rule of the majority as the very essence of their faith, and they mean to uphold that faith against not only the common enemy, but against the charlatans, jayhawkers, tramps and guerrillas—the men who deploy between the lines, and forage now on one side and then on the other. This Convention is master of a supreme opportunity. It can name the next President. It can make sure of his election. It can make sure not only of his election, but of his certain and peaceful inauguration. More than all, it can break that power which dominates and mildews the South. It can overthrow an organization whose very existence is a standing protest against progress.

The purpose of the Democratic party is spoils,

Its very hope of existence is a solid South. Its success is a menace to order and prosperity. I say this Convention can overthrow that power. It can dissolve and emancipate a solid South. It can speed the nation in a career of grandeur eclipsing all past achievements.

Gentlemen, we have only to listen above the din and look beyond the dust of an hour to behold the Republican party advancing with its ensigns resplendent with illustrious achievements, marching to certain and lasting victory with its greatest Marshal at its head.

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### **The Governor's Last Levee.**

SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

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THOMAS RUFFIN had been found guilty of treason against his serene and gracious majesty across the sea, King George the Third, and the full penalty of the law was to be exacted. His lawyer, Master Gaston, was at his wit's end for his client, but managed to delay the matter, hoping for official clemency. Thomas Ruffin was engaged to Priscilla Spaight but Anise Burgwyn had loved him from her childhood.

The morning of the Governor's ball, Betty

Gaston, with her hair in crimping-pins, came hastily in, for she had news indeed.

"What think you, Anise? Yesterday Priscilla made petition to Governor Martin for Master Ruffin's life and liberty. Oh! but she wept most sorely, and father says it took a heart of stone to refuse her. But the Governor was unmoved, and says the law must take its course."

"Is—is there no way else by which he may be saved?"

"Naught, save he manages to escape. But father says the thing now is to gain Colonel Ferguson's influence. You only can do the latter, Anise, for all know his love for you; and so father says that you certainly must go to the ball to-night and be as gracious as you know how. You will do this for Priscilla?"

And so it was that when darkness fell, Anise made herself beautiful in her lilac satin, her pearl necklace, and her shoes with their silver buckles, and went away to the palace. The magnificence of the scene had never been surpassed in the Colonial capital, and was never to be repeated under kingly rule.

At the head of the room stood Governor Martin and by his side, in the splendid uniform of England, was his aid and nephew, Colonel Ferguson, the personification of youth and the joy of life. At the earliest moment he was at Anise's side, protesting that the evening would be spoiled for

him if she were pledged to any one else for the cotillion.

"Master Gaston bids high for the dance," she said, "offering me his new riding-horse. Will you raise his bid?"

"Even unto the half of my kingdom!" he answered. She held out the tablet. "Enough! I will name the wager later."

He wrote his name on the card, declaring as he did so that she should have her will, and that no price was too high for the honor she had accorded him. Then some one plucked him by the sleeve and he found himself obliged to give his attention to new arrivals.

They talked apart in undertones; but presently Anise, who stood near by at a table spread with curios, caught these words:

" . . . . a plot to arouse public sympathy. Your influence is to be most adroitly sought, but you must be upon your guard. It behooves us to make an example of this fellow if we hope for peace."

"Any intercession on his behalf would be useless," answered Ferguson; "Thomas Ruffin is a doomed man. The order for his execution was this day written and signed."

"And his associates—what of them?"

"Being but minor offenders, my uncle hath listened to the court's recommendation for mercy, and orders for their release lie on his Excell.

ency's table, along with the sentence of Master Ruffin, awaiting but the insertion of the names and the affixing of the official seal. You see, the matter is beyond my influence."

"There can be no mistake about this?"

"You may rest satisfied, for I left the papers upon my uncle's desk in the secretary's room not an hour ago. They will be the first things he sees in the morning." A cry from Anise brought him to her side.

"I have cut my hand with this stiletto while examining it," Anise cried, holding up a bleeding finger.

"Even Spanish steel is treacherous," he said, whipping out his lace handkerchief to staunch the drops of blood.

"'Tis but a scratch, after all. Take back your handkerchief, for which I thank you."

"That stain upon it makes it sacred."

To the remainder of his conversation she made but incoherent answers, for her thoughts were in a tumult, out of which a fixed plan gradually shaped itself. With feverish impatience she waited the opening of the minuet when Ferguson must seek his partner. With the first strains of the dance he bowed himself off; but when John Gaston sought Anise by the table of curios she was not there.

In the hall, in the shadow of a curtain, she stood until the dancing had begun. Then she

crept to the rear stairway, and sped downward through the semi-darkness. The order for Thomas Ruffin's execution was on the Governor's table in the secretary's office: the morning light must not find it there! She had meant to make his liberty the price of her dance with Ferguson, but this was a surer way.

In the lower hallway Anise opened without hesitation the door on the right hand and stood a moment to listen. The flambeaux from the court without, threw a fitful light into the colonnade along which she must pass, and a soldier strode back and forth in the full glare just outside the row of columns. If she were detected, she would, perchance, pay the forfeit with her life; if she succeeded, Thomas would be saved. She gathered her lilac satin gown close about her, set her teeth hard, and waited in the dark of the doorway until the guard came close to her and then turned on his beat. Like some stealthy, cat-footed animal of the night she followed him from the shadow of one column to the shadow of another. Behind the last column she waited with tense muscles while he reached the door of the office building and slowly faced about. Nothing but that stone pillar was between her and a fate she dared not picture to herself even for a moment. Cautiously, step by step, as the guard advanced she moved around the column, keeping it always between herself and him.

One, two, three, four measured footfalls, and the man was opposite her; another would take him past; but he had stopped, and the blood in her veins stood still.

“Who goes there?”

The question seemed thunderous in the darkness, and the silence which followed was as the stillness of the tomb, while on opposite sides of the column they waited and listened. The big clock on the stairs ticked, perchance, three times ere, with a grunt, the man passed on satisfied; but to Anise the space of a lifetime seemed crowded into those fleeting moments. His back once turned, she crossed the intervening space quickly but still stealthily, and darting under the flambeaux which hung beside the open door, leaned panting against the wall in the dim passage. At a table sat a porter snoring loudly, the empty flagon beside him telling its own tale. The door beyond him was her destination. But when she had crept to it she found it locked. She wrung her hands in an agony of despair. Outside, the guard was again approaching the door and she had to crouch behind the sleeping porter to save herself. But it was this action that solved the new difficulty, for, brought thus near to him, she saw that a bunch of keys hung from his jerkin pocket. Instantly her hand had drawn the keys away, and she was back at the door, trembling with excitement. The first key

was too large, the second too small, but the third turned under her eager fingers and the door swung open. Inside, she dropped upon her knees, for a taper burned on the table, and those without might see her through the thin curtains. Crossing the room thus, she lifted herself carefully until the contents of the table were spread before her. This was not the paper, nor that, nor that. Here was another—but what was that sound? A step in the hall? Her blood turned from fire to ice. No, it was but a horse champing at his bit in the court-yard. Ah! the papers must be in this packet tied with its fresh tape. Yes, here it was: “Order in Case of Thomas Ruffin.” Her fingers shook so she could scarcely thrust the document into the bosom of her gown. With a feverishly reiterated prayer of gratitude she was about to crawl away when another paper in the packet caught her eye. It was the order of release from prison for one of Thomas’ associates; the blank space was there for the name, the place below for the Governor’s seal. This was the more important paper. If she only dared! For one moment the table reeled before the girl’s eyes; then her mouth grew hard; her hand reached for the quill; then for the sealing-wax; then for the Governor’s die that lay on the tray. A moment more and Thomas Ruffin’s name filled the blank line of the release order and the red seal was in its proper place.



Anise could have shrieked aloud in her nervous joy as this paper was placed with the other over her heart. She did not know that her hand was throbbing and bleeding anew from the stiletto wound. She knew only that she held Thomas Ruffin's life and liberty in her grasp. Into the sleeping porter's pocket she put back the keys, and through the crevice of the door watched the guard as he approached and wheeled about. Now was her time! As she stepped out, a gust of wind extinguished the flickering torch by the entrance, and in the darkness of the colonnade she eluded the returning sentry. She heard him call to the porter that the wind had put out the flambeaux, but ere it was rekindled she had passed through the door of the main building and reached the upper hall in safety. On a divan she sank breathless. And there Colonel Ferguson found her when the musicians were scraping out the prelude to the cotillion.

\* \* \* \* \*

New Berne town slept late the day after the levee. But at ten o'clock there was a great stir at the palace; the Governor's private office had been entered and some important papers abstracted. Inquiry for the offender proved futile; the porter declared the keys had not been out of his possession, and a sentinel had guarded the office door all night. Colonel Ferguson rode in hot haste to the jail only to find the jailer serene and smiling.

"Master Ruffin? Oh! yes, sir, he got off all right."

Ferguson raged, but the man told his story cheerfully. Before dawn, while the levee was still at its height, a man and a woman had come to the jail with an order for Master Ruffin's immediate release; and as the paper was duly signed and stamped he had let the prisoner go. There had been a horse at the corner, but he did not watch to see which road Thomas took. No; he did not know the other man, and he did not see the lady's face, but her hair hung from under her hood and was long and black.

By midday the town was seething with excitement over the escape, and explanations were offered and rejected. Thomas Ruffin was gone.

A month went by and no clue was discovered. Ferguson had chafed over his failure to unravel the mystery of Ruffin's escape. He had secured from the jailer the illegal order of release, and one afternoon, he spread the paper upon his dressing-table and studied it critically, although he knew it by heart, from a certain mark, as from a bloody finger, in one corner. That finger-mark had always puzzled him. As he read he plunged his hand into one of the dresser drawers in search of a handkerchief, and drew out by chance the one he had used the night of the levee. It was crumpled and soiled, and he was about to throw it aside when, with a startled

cry, he stopped and spread it out beside the open paper. The same red stains were upon each. For a long minute he stood gazing from one to the other, going over in his mind the events of the levee night—Anise's presence near him when he told of the papers on the desk, her bleeding finger, her absence from the minuet, her early departure from the ball. Then with a low whistle he gathered the paper and handkerchief into his pocket and ran down stairs. "So!" Anise said, as he spread the articles before her in her parlor,—“So you have solved your conundrum at last. You have not a woman's wit; Betty Gaston guessed it the first day. Now, pray, sir, what are you going to do with me?”

“I am what you scoff at as a Tory, Mistress Anise, but such as my life is I would surrender it without a blow before I betrayed a woman.”

Her eyes softened: “I wanted to tell you the first day—I knew I could trust you—but Betty would not let me.”

“Why did you do it? Why risk yourself so wantonly?” he asked, shuddering at her escaped peril.

She laughed. “Betty says it was from friendship for Priscilla; my mother says I was set on by some spirit of mischief which—”

“And I say it was neither. A woman runs a risk like that for one thing only—love!” Her eyes went down before his. “Great Heavens!

and to think of what I had begun to promise myself!"

"I owed you this confession," she said.

"Because you saw that I was coming to care for you, and it would be useless?"

"Yes."

"But, Anise," he said eagerly, "this act would win you nothing. He loved another: you were but saving him for a rival."

She drew herself up proudly. "I put the order of release into Priscilla Spaight's hand that he might receive his freedom from *her* and so love her the more, knowing naught of a debt to me."

He looked at her steadily, incredulously, but on her lips was a smile and in her eyes there shone only the dignity of her womanhood and the courage of her long ancestry. Then, with the reverence he would have paid to Majesty itself, he bent his head and left her.

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## Joam Dacosta.

JULES VERNE.

The scene of this story is laid in the heart of Brazil, in a small town on the Amazon River. The hero, Joam Dacosta, had been arrested, tried, and unjustly condemned to death for a diamond robbery and for the murder of the guards. But during the night preceding the execution and when the gallows was already erected, he managed to escape from

the prison at Villa Rica. Twenty years later we find him again in prison, in the town of Manoas, where our story opens.

THE room occupied by the prisoner was nothing like one of our modern penitentiary system: but an old monk's room with a barred window opening on an uncultivated space, a bench in one corner and a sort of pallet in the other. Here sat Joam Dacosta with his arms resting on a small table and supporting his head. He was pondering over his whole career; and, lost in his thoughts and recollections, he sat, regardless of a peculiar noise on the outer wall of the convent, of the jerking of a rope hitched onto a bar of his window, and of grating steel as it cut through iron, which ought at once to have attracted the attention of a less absorbed man. Soon the noise outside became loud enough to attract the prisoner's attention. For an instant Joam raised his head: his eyes sought the window, but with a vacant look, as though he were unconscious, and the next instant his head again sank into his hands. Again he was deep in thought. Suddenly the window flew open with a violent push from without. Joam started up; the souvenirs of the past vanished like a shadow. Benito, his son, leapt into the room; and the next moment Manoel tearing down the remaining bars, appeared before him.

Joam Dacosta would have uttered a cry of

surprise. Benito left him no chance to do so. "Father, the window grating is down. A rope leads to the ground. A piroque is waiting for you on the canal not a hundred yards off. Arango is there ready to take you far away from Manoas, on the other bank of the Amazon where your track will never be discovered! Father, you must escape this very moment! It was the judge's own suggestion!"

"It must be done!" added Manoel.

"Fly! I!—Fly a second time! Escape again? Never!"

The young men had never thought of a difficulty like this. They had never reckoned on the hindrances to escape coming from the prisoner himself. Benito advanced to his father and looking him straight in the face, and taking both his hands in his, not to force him, but to try and convince him, said—"Never, did you say father?"

"Never!"

"Father," said Manoel,—“listen to us! If we tell you that you ought to fly without losing an instant, it is because, if you remain, you will be guilty towards others, towards yourself!”

"To remain," continued Benito, "is to remain to die! The order for execution may come at any moment! If you imagine that the justice of men will nullify a wrong decision, if you think it will rehabilitate you whom it condemned

twenty years since, you are mistaken! There is hope no longer! You must escape! Come!" By an irresistible impulse Benito seized his father and drew him towards the window. Joam Dacosta struggled from his son's grasp and recoiled a second time. "To fly is to dishonor myself, and you with me! It would be a confession of my guilt! Of my own free will I surrender myself to my country's judges, and I will wait their decision, whatever that decision may be!"

"But the presumptions on which you trusted are insufficient," replied Manoel, "and the material proof of your innocence is still wanting. If we tell you that you ought to fly, it is because the judge himself told us so. You have now only this one chance left, to escape from death!"

"I will die then! I will die protesting against the decision which condemned me! The first time a few hours before the execution—I fled! Yes! I was young then. I had my whole life before me in which to struggle against man's injustice! But to save myself now, to begin again the miserable existence of a felon hiding under a false name, whose every effort is required to avoid the pursuit of the police; again to live the life of anxiety which I have led three and twenty years, and oblige you to share it with me; to wait each day for a denunciation

which sooner or later must come ; to wait for the claim for extradition which would follow me to a foreign country ! Am I to live for that ! No ! Never ! ”

“ Father, ” interrupted Benito, whose mind threatened to give way before such obstinacy, “ you shall fly ! I will have it so ! ” and he caught hold of Joam Dacosta and tried by force to drag him to the window.

“ No, NO ! ”

“ You wish to drive me mad ! ”

“ My son, listen to me ! Once I escaped from prison at Villa Rica, and people believed I fled from well-merited punishment. Yes, they had reason to think so. Well, for the honor of the name which you bear I shall not do so again. ”

Benito had fallen on his knees before his father. He held up his hands to him ; he begged him.

“ But this order, father, this order which is due to-day—even now—it will contain your sentence of death. ”

“ The order may come but my determination will not change. No, my son ! Joam Dacosta, guilty, might fly ! Joam Dacosta, innocent, will not fly ! ”

The scene which followed these words was heartrending. Benito struggled with his father, Manoel, distracted, kept near the window ready



to carry off the prisoner—when the door of the room opened.

On the threshold appeared the chief of the police, accompanied by the warden of the prison and a few soldiers. The chief understood at a glance that an attempt at escape was being made; but he also understood from the prisoner's attitude that it was he who had no wish to go! He said nothing. The sincerest pity was depicted on his face. Doubtless he also, like the judge, would have liked Dacosta to escape.

It was too late!

The chief of police, who held a paper in his hand, advanced toward the prisoner.

"Before all of you," said Joam Dacosta, "let me tell you, sir, that it only rested with me to escape, and that I would not do so."

The chief bowed his head, and then, in a voice which he vainly tried to control,—“Joam Dacosta, the order has this moment arrived from the chief justice at Rio Janiero.”

“This order requires the execution of my sentence?”

“Yes!”

“And that will take place?”

“To-morrow.”

Benito threw himself on his father. Again would he have dragged him from his cell, but the soldiers came and drew away the prisoner from his grasp.

At a sign from the chief of police Benito and Manoel were taken away.

The chief retired with the warder and the soldiers. And the doomed man, who had now but a few hours to live, was left alone.

Nothing could now save Joam Dacosta. It was not only life but honor that he was about to lose.

On the day of the execution a man was seen approaching Manoas with all the speed his horse was capable of, and such had been the pace at which he came that half a mile from the town the horse fell, incapable of carrying him farther.

The rider did not even stop to raise his steed; but despite the state of exhaustion in which he found himself, he rushed off in the direction of the city.

Suddenly he stopped as if his feet had become rooted in the ground. He had reached the entrance to a small square, onto which opened one of the town gates.

There in the midst of a dense crowd, arose the gallows towering up some twenty feet, and from it hung a rope.

He felt his consciousness abandon him. He fell; his eyes involuntarily closed. He did not wish to look, and these words escaped his lips: "Too late! too late!" But by a superhuman effort he raised himself. No; it was not too

late, the corpse of Joam Dacosta was not dangling at the end of the rope!

He dashed up the principal street of Manoa, and fell half dead on the threshold of the judge's house. The door was shut. He had still strength enough left to knock at it.

One of the magistrate's servants came to open it; his master would see no one.

In spite of this denial, he pushed back the man who guarded the entrance, and with a bound threw himself into the judge's study.

"Judge! Stop—stop the execution! Joam Dacosta is innocent! You will not leave him to die? It was not he who committed the crime, it was the author of this document! It was Ortega!"

As he uttered the name the judge bounded forward. He seized the document and passing his hand over his eyes read this name, *Ortega!*

At last he held the document, which would incontestably prove the innocence of Joam Dacosta, and without reading more than the name he flew from his study into the street, shouting "Halt! Halt!"

To cleave the crowd which opened as he ran, to dash to the prison, whence the convict was coming at that moment, with his wife and children clinging to him with the violence of despair, was but the work of a minute for the judge. Stopping before Joam Dacosta, he could not

speaking for a second, and then these words escaped his lips :

“Innocent ! Innocent !”

On the arrival of the judge the mournful procession halted, a roaring echo had repeated after him, and again repeated the cry which escaped from every mouth :

“Innocent ! Innocent !”

Then complete silence fell on all. The people did not want to lose one syllable of what was about to be proclaimed.

The judge then read in the midst of profound silence :—

“The real author of the robbery of the diamonds and the murder of the soldiers who escorted the convoy, committed during the night of the 22nd of January, 1826, was not Joam Dacosta, unjustly condemned to death : it was I, the wretched servant of the administration of the diamond district ; yes, I alone, who sign this with my true name, Ortega.”

The reading of this had hardly finished when the air was rent with prolonged cries of—

“Innocent ! Innocent ! Joam Dacosta innocent !”

Joam Dacosta, surrounded by his wife, his children, and his friends, was unable to shake the hands which were held out to him. Such was the strength of his character, that a reaction occurred ; tears of joy escaped from his eyes, and

at the same instant his heart was lifted up to that Providence which had come to save him so miraculously at that moment he was about to offer the last expiation to that God who would not permit the accomplishment of that greatest of crimes, the execution of an innocent man.

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### **Grandma Keeler Gets Grandpa Keeler Ready for Sunday School.**

SALLY PRATT MCLEAN.

From "Cape Cod Folks." Used by permission of the author.

WHILE we were eating breakfast, Grandma Keeler observed to Grandpa: "Wall, pa, I suppose you'll be all ready when the time comes to take teacher and me over to West Wallen to Sunday School, won't ye?"

Grandpa coughed and coughed again, and raised his eyes helplessly to the window.

"Looks some like showers. A-hem! a-hem! Looks mightily to me like showers, over yonder."

"Thar', r'aly, husband! I must say I feel mortified for ye, seein' as you're a professor, too, and thar' ain't been a single Sunday mornin' since I've lived with ye, pa, summer or winter, but what you've seen showers, and it r'aly seems to me it's dreadful inconsistent when thar' ain't no cloud in the sky, and don't look no more like rain than I do."

"A-hem! a-hem! 'Fanny' seems to be a little lame, this mornin'," said he. "I shouldn't wonder. She's been goin' pretty stiddy this week."

"It does beat all, pa, how't all the horses you've ever had since I've known ye have always been took lame Sunday mornin'. 'Thar' was 'Happy Jack,' he could go anywhere through the week, and never limp a step, as nobody could see, and Sunday mornin' he was always took lame!"

"It's a long jaunt! a long jaunt!"

"Thar's a long hill to climb before we reach Zion's mount."

"Wall, there's a darned sight harder one on the road to West Wallen! say nothin' about the devilish stones!"

"Thar' now," said Grandma, with a calm though awful reproof; "I think we've gone fur enough for one day; we've broke the Sabbath, and took the name of the Lord in vain, and that ought to be enough for professors."

Grandpa replied at length in a greatly subdued tone: "Wall, if you and the teacher want to go to Sunday school to-day, I suppose we can go if we get ready. I suppose we can."

When I beheld the ordeal through which Grandpa Keeler was called to pass, at the hands of his faithful consort, before he was considered in a fit condition of mind and body to embark

for the sanctuary, I marveled not at the old man's reluctance, nor that he had indeed seen clouds and tempest fringing the horizon.

Immediately after breakfast, he set out for the barn, ostensibly to "see to the chores;" really, I believe, to obtain a few moments' respite, before worse evil should come upon him.

Pretty soon Grandma was at the back door calling in firm though persuasive tones:—

"Husband! husband! come in now, and get ready."

No answer. Then it was in another key, weighty, yet expressive of no weak irritation, that Grandma called "Come, pa! pa-a! pa-a-a!" Still no answer.

Then that voice of Grandma's sung out like a trumpet, terrible with meaning—"Bijonah Keeler!"

But Grandpa appeared not. Next, I saw Grandma slowly but surely gravitating in the direction of the barn, and soon she returned, bringing with her that ancient delinquent, who looked like a lost sheep indeed and a truly unreconciled one.

"Now the first thing," said Grandma, looking her forlorn captive over; "is boots. Go and get on yer meetin' gaiters, pa."

The old gentleman, having invested himself with those sacred relics, came pathetically limping into the room.

"I declare, ma," said he; "somehow these things—phew! Somehow they pinch my feet dreadfully. I don't know what it is,—phew! They're dreadful uncomfortable things somehow."

"Since I've know ye, pa, you've never had a pair o' meetin' boots that set easy on yer feet. You'd ought to get boots big enough for ye, pa, and not be so proud as to go to pinchin' yer feet into gaiters a number o' sizes too small for ye."

"They're number ten, I tell ye!"

"Wall, thar', now, pa, if I had sech feet as that, I wouldn't go to spreadin' it all over town, if I was you—but it's time we stopped bickerin' now, husband, and get ready for meetin'; so set down and let me wash yer head."

"I've washed once this mornin'. It's clean enough," Grandpa protested, but in vain. He was planted in a chair, and Grandma Keeler, with rag and soap and a basin of water, attacked the old gentleman vigorously, much as I have seen cruel mothers wash the faces of their earth-begrimed infants. He only gave expression to such groans as:—

"Thar', ma! don't tear my ears to pieces! Come, ma! you've got my eyes so full of soap now, ma, that I can't see nothin'. Phew! Lordy! ain't ye most through with this, ma?" But here, I had to be excused and went to my room to get ready for the Sunday school.



When I came down again, Grandpa Keeler was seated, completely arrayed in his best clothes, opposite Grandma, who held the big family Bible in her lap, and a Sunday school question book in one hand.

"Now, pa," said she; "what tribe was it in sacred writ that wore bunnits?"

I was compelled to infer from the tone of Grandpa Keeler's answer that his temper had not undergone a mollifying process during my absence.

"Come, ma," said he; "how much longer ye goin' to pester me in this way?"

"Why, pa, until you git a proper understandin' of it. What tribe was it in sacred writ that wore bunnits?"

"Lordy! how d'ye suppose I know! They must 'a' been a tarnal old womanish lookin' set any way."

"The tribe o' Judah, pa. Now, how good it is, husband, to have your understandin' all freshened up on the scriptures!"

"Come, come, ma! it's time we was startin'. When I make up my mind to go anywhere I always want to git there in time. If I was goin' to the Old Harry, I should want to git there in time."

"It's my consarn that we shall git thar' before time, some on us unless we larn to use more respec'ful language."

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I sat with Grandpa on the "front " seat—it may be remarked that the "front " seat was very much front, and the "back " seat very much back—there was a kind of wooden shelf built outside as a resting-place for the feet, so that while our heads were under cover, our feet were out, utterly exposed to the weather, and we must either lay them on the shelf or let them hang off into space.

\* \* \* \* \*

The church was a square wooden edifice, of medium size, and contained three stoves all burning brightly. Against this, and the drowsy effect of their long drive in the sun and wind, my two companions proved powerless to struggle.

Grandpa looked furtively at Grandma, then endeavored to put on as a sort of apology for what he felt was inevitably coming, a sanctimonious expression which was most unnatural to him, and which soon faded away as the sweet unconsciousness of slumber overspread his features. His head fell back helplessly, his mouth opened wide. He snored, but not very loudly. I looked at Grandma, wondering why her vigilance had failed on this occasion, and, lo ! her head was falling, peacefully from side to side. She was fast asleep, too !

**Bob.**

HENRY W. GRADY.

"YOU are the no-countest, laziest, meanest dog that ever wore breeches! Never let me see you again!"

Thus spoke Mrs. Tag to Mr. Tag, her husband; she standing in the door her arms akimbo, and, cat-like, spitting the words at him.

Mr. Tag made no reply. He stood dazed and bewildered, as one in a sudden shower; then turning, he pulled his old hat down over his ears, as if she was throwing rocks at him instead of words, and shambled off in silence to meet me on the top of the hill.

"Ann was sorter rough to me, warn't she?" he said, with a chuckle of deprecation.

I assented quietly to the lack of smoothness in Ann's remarks.

"You ain't knowed me long," he said, with a sudden flicker of earnestness, "an' you've knowed the worst part of me. You've knowed the trouble and the fag-end. You warn't in at the good part of my life!"

I should think not, poor fellow. Ever since I had known him he had been the same shabby good-for-nothing that he was now.

"I was a better man once; not a better man, either, as I know of, but I had luck. When me an' Ann was married, there warn't a happier

couple nowhere. I remember just as well when I courted her. She didn't think about me then as she does now. We had a buggy to ourselves, an' we turned down a shady road. It seemed like that road was the road to heaven, an' we was so happy that we warn't in no hurry to get to the end of it. Ann was handsome then. Oh, yes, she was!"—as I winced at this—"an' at first as good a wife to me as ever a man had.

"It may 'a' been me that started the trouble. I was unfortnit in everything I touched. My fingers slipped off everything an' everything slipped off of them. I could get no grip on nothin.' I worked hard, but sumpin worked harder ag'in' me. Ann was ambitious an' uppish, an' I used to think when I come home at night, most tired to death, she was gettin' to despise me. She'd snap me up an' abuse me till actually I was afraid. I never misused her or give her a back word. I thought may be she warn't to blame, an' that what she said about me was true. Things kept a-gittin' worse, an' we sold off pretty much what we had. Five years ago a big surprise came to us. It was a baby—a boy—him!" nodding toward the hut.

"It was a surprise to both of us. We'd been married fourteen years. It made Ann harder on me than ever. She never let me rest; it was all the time hard words an' hard looks. I never raised even a look against her, of course. I

thought she was right about me. Him an' me knowed each other from the start. We had a langwidge of our own. There warn't no words in it—just looks an' grunts. At last Ann commenced takin' in washin,' an' one day she said I shouldn't hang around no more a-eatin' him an' her out of house an' home. That was more'n a year ago, an' I ain't seen him since to talk to him. Every time I go about she hustles me about as she did to-day. I never make no fuss. She's right about me, I reckon. I am powerful no 'count. But he has stirred things in me I ain't felt movin' for many a year!"

"What's his name, Bob?"

"Got none. She never would let me talk to her about it, an' I ain't got no right to name him. I ast her once how it would do to call him 'Little Bob,' an' she said I had better git him sumpin to eat; he couldn't eat a name, nor dress in it, neither, which was true. But he's got my old face on him an' my looks. I know that an' he knows it, to."

I met Bob a few days after that in a state of effusive delight.

"Had a picnic to-day."

"A picnic! Who?"

"Me an' him! You don't know Phenice—the neighbor's gal as nusses him sometimes? Well, I seed her out with him to-day, an' I tolled her off kinder, till she got beyant the hill, an' then I

got an' purposed as how she should give me a little time with him. She sciddled off to town to git her quarter spent, an' I took him an' made for the woods, to meet her thar ag'in, by sun!

"He's a deep one, I tell you!" he said, drawing a breath of admiration; "as deep a one as I ever see. He'd never been in the woods before, but he knowed it all! You orter see him when a jay-bird come an' sot on a high limb, an' flung him some sass, an' tried to sorter make free with him. The look that boy give him couldn't 'a' been beat by nobody. The jay tried to hold up to it an' chaffered a little, but he finally had to skip, the wust beat bird you ever saw!"

And so the old fellow went on, telling me about that wonderful picnic.

It was late that night when I went home—after one o'clock—a fearful night, too. The rain was pouring in torrents and the wind howled like mad. Taking a near cut home, I passed by the hut where Bob's wife lived. Through the drifting rain I saw a dark figure against the side of the house. Stepping closer, I saw that it was Bob, mounted on a barrel, flattened out against the planks, his old felt hat down about his ears, and the rain pouring from it in streams, his face glued to the window, gazing in stealthily at the bed where the little one slept and warming his old heart up with the memory of that wonderous picnic.

One morning, many months after the picnic, Bob came to me sideways. His right arm hung limp and inert by his side, and his right leg dragged helplessly after the left. The yielding muscles of the neck had stiffened and drawn his head awry. He stumbled clumsily to where I was standing, and received my look of surprise shame-facedly.

"I've had a stroke," he said "paralysis! It's most used me up. I reckon I'll never be able to do anything for him! It came on me sudden," he said, as if to say that if it had given him any sort of notice, he could have dodged it.

After that Bob went on from worse to worse. His face, all save that fixed in the rigid clasp of the paralysis, became tremulous, pitiful, and uncertain. He had lost all of the chirrupy good humor of the other days, and became shy and silent. There was a wistfulness and yearning in his face that would have made your heart ache; a hungry passion had struggled from the depth of his soul, and peered out of his blue eyes, and tugged at the corners of his mouth. There was, too, a pitiful, scary look about him. He had the air of one who is pursued. I learned that his wife had become even harder upon him since his trouble, and that he was even more than ever afraid of her.

"Bob," I said to him, one morning, "you rascal, you are starving!"

He couldn't deny it. He tried to put it off, but he couldn't. His face told on him.

"Have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Nor yesterday?"

"No, sir."

I gave him a half-dollar. A wolfish glare of hunger shot into his eyes as he saw the money. He clutched it with a spasm of haste and started off. I watched his sidelong walk down the street, and then went to work, satisfied that he would go off and pack himself full. It was hardly an hour before he came back, his face brighter than I had seen it in months. He carried a bundle in his live hand. He laid it on my desk, and then fell back on his dead leg, while I opened it. I found in the bundle a red tin horse attached to a blue tin wagon, on which was seated a green tin driver. I looked up in blank astonishment.

"For him!" he said, simply, and then he broke down.

"Could you send it to him?" he said, at last. "If she knew I sent it, she mightn't let him have it. He's never had nothin' of this kind, an' I thought it might pearten him up."

"Bob, is this the money I gave you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you were starving when you left here?"

"Oh, I got some bread!"



I suppose every man, woman and child remembers that terrible night three years ago when we had lightning while the snow was on the ground. The flashes plowed great yellow seams through the gray of the day, and at night a freezing storm of sleet and rain came. Bob's wife slept uneasily that night. She rolled in her sleep a long time, and at last got up and went to the window and looked out. She shuddered at the sound of the whizzing sleet and the pitiless hum of the rain on the roof. Then she stumbled sleepily back to her couch and dreamed of a long shady lane, and a golden green afternoon in May and a bright-faced young fellow that looked into her heart and held her face in his soft fingers. How this dream became tangled in her thoughts, that night of all nights, she never could tell. But there it was, gleaming like a thread of gold through the dismal warp and woof of her life.

It was full day when she awoke. As she turned lazily upon her side, she started up in affright. There was a man, dripping wet, silent, kneeling by her bedside. An old felt hat lay upon the floor. The man's head was bowed deep down over the bed and his hands were bundled tenderly about one of the baby's fists that had been thrown above its head.

The worn, weatherbeaten figure was familiar to her, but there was something that stopped her, as she started forward angrily. She stood posed

like a statue for' a moment, then bent down, curiously and tenderly, and with trembling fingers pulled the cover back from the bed, and looked up into the man's face steadily. Then she put her fingers on his hand, furtively and shrinkingly. Then a strange look crept into her face—the dream of the night came to her like a flash—and she sank back upon the floor, and dropped her head between her knees.

Ah, yes, Bob had “come home to stay.”

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### The Fiddle Told.

NORA C. FRANKLIN

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IT was the close of a day in the early part of December.

The Governor sat alone in his private office. His clerk had just left him.

The Christmas season was a busy and responsible one with him, for he chose that time to investigate thoroughly the criminal records of the state and pardon such prisoners as good conduct or extenuating circumstances placed within the pale of executive clemency.

If questioned as to his selection of the holiday season for the exercise of the “benign prerogative,” he was wont to answer, “Oh, I may be

helping to turn the tide in the soul of some Paul, and I have a fancy to do it when peace and good-will are most likely to be at the flood ; that is all."

Whether this were all, and it were not in response to some deeper sentiment, those who knew him best alone could say.

To-night, as he looked at the piles of mail-matter on his desk yet to be disposed of, he pushed back his chair with a smothered groan, and started to the door, moved by a wild impulse to get outside and turn the key on it all.

An obstruction in his path caused him to stumble, and he saw a curious-looking bundle in brown paper, clumsily tied with a coarse twine string, lying on the floor at his feet.

He remembered his clerk's having mentioned a package from the state prison—this must be it—and pushed it impatiently to one side ; but as he did so something in the coffin-shaped outlines made him stoop and tear away a part of the cover.

He found, to his amazement a violin, and appended to it a soiled pencil-written note, evidently an appeal of some kind.

Curiosity conquered fatigue. He had handled many and various petitions, but never one in shape like this.

Detaching the note from its fastenings, he crossed the room to the window, and, by the

waning light of the winter's day, deciphered the following illiterate text :

To the Guvner—

They tel me thet yer Hart gits tender to Prisners at chrismus time and you listens to what they has to say. Ive ben Hear 20 years fer killin a man and Ive ben Sorry evry day sence I done it. I was a hot headed Boy uv 22 and the man called pap a Liar and sed things agin mam. I couldnt noways stand thet and I nocked him down. he was a pale sickly complected tender foot and he never got up agin. I never ment to kill him but my fist was hevy and sum mad thing inside uv me sicked me on. they never giv me no sort uv a Trial but jes put me in Hear fer Life. his Folks was rich and mine was pore and couldnt pay no lawyer. pap is gone blind and mam is old and they aint got nobody to look after em but Joseel. Joseel is the gal thet was goin to marry me. she left her home when they sent me Hear and went to look after the old Folks sames they was hern. ef I could get back to Joseel and the old Folks and the mountins Ide never lif my han agin no man agen ceptin twas to help him so help me God.

They tel me as how you kin make a Fiddle talk til the childern puts down their Playthings and follers yer. Guvner I sends you mine along uv this what I made when I was a Boy back in

the mountins, the sames I koted my gal with and played fer mam and pap round the fire sun-day evnins. shes aged along with me but shes kep her voice sweet and stiddy yit.

Take her Guvner and set down by yourself in the still uv the evnin and let her talk to you fer me. I aint afeerd shell fergit nuthin, the old Home on the side uv the mountin and mam and pap and Joseel a settin thar and waitin these 20 years fer the Boy they wouldn't let go their holt uv nor quit luvin no matter what he did. No shell not fergit nuthin. she's too much like them Wimmen shell be tellin you about. seems like she knows things as well as I do. praps cause shes ben lyin agin my Hart so long. and if she cant tell you nuthin Guvner let her talk to yer Wife. Its about Wimmen shell tel you mostly. Wimmen and Sorrer. And Wimmen is quickern men to understan them things.

Thats all. its tuk me 3 weeks to rite this letter. Goodby. God go with the old Fiddle and help her tel it strate.

ABNER HILL.

When the Governor turned away from the window there was a look on his face that few had ever seen there except his wife.

He lifted the violin carefully from the floor, tore away its wrappings, and looked at it long and curiously.

It was roughly made of native pine and maple, and varnished with the home-made varnish of the mountains, but the strings gave back the true viol tone, clear and ringing.

Bringing his chair closer to the grate, he placed the instrument in position, drew the bow, and there "in the still of the evening let her talk to him."

He was a mountain boy himself, and as the first soft notes fell on the air, plaintive and piercing, like the cry of the whippoorwill in early spring, he felt the youth stir in him, and heard again the far call of the hills.

He saw the log cabin high up against the side of the mountain, where the laurel and the sumach grew and the ash made bright the scene with its dark red fruit; where the breeze came laden with the odor of pine from the forest, and the birds touched the highest notes in their shrill treble.

He saw the boy with his sturdy limbs, his bold blue eyes, and his waving hair, barefoot and scantily clad, searching for the earliest berries in summer and the first nuts in the fall—free, joyous, innocent, happy.

He followed him in the "long, long thoughts" of a lad across the distant crest of the "Devil's Backbone," and wove with him mystic dramas amid the shades of the haunted ravine.

He sat with him at the feet of the mountain lass, and listened while he poured the crude

poetry of his awakened soul into the sensitive instrument which alone could interpret the mystery within him.

He stood beside him and watched the blazing pine knots roar up the cabin chimney, while the old folks in the corner looked at each other across the boy, with that surreptitious tenderness of the eyes which takes the place, in those grown gray, and sure of each other, of the more open demonstration.

He saw the whole twenty-two years of clean humble living ; the unaspiring, pastoral life of the Southern mountaineer, companioned of nature ; simple, fearless, brave ; scornful of the false, reverent of the true ; tender to weakness, fierce to wrong ; and, alas ! uncontrolled as the elements around him ; crushing, in some mad output of strength, the obstacle in his way, to stand afterwards in awful recoil before the unknown potentialities of his own organism.

Full and swelling were the strains that issued from the throat of the violin as it told this idyl of the hills : passionate harmonies pulsating like the overcharged heart ; long, tender, yearning notes ; sweet, caressing andantes ; the very spirit of Love in the guise of Sound.

But now the music changes. Youth's glad symphony is lost in the wild major chords of passion. Note dashes against note like hail against a pane. All the tumult of the moun-

tains, the forest, the roaring stream when storms rive the heavens, is sounded in that mad chromatic ascending to its climax.

All of nature's after-penance breathes in the sighing minor of the descending scale. Surely that was a human sob that rang through the room: a fellow-mortal's burst of sympathy. No, it was just the old fiddle, who "knew things 'cause she'd been lyin' so long ag'in' his heart."

And now from out her quivering strings she sends forth a melody so divinely pure, so immeasurably sweet, the coldest ear must open to greet it.

In it are the prayers of mothers, the tears of wives, the sobs of little children—all of unlanguage pain, all of unlanguage love.

It is the echo of that song which beats forever against the throne of God in tender, tireless cadence—the united voices of many women pleading for the souls of men.

The violin slips from the Governor's hands, and his head sinks upon his breast.

The old fiddle has "told her story straight."

When witnesses were found who corroborated the statements of the prisoner, and jail wardens certified to twenty years of exemplary behavior inside the prison walls, the Governor sent for Abner Hill to be brought to his private office.

The day he expected him he placed the violin in a conspicuous position on the desk.



There was ushered into his presence a tall, angular man with the worn face and stooping shoulders of threescore years; hair scanty, muscles flabby, eyes dull; nothing to bespeak youth but the faint red that crept into his sunken cheek when the servant announced his name. A single stroke of sin, and its after-writing on the brain, had done the work of twice twenty years.

He stood inside the door with downcast eyes and nervous, fluttering hands.

The Governor called his name, and something in the kindly accents gave him courage to look up.

Something else in the homely, humorous face that no man ever looked into without loving gave him courage to speak; and his eye caught sight of the violin.

Reaching a trembling hand out to his dumb friend as though for confidence, he whispered, hoarsely: "Guvner, what did she tell you fer me? What did my old fiddle tell you?"

The Governor waited for a moment, perhaps to steady his voice; then, laying both hands on the shoulders of the other, his eyes reading with a father's tenderness the piteous, expectant face, he said:

"Abner, she says—the old fiddle says—that you can go back to the mountains. And, my man, may God go with you!"

The convict stood for a moment like one

struck dumb, a womanish pallor overspreading his cheek; then, with a cry which his listener never forgot, he threw his arms around his liberator, and sobbed like a heart-broken child.

And the Governor was not ashamed to admit that something tightened in his throat and broke out at his eyes, too.

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## Winners by Their Own Lengths.

RALPH CONNORS.

ADAPTED from "Black Rock."

Many strange Christmas Days have I seen, but that wild Black Rock Christmas stands out strangest of all.

The sports passed off in typical Western style. In addition to the usual running and leaping contests, there was rifle and pistol shooting, in both of which old Nelson stood first, with Shaw, foreman of the mines, second.

The great event of the day, however, was to be the four-horse race, for which three teams were entered—one from the mines driven by Nixon, a citizens' team, and Sandy's from the lumber camp. The race was really between the miners' team and that from the woods, for the citizens' team, though made up of speedy horses, had not been driven much together and knew neither their driver nor each other. In the miners' team were four bays, very powerful, a trifle heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained, and perfectly handled by their driver. Sandy had his long, rangy roans, and for leaders a pair of half-broken pinto bronchos. The pintos, caught the summer before upon the Alberta prairies, were fleet as deer, but wicked and uncertain. They

were Baptiste's special care and pride. If they would only run straight there was little doubt that they would carry the roans and themselves to glory; but one could not tell the moment they might bolt or kick things to pieces.

Being the only non-partisan in the crowd, I was asked to referee. The race was about half a mile and return, the first and last quarters being upon the ice. The course, after leaving the ice, led up from the river by a long, easy slope to the level above, and at the further end curved somewhat sharply round the old fort. The only condition attaching to the race was that the teams should start from the scratch, make the turn of the fort, and finish at the scratch. There were no vexing regulations as to fouls. The man making the foul would find it necessary to reckon with the crowd which was considered sufficient guarantee for a fair and square race. Owing to the hazards of the course, the result would depend upon the skill of drivers, quite as much as upon the speed of the teams. The points of hazard were at the turn round the old fort and at a little ravine which led down to the river, over which the road passed by means of a long log bridge or causeway.

A VERY good-natured but extremely uncertain crowd had assembled to view the race. From a point upon the high bank of the river the whole course lay in open view. It was a scene full of life and vividly picturesque. There were miners in dark clothes and peak caps; citizens in ordinary garb; ranchmen in wide cowboy hats and buckskin shirts and leggins, some with cartridge-belts and pistols; a few half-breeds and Indians in half-native, half-civilized dress; and scattering through the crowd the lumbermen with gay scarlet and blue blanket coats, and some with knitted

toques of the same colors. At the head of each horse stood a man, but at the pintos' heads Baptiste stood alone, trying to hold down the off leader, thrown into a frenzy of fear by the yelling of the crowd.

Gradually all became quiet, till, in the midst of absolute stillness, came the words, "Are you ready?" then the pistol-shot, and the great race had begun. Above the roar of the crowd came the shrill cry of Baptiste, as he struck his broncho with the palm of his hand and swung himself into the sleigh beside Sandy as it shot past.

Like a flash the bronchos sprang to the front, two lengths before the other teams; but, terrified by the yelling of the crowd, instead of bending to the left bank, up which the road wound, they wheeled to the right and were almost across the river before Sandy could swing them back into the course.

Baptiste's cries, a curious mixture of French and English, continued to strike through all other sounds till they gained the top of the slope, to find the others almost a hundred yards in front, the citizens' team leading, with the miners' following close. The moment the pintos caught sight of the teams before them they set off at a terrific pace and steadily devoured the intervening space. Nearer and nearer the turn came, the eight horses in front, running straight and well within their speed. After them flew the pintos,

running savagely with ears set back, leading well the big roans, thundering along and gaining at every bound. And now the citizens' team had almost reached the fort, running hard and drawing away from the bays. But Nixon knew what he was about, and was simply steadying his team for the turn. The event proved his wisdom, for in the turn the leading team left the track, lost for a moment or two in the deep snow, and before they could regain the road the bays had swept superbly past, leaving their rivals to follow in the rear. On came the pintos, swiftly nearing the fort. Surely at that pace they cannot make the turn. But Sandy knows his leaders. They have their eyes upon the teams in front and need no touch of rein. Without the slightest change in speed the nimble-footed bronchos round the turn, hauling the big roans after them, and fall in behind the citizens' team, which is regaining steadily the ground lost in the turn.

And now the struggle is for the bridge over the ravine. The bays in front, running with mouths wide open, are evidently doing their best; behind them, and every moment nearing them, but at the limit of their speed, too, came the lighter and fleeter citizens' team; while opposite their driver are the pintos, pulling hard, eager and fresh. Their temper is too uncertain to send them to the front; they run well following, but when leading cannot be trusted, and

besides, a broncho hates a bridge; so Sandy holds them where they are, waiting and hoping for his chance after the bridge is crossed. Foot by foot the citizens' team creep up upon the flank of the bays, with the pintos in turn hugging them closely, till it seems as if the three, if none slackens, must strike the bridge together; and this will mean destruction to one at least. This danger Sandy perceives, but he dare not check his leaders. Suddenly, within a few yards of the bridge, Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandy's hands, and with a quick swing faces the pintos down the steep side of the ravine, which is almost sheer ice with a thin coat of snow. It is a daring course to take, for the ravine, though not deep, is full of undergrowth and is partially closed up by a brush-heap at the further end. But with a yell Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope and into the undergrowth. "*Allons, mes enfants! Courage! Vite! vite!*" cries the driver, and nobly do the pintos respond. Regardless of bushes and brush-heaps, they tear their way through; but as they emerge the hind bob-sleigh catches a root, and with a crash the sleigh is hurled high in the air. Baptiste's cries ring out high and shrill as ever, encouraging his team, and never cease till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear the brush-heap lying at the mouth of the ravine and are out on the ice on the river, with Baptiste standing

on the front bob, the box trailing behind, and Sandy nowhere to be seen.

Three hundred yards of the course remain. The bays, perfectly handled, have gained at the bridge and in the descent to the ice, and are leading the citizens' team by half a dozen sleigh-lengths. Behind both comes Baptiste. It is now or never for the pintos. The rattle of the trailing box, together with the wild yelling of the crowd rushing down the bank, excites the bronchos to madness, and taking the bits in their teeth they do their first free running that day. Past the citizens' team like a whirlwind they dash, clear the intervening space, and gain the flanks of the bays. Can the bays hold them? Over them leans their driver, plying for the first time the hissing lash. Only fifty yards more. The miners begin to yell. But Baptiste, waving his lines high in one hand, seizes his toque with the other, whirls it about his head, and flings it with a fiercer yell than ever at the bronchos. Like the bursting of a hurricane the pintos leap forward, and with a splendid rush cross the scratch, winners by their own lengths.

## **How The Church Was Built At Kehoe's Bar.**

JOHN BENNETT.

THERE were eight hundred men at Kehoe's Bar—and such men!—with cold, unrecking eyes, brown, tough, creased and year-singed faces, hard as stone through their matted beards. There were two hundred women at Kehoe's Bar—and such women! Of them the least said soonest forgiven.

There was no church at Kehoe's Bar. A tall, spare man, with deeply earnest eyes, had once sternly denounced the sins of the Kehoites under their very noses, and warned them of the wrath to come, and to flee while yet there was time. They laughed the gray-haired man to scorn, and drove him from the town, with curses. Bewildered and bruised, he went away, and Kehoe's was its straggling, wolfish self once more.

Yet here, again, "the diggin's" were in an uproar and dumbfounded with sheer amaze. Another "gospel sharp" had dared to show himself at Kehoe's. And, what was more, and "tarnedly wuss," between the pines by Pursell's flapped a broad white sheet, announcing, in bold capitals, a religious service there that evening. They all came down to see the fun. Tall and stumpy, fat and hungry, fearless and contemptuous alike of God, man or devil. Across the stumps was nailed a plank, and upon this platform stood the "gospel sharp"—young, slender,



steady-eyed, his yellow hair thrown carelessly back. There was a moment or so of anticipatory calm. The frank blue eyes of the young missionary gauged the motley crowd. He spoke, low but firmly :

“I have come to build a church at Kehoe’s Bar.”

No minstrel premier ever more convulsed an appreciative audience with a comic yarn. Such screams of laughter and horse whoops of mirth! A church at Kehoe’s! Out of it all arose a clear tenor voice. With unflinching gaze and earnest smile, the young minister was singing, singing until the wild, derisive howl had died down through sheer exhaustion and they listened again. This was a novelty. Sweet and strong rang out the clear voice. “Sweet By-and-By” was a new song to them, and a good voice a rarity in their bacchanals; but “sweet” and “beautiful” were too effeminate words for the vocabulary of Kehoe’s Bar. They struck no sympathetic chord, and the murmur of adverse intent bubbled up anew. The singer paused a moment, irresolute, his eyes wandering above the passion-tossed human waves before and around him. He had thought to speak, but words failed him now. Stretching out his hands almost appealingly, he gazed out over the muddy stream, the last radiance of the dying day lighting his pleading face, and sang, with a thrill of yearning, that wondrous prayer-song :

" Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is nigh."

There was a sharp, agonized cry in the crowd—a struggle—a fight? No. A herculean gold-washer, wild and unkempt, wrenched his way through the swaying mob, and, leaping to the plank, almost savagely clutched the singer by the shoulders.

" Them's the words—sing 'em there ag'in—  
'while them nearer waters rolls'—sing 'em ag'in!"

With a startled fervor and a deeper tremor of feeling that rung of victory, out quivered the pleading words:

" Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll—"

" Them's it! Stop right whar yer is, parson—  
'while them nearer waters rolls!' I've got  
suthin' ter say. Boys, ye all knowed Dick Norcott?"

A strange, new light was in this miner's wolfish eyes. A stir breathed assent from the crowd, breathless, voiceless, to know what this all meant; for well they knew Dick Norcott—or had known—young, quiet and strange when he came among them, his life-hope killed by a mistake that was not crime. Abused, browbeaten, bullied, cursed and threatened, daily, uncomplainingly and ever

unflinchingly he had worked steadily at his claim under the horrible stigma of cowardice; for, with one bitter memory ground into his soul he refused to fight, and became the butt of the brawling camp. "Big Tom" Reckett spoke again:

"Parson, we don't want no cantin' whang-doodle in ourn. We ain't the kind o' ducks that kin be skeered into heaven. When the days comes up, it's us an' the rocks and the san' an' the work, work, work. When the nights comes down acrost the divide, it's us an' the dark, to be tough an' kill time an' sleep, until the days comes up ag'n, an' then back ter the rocks an' the san' an' work, work, work. We kin do all that. We has done it, year in an' year out. All what men needs fer men, fer work, we'se got right hyar in these arms of ours,"—an' brawny muscles swelled beneath the clinging flannel—"but it's 'when them nearer waters rolls!'

"Parson' we called Dick Norcott coward, but one day down thar at Two-Mile Bend, a homeless widder's baby toddled inter the san's. Twan't no earthly use, that baby, but Dick, out perspectin', hearn it cry, an' I hearn Dick yell. When I kim on the jump, yander were Dick a-wallerin' in the quick-san' arter the kid, the little un so light he jus' begun to sink, but Dick knee-deep a' ready with his weight. I kin see it yet—how he tore the screamin' baby from the san's an' throwed him back like a gy'nt inter the shal-

ler water an' safe bottom, when the mucky, shaky, hungry stuff had sucked him down to the waist. How I tried to fin' a plank, an' none in miles! How I tried to rope him, an' the lariat were too short!—him, quiet an' pale like death, advisin' an' suggestin', an, me the only soul in hearin'. An how I screached fer help, an' then cussed an' cried when we both knowed it were too late. 'Tom,' says he, 'drop that. I can't go over the divide ter that tune!' An' him a-lookin' back to me with the last sun acrost his face an' gal-like hair—jes' like yourn, parson—smilin' that smile, sweeter an' quieter as a baby on its mammy's breas.' The san' oozed-like under his stretchin'-out arms, an' shook and wiggled like a big coil-up snake jes' under the water."

The strong man covered his face with his hands and shuddered as he lived it all again. The crowd moved, painfully silent, chewed hard, not one would look into another's face. There was a suspicious dimness in Tom Reckett's eye when his brawny hands went down.

"Then Dick's voice come gentler, like a wind a-whisperin': 'Tom, tell the boys that—that I wan't afeard!' His voice wuz ez clear ez a silver bell, nary a shake ez two little swirls showed his shoulders wuz under.

"'Oh, Dick!' an' I swore a-fallin' on my face so'st I mightn't see the en'; 'fergive us, Dick, fergive us: we didn't knowed ye!'

" 'Tom,' says he, deep an' calm, ' thar hain't nothin' ter fergive. I never beared ye no grudge. But, Tom, give every man a fair shake, an' tell 'em I wan't afeard, Tom, tell 'em I wan't afeared. Good-bye, ole man, good-bye!'

" I looked, Parson—I sees him now, head throwed back in the sun an' water roun' it, nary 'fraid in them boy's blue eyes o' hisn, an' him a-smilin' up at the sky. I seed no more. I couldn't look. But I hear him sing out all at oncet, like an angel in heaven. Parson, I'm tough, but my heart hurts yit; an' them's the words what he sung :

" 'Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Lemme to Thy bosom fly,  
When them nearer waters rolls.' "

The great, hoarse voice shook as it stumbled through the lines, " When them nearer waters rolls."

" How his voice rung thar, then so still I hearn myself a-breathin'. I could 'a' died right thar on the san's. When I durst see, them lyin', shiny, laughin' waters wus splashin' along in the sun, an' up in the hills I seem to hearn them words a-cryin'—' When them nearer waters rolls, lemme to Thy bosom fly.' When the days an' nights an' the work an' fightin' yes all, men on Kehoe's Bar don't need no sech; but its ' when them nearer waters rolls'—that's what we wants. Boys, words what Dick Norcott could die to 'll

do fer men ter live to. Here's fer a church at Kehoe's! Parson, sing them words ag'in!"

Into his huge sombrero chinked his sack of dust, and, as the words rang out again in the growing dusk, a wordless shout, a cry of all that was good in the hearts of these men, welcoming "words that men could die to" rose like a cheer. Almost scrambling over one another, into the wide hat dropped the golden offerings, until, heavy with its load, "Big Tom" Reckett laid it at the singer's feet. And so the church was built at Kehoe's Bar.

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**"Boots."**

Used by permission.

HIS real name was Philip Garner, but the Bar X Ranch knew him only as "Boots." He drifted in at the ranch one evening in early summer. Six or seven men were lounging in front of the house when a sudden exclamation from the foreman awakened their attention.

"Boys, look a-coming, now will yer?"

Along the trail that ran across the bottom, a lad was trudging slowly toward the ranch. He was a very little fellow, apparently not more than twelve years of age. Over his shoulder he carried a stick, from which swung a small bundle

done up in a handkerchief—a figure truly odd enough. But the boots he wore!

His short legs were swallowed up in a pair of boots so huge, so grotesquely out of all proportion to his small body, that at sight of them the men laughed outright. He came shuffling up, dragging his limbs with an air of great weariness. Then doffing his hat with ludicrous gravity, he bade them a cheery “good evening.” The men removed their pipes and looked at one another with a smile. The foreman of the ranch said: “Well, Boots, what can I do for you? Come inside and show yourself.”

“My name is not Boots: it’s Philip Garner, and I come here to find work.”

“Come here, sonny,” said Kearney, kindly. He raised the lad’s head and gazed into his face. Presently he turned with an odd look in his eyes and said: “Something of a cub, eh?”

Kearney had taken a liking to the boy. He was added to the force. Then he told his history. An orphan at an early age, he had passed under the care of an uncle, who had treated him sternly and worked him like a slave. Some months before, his uncle, in company with a party of emigrants, had set out for Montana.

Boots was looked upon as an encumbrance, was cuffed by his uncle and cursed by the other men. One night, he quietly bundled up his few belongings and set out to shift for himself.

The pathos of the little fellow's story, with his modesty and simple air of candor, moved the sympathy of the rough men. Their hearts went out to this homeless, motherless waif. There was the making of a man in Boots.

Not until two years after his arrival was he given a fair opportunity to show the stuff that was in him. Boots and a companion were herding a bunch of horses at the horse-camp, some twenty miles below the ranch. It was dull, wearisome business, this herding. A vast undulating prairie, barren of tree or shrub, covered only with tawny plains-grass stretched away and away on every side, lifeless, barren to the eye, of an infinite dreariness.

Boots longed for a change. It came sooner than he anticipated, and as it chanced, one night, while his companion was away to the ranch for supplies. Boots corralled the herd, picketed the saddle-horse and turned in.

He slept soundly—the dreamless sleep of a tired boy. Of a sudden toward morning, he awoke with a start. A pungent odor filled the room. An odor of smoke that startled him! A fierce wind was blowing without. It came whistling through the chinks of the logs and rattled the loose panes of the window.

He leaped from his bed, sprang to the door and threw it open. A wild sight met his eyes. The prairie was on fire. He saw the flames roll-



ing, leaping and dancing, not six miles away ; a solid line of fire reaching to the sky.

A feeling of giddy sickness came over him at the sight. He thought of his own danger, of the helpless brutes under his charge. He was all alone and the nearest shelter, McFarlane's ranch, was ten miles away. Boots himself might out-ride the fire ; but how save the herd ?

A fierce impulse to leave all, to save himself, seized him, but he fought it down. Kearney had befriended him, had been a father to him, had entrusted the herd to his care. He must stay with them. An instant later Boots was rushing toward his saddle-horse. He caught him, and with nervous haste threw the saddle upon his back.

As he drew the girths he saw that the horses in the corral were massed before the entrance, trembling, terrified, eager to be let out. When he drew back the gate there was a mad rush for the opening, the crash of yielding posts, and with a roar and a clatter they were out and past him. Boots climbed into the saddle and followed hard upon their heels with the shrill, "Yip! Yip! Yip!" which he had learned from the cow-boys.

The herd ran well together for a space, but once fairly in the open, a sudden panic seized the leaders ; a knot of them broke away from the rest and bore off to the right in a half-circle.

For a moment, which stretched out into an eternity, Boots thought he had lost control of the herd. He grew sick at heart, for he knew that the only chance of saving the band lay in keeping it bunched.

He spurred to the head of the detached column, galloped close to the flank of a huge white leader and headed him sharply, down the creek, by plying the lash fiercely. The others swept together and came on behind.

They ran wildly for a stretch, but gradually, as the pace began to tell, their speed slackened, until at last they settled into a long, ranging stride that carried them over the ground wonderfully.

Boots dropped to the rear and facing half round in the saddle gazed furtively backward. The fire was coming upon them at a fearful rate.

Boots' heart sank, but he nerved himself again to bring the herd through, cost what it might.

Two miles, three miles, five miles without a pause, at the same sweeping gallop. Half the distance to McFarlane's had been covered! At length Boots began to feel that the pace was telling hard. The whole herd were blowing heavily; the weaker animals were already showing signs of distress. Boots drew rein and for a space allowed the band to break into a trot, that

they might get their wind for the stretch still before them.

The air, meanwhile, had grown dense with smoke. The flame was speeding, mile by mile.

Again he urged the herd into a gallop and they went on. They were doing grandly now. Yet try as he would to deceive himself, Boots could not but see that it was the supreme effort.

Slowly, one by one, the feebler animals began to weaken and to drop behind. He shouted hoarsely to spur them on. He laid on the lash cruelly, savagely, until his arm dropped in pain to his side for a short rest.

But all at once, a cry of gladness came to his lips. There, to the front, not a mile away, he saw the outlines of a huge purple butte looming up through the smoke. At the foot of that butte lay McFarlane's ranch and shelter.

With fresh courage he goaded on the laggards. They strained up the slope and topped the crest. Again Boots glanced back. The fire was close upon them now. A sullen, roaring sound filled his ears, muffled, far-off, like the rush of wind through a forest.

As Boots neared the house he looked anxiously for the approach of aid. Surely McFarlane must have observed his coming. He rode up to the house, shouting loudly. There was no response; McFarlane had driven his little bunch of stock

across the river to render its safety doubly sure. Boots must take his chances alone. The grass had been cropped fairly short in the vicinity of the ranch. This was the only protection against fire.

Hastily he drove the weary brutes behind the stable and a line of sheds and crowded them closely together. They stood there with lowered heads, gasping for wind, their flanks sunken, while the sweat fell drip, drip to the ground.

Then with a mighty, roaring sound and a crackling as of a thousand muskets, the fire swept up over the ridge and was upon them. Nerveless, weak with terror, Boots watched it coming—he seemed so unsupported, so helpless, little fellow, alone as he was. He felt himself reeling in the saddle, but clung on grimly.

A blast that seemed to scorch and blister every inch of skin struck him full in the face. Tumbling weeds all ablaze went shooting over head like meteors and dropped in among the horses, setting them frantic. Crazy with fear, as though he could afford them protection, they pressed close up to Boots. Then, for the first time in his life, he heard a horse scream with very terror.

He tried to speak to calm them; but not a word came. He was choking, suffocating with the smoke, and every breath was attended with intense agony.

A moment later the fire was past, he could hear its sullen roar beyond him. He was dimly conscious that ail was over, that the herd was safe. And then his head grew light, a giddy faintness came over him and he felt himself pitching forward.

They found him there beside his horse an hour later, still grasping the rein of the bridle. They brought water and sprinkled it over him; and after a while he came to and got upon his feet.

He looked at the blackened country and at the herd, still huddled together near the stable, and at Kearney, and said with a little weak smile: "I reckon they're all here, Bill."

Kearney advanced, and placing his hand beneath the lad's chin, stood looking into his upturned face with strange fire in his eyes: and there was a thickness in his voice, as he turned and said:

"Something of a cub, eh?"

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### **The Prisoner's Plea.**

It was an eventful day in the history of Zepata City. The court-house had been long in coming, but at last it stood, a proud and hideous fact, towering above the bare, brick stores and frame-houses on the prairie around it.

It seemed especially happy and appropriate that the first business in the new court-house should be the trial of so re-

nowned an individual as Abe Barrow. Barrow had been closely associated with the early history of Zepata and was widely known; he had killed in his day, several of the Zepata citizens and two visiting brother desperados. Ten years before, the murder of Deputy Sheriff Welch had led him to the penitentiary, and a month previous to the opening of the new court house he had been freed and arrested at the prison gate to stand trial for the murder of Thompson Hubert. The fight with Thompson had been a fair fight and Thompson was a man they could well spare, but as the case against Barrow offered a fitting sacrifice for the dedication of the new temple of justice, the people were satisfied and grateful.

THE court-house, where the trial was held, was as bare of ornaments as the cell from which the prisoner had just been taken. To one side sat the jury, ranch-owners and prominent citizens, and, near them the prisoner in his box. Col. John Stogart of Dallas, the prisoner's attorney, and Barrow's wife, a thin yellow-faced woman in a mean fitting, showy gown, sat among the local celebrities at the district attorney's elbow. She was the only woman in the room.

Col. Stogart's speech had been good and as he ceased speaking, the district attorney sucked in his upper lip with a nervous impatient sigh as he recognized that the visiting attorney had proven murder in the second degree and that an execution on the jail-yard would not follow as a fitting sequence. But he determined that so far as in him lay, he would at least send his man back to the penitentiary for the remainder of his life.

Harry Harvey "The Boy Orator of Zepata City," as he was called was very dear to the people of that becoming town. He turned slowly on his heels and swept the court-room with a careless glance of his clever black eyes. The moment was his. He saw all the men he knew, the men who made his little world, crowding silently forward, conscious only of him. And he saw the face of the prisoner, grim and set and hopelessly defiant.

"This man," he said, "is no part or parcel of Zepata City of to-day, he comes to us as a relic of the past. The part he played in that past, lives only in the old court records of that day, in the traditions of the gambling hell and the saloons and on the head-stones of his victims.

"He was one of the excrescences of that unsettled period, an unhappy evil an inevitable evil as our fathers, who built this city, knew to their cost. The same chance that was given to them, to make a home for themselves in the wilderness, to help others to make their homes, to assist civilization and progress not only of this city, but of the whole Lone Star State, was given to him, and he refused it and blocked the way of others, and kept back the march of progress, until to-day, civilization, which has waxed strong and great—not on account of him, remember, but in spite of him—sweeps him out of its way and crushes him and his fellows. Gentlemen, the bad man

has become an unknown quantity in Zepata City and in the state of Texas. It lies with you to see that he remains so. He is dead, and he must not be resurrected. He does not belong here, he does not fit in, he is not wanted. This man belongs to that class; he enjoys and has enjoyed a reputation as a bad man, a desperado and a brutal ruffian. Free him to-day and you set a premium on such reputation; acquit him of this crime and you encourage others to like evil. For the last ten years, your honor, this man, Abner Barrow, has been serving a term of imprisonment in the state penitentiary. I ask you to send him back there again for the remainder of his life. Abe Barrow is out of date, he has missed step with the march of progress and has been out of step for ten years. We have advanced and advanced in those ten years until we have reached the very foremost place with civilized people. This Rip Van Winkle of the past returns to find a city where he left a prairie village, a bank where he spun his roulette wheel, this magnificent court-house instead of a vigilance committee. And what is he, his part in this new court-house, which to-day, for the first time, throws open its doors to protect the just and punish the unjust?

“Is he there in the box with those honorable men, the gentlemen of the jury? Is he in that crowd of intelligent, public spirited citizens who make the bone and sinew of this our fair city?



Is he on the honored bench dispensing justice and making the intricacies of the law straight? No, gentlemen. He is there in the prisoner's pen, an outlaw, a convicted murderer, and an unconvicted assassin. And I ask you gentlemen, to put him away where he will not hear the voice of man, nor children's laughter, nor see a woman smile, where he will not even see the face of the warden, who feeds him, nor sunlight except as it is filtered through the iron bars of the jail. Bury him with the bitter past, with the lawlessness that has gone and which must not return. Place him in the cell where he belongs, and where, had justice been done he should never have been taken alive."

The district attorney sat down suddenly and fumbled over his papers with nervous fingers. He was conscious of nothing until the foreman pronounced the prisoner guilty of murder in the second degree. The judge leaned across his desk and said simply, "Before I deliver sentence on you, Abner Barrow, is there anything you have to say in your own behalf?" A tall, broad-shouldered man leaned heavily forward over the bar of the prisoner's box. His face was white with the prison tan, and he was pinched and hollow-eyed and worn.

"I don't know, Judge, that I have anything to say in my own behalf. I don't know as it would be any use. I guess what the gentleman said

about me is all there is to say. I am not going to try any baby act and beg off or anything, if that's what you mean. But there is something I'd like to say if I thought you would believe 'tis true. I am a back member, I am out of date, I was a loafer and a blackguard. He says I have enjoyed a reputation as a desperado. I am not bragging of that; I just ask you to remember that he said it. I am not backing down. I am taking my punishment.

"That man there told you I had no part or parcel in the city or in this world; that I belonged to the past, that I ought to be dead. Now that's not so. I have just one thing that belongs to this world and to this city—and to me; one thing that I couldn't take to jail with me, and that I'll have to leave behind me when I go back to it. I mean my wife. You, sir, remember her when I married her, twelve years ago. She gave up everything a woman ought to have, to come to me. But the first two years of her life, sir, was a hell, and I made it a hell. I was drunk most of the time, or sleeping it off, and ugly tempered when I was sober. There was shooting and carrying on all day and night down stairs, and she didn't dare to leave her room. Besides that, she cared for me, and she was afraid every minute I was going to be killed. That's the way she lived for two years. Respectable women wouldn't speak to her because she was my wife; that was

her life; she lived alone over the dance-hall, and sometimes when I was drunk—I beat her.

“At the end of two years I killed Welch, and they sent me to the penitentiary for ten years, and she was free. It was an escape most women’d gone down on their knees and thanked their maker for, and blessed the day they’d been freed from a blackguardly drunken brute. But what did this woman do—my wife, the woman I misused and beat and dragged down in the mud with me? She sold out the place and bought a ranch with the money, and worked it by herself, worked it day and night, until in ten years she had made herself an old woman as you see she is to-day.

“And for what? To set me free again. To bring me things to eat in jail, to hire a lawyer to fight for me,—to hire the best lawyer. And what I want to ask of you, sir, is to let me have two years out of jail, to show her how I feel about it. I ask you not to send me back for life, sir. Give me two years—two years of my life while I have some strength left to work for her as she worked for me. I only want to show her how I feel now. It’s all I’ve thought of when I was in jail, to be able to see her sitting in her own kitchen with her hands folded, and me working and sweating in the fields for her, working till every bone ached, trying to make it up to her. And now I can’t! I can’t! It’s too late! It’s too late! I’m not crying for the men I killed. They’re dead; I

can't bring them back. But she's not dead and I treated her worse than I treated them. And now when I want to do what I can in the little time that's left, he tells me I'm a relic of the past, that civilization is too good. Just when I've got something I must live for, something I've got to do. Don't you believe me? Don't you understand?

"Don't send me back for life. Give me a few years to work for her—two years, one year,—to show her what I feel here, what I've never felt for her before. Look at her! gentlemen. See how worn she is and poorly, and look at her hands, and you must feel what I feel. I don't ask you for myself. I don't want to go free on my own account. I'm asking it for that woman. Send me back for thirty years, but not for life. My God, Judge, don't bury me alive as that man asked you to.

"I'm not civilized, maybe, ways have changed. You're not the men I knew; you're all strangers to me. But I could learn. I would not bother you in the old way. I only want to live with her. I won't harm the rest of you. Give me this last chance. Let me prove that what I'm saying is true."

The man stopped and stood opening and shutting his hands on the rail. The gentlemen of the jury sat quite motionless. For a moment no one moved until there was a sudden stir around the

district attorney's table and the men stepped aside and let the woman pass there and throw herself against the prisoner's box. The prisoner bent his tall gaunt figure over the rail, and passed his hand against her face, and touched her shoulder with the other awkwardly.

"There now," he whispered, soothingly, "don't you take on so, now you know how I feel, it's all right, don't take on."

Judge Teuax looked at the paper on his desk for some seconds and raised his head. "It lies—it lies at the discretion of this court to sentence the prisoner to a term of imprisonment of two years, or for an indefinite period, or for life. Owing to—on account of certain circumstances which were—have arisen—this sentence is suspended. This court stands adjourned."

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### **The Equinoctial Storm.**

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TONY MARVIN, the keeper of the Keyport Light, was in his little room next the fog-horn, when Sanford and the skipper, wet and glistening as two seals, knocked at the outer door of his quarters.

"Well, I want to know!" broke out Tony in his bluff, hearty way, as he opened the door. "Come in,—come in! Nice weather for ducks ain't it? Sunthin' 's up, or you fellers wouldn't be out to-day. Anybody drowned?"

"Not yet, Tony," said Sanford in a serious tone. "But I'm worried about Captain Joe and Caleb. Did you see them go by? They're in Captain Pott's Dolly Varden."

"Gosh hang, no! Ye ain't never tellin' me, be ye, that the cap'n 's 's to the Ledge in all this smother? And that fool Caleb with him, too?"

"Yes, and Lonny Bowles," interrupted the skipper.

"How long since they started?" asked the keeper anxiously, taking down his spyglass from a rack above the buckets.

"Half an hour ago."

"Then they're this side of Crotch Island yit, if they're anywheres. Let's go up to the lantern. Mebbe we can see 'em," he said, unlatching the door of the tower. "I ain't surprised o'nothin' in Caleb, but Cap'n Joe ought'er have more sense. What's he goin' for, anyhow, to-day?" he grumbled.

"He's taken the new pump with him," said Sanford, as he followed the keeper up the winding steps, the skipper close behind. "They broke the old pump on Saturday, and everything is stopped on the Ledge. Captain knows we're

behind, and he doesn't want to lose an hour. But it was a foolish venture. He had no business to risk his life in a blow like this, Tony."

"What good is the pump to him, if he does get it there? Men can't work to-day," Tony answered.

"Oh, that ain't a-goin to stop us!" shouted the skipper from below, resting a moment to get his breath as he spoke. "We've got the masonry clean out o' water; we're all right if Cap'n Joe can git steam on the hoister."

Once upon the iron floor of the deck, the roar of the wind and the dash of the rain, which had been deadened by the thick walls of the structure surrounding the staircase below, burst upon them seemingly with increased fury. A tremulous, swaying motion was plainly felt. Above the roar of the storm could be heard, at intervals, the thunder of the surf breaking on Crotch Island Beach.

"Gosh A'mighty!" exclaimed the keeper, adjusting his glass. "It's a-humpin' things, and no mistake. See them rollers break on Crotch Island," and he swept his glass around. "I see 'em. There they are,—three o' them. There's Cap'n Joe,—ain't no mistakin' him. He's got his cap on, same's he allers wears. And there's Caleb; his beard's a-flyin' straight out. Who's that in the red flannel shirt?"

"Lonny Bowles," said the skipper.

"Yes, that's Bowles. He's a-bailin' for all he's worth. Cap'n Joe's got the tiller and Caleb's a-hangin' on the sheet. Here, Mr. Sanford," and he held out the glass, "Ye kin see 'em plain 's day."

Sanford waved the glass away. He himself could see the Dolly, a mile or more this side of Crotch Island Point, and nearly two miles away from where the three watchers stood. She was hugging the inside shore-line, her sail close-reefed. He could even make out the three figures, which were but so many black dots beaded along her gunwale. All about the staggering boat seethed the gray sea, mottled in wavy lines of foam.

"He's gittin' ready to go about," continued the keeper, his eye still to the glass. "I see Caleb shiftin' his seat. They know they can't make the P'int on that Ledge, Jiminy-whiz, but it 's soapy out there! See 'er take that roller! Gosh!"

All eyes were now fixed on the Dolly. Three times she laid a course toward the Ledge, and three times she was forced back behind the Island.

"They've got to give it up," said the keeper, laying down his glass. "That tide cuts round that 'ere P'int like a mill-tail, to say nothin' o' them smashers that's rollin' in. How she keeps afloat out there is what beats me."

"She wouldn't if Cap'n Joe wasn't at the tiller," said the skipper, with a laugh. "Ye can't drown him no more'n a water-rat."



Sanford's face brightened. An overwhelming anxiety for the safety of the endangered men had strangely, almost unaccountably unnerved him. It was some comfort to feel Captain Brandt's confidence in Captain Joe's ability to meet the situation; for that little cockle-shell battling before him as if for its very life—one moment on top of a mountain of water, and the next buried out of sight—held between its frail sides not only two of the best men whom he knew, but really two of the master spirits of their class. One of them, Captain Joe, Sanford admired more than any other man, loving him, too, as he had loved but few.

He looked off again toward the sea. He saw the struggling boat make a fourth attempt to clear the Point, and in the movement lurch wildly; he saw, too, that her long boom was swaying from side to side. Through the driving spray he made out that two of the dots were trying to steady it. The third dot was standing in the stern.

Here some new movement caught his eye. He strained his neck forward; then taking the glass from the skipper watched the little craft intently.

"There's something the matter," he said nervously, after a moment's pause. "That's Captain Joe waving to one of those two smacks out there scudding in under close reefs. Look

yourself; am I right, Tony?" as he passed the glass to the keeper again.

"Looks like it, sir," replied Tony in a low tone. "The smack sees 'em now, sir. She's goin' about."

The fishing-smack careened, fluttered in the wind like a baffled pigeon, and bore across to the plunging boat.

"The spray's a-flyin' so ye can't see clear, sir," said the keeper. "She ain't actin' right, somehow; that boom seems to bother 'em. Cap'n Joe's runnin' for'ard. Gosh! that one went clean over 'er. Look out! *Look out!* See 'er take 'em! There's another went clean across. My God, Mr. Sanford! she's over,—capsized!"

Sanford made a rush for the staircase, a rash, unreasonable impulse to help, taking possession of him. The keeper caught him firmly by the arm.

"Come back, sir! You're only wastin' yer breath. That smack'll get 'em."

Captain Brandt picked up the glass that the keeper had dropped. His hands shook so he could hardly adjust the lens.

"The boom's broke," he said in a trembling voice; "That's what ails 'em. She's bottom side up. Lord, if she ain't a-wallowin'! I never 'spected to see Cap'n Joe in a hole like that. They're all three in th' water; ain't a man livin' can swim ashore in that sea! Why don't

that blamed smack go about? They'll sink 'fore she can get to 'em. Where's the Cap'n? He ain't come up yet. There's Lonny and Caleb, but I don't see Cap'n Joe nowhere."

Sanford leaned against the brass rail of the great lens, his eyes on the fishing-smack swooping down to the rescue.

"Do you see the captain anywhere?" he asked, with an effort at self-control. The words seemed to clog his throat.

"Not yet, sir, but there's Lonny, and there's Caleb. You look, Mr. Marvin," he said turning to the keeper. He could not trust himself any longer. For the first time his faith in Captain Joe had failed him.

Marvin held the glass to his eye and covered the boat. He hardly dared breathe.

"Can't see but two, sir." His voice was broken and husky. "Can't make out the Cap'n no wheres. Something must 'a struck him 'an stunned him. My—my—ain't it a shame for him to cut up a caper like this! I allers told Cap'n Joe he'd get hurted in some foolish kick-up. Why in thunder don't them other fellers do something? If they don't look out the Dolly'll drift so far they'll lose him,—standin' there like two dummies an' lettin' a man drown! Lord! Lord! ain't it too bad!"

The small, close lantern became as silent as a death chamber. The keeper, his back against

the lens rail, folded his arms across his chest and stared out to sea. His face bore the look of one watching a dying man. Sanford did not move.

The seconds dragged. The silence in its intensity became unbearable. With a deep indrawn sigh, Captain Brandt turned toward Sanford and touched him. "Come away," he said, with the tenderness of one strong man who suffers and is stirred with greater sorrow by another's grief. "This ain't no place for you, Mr. Sanford. Come away."

Sanford raised his eyes and was about to speak, when the keeper threw up his arms with a joyous shout and seized the glass. "There he is! I see his cap! That's Cap'n Joe! He's holdin' up his hands. Caleb's crawlin' along the bottom; he's reachin' down an haulin' Cap'n Joe up. Now he's on 'er keel."

Sanford and Captain Brandt sprang to their feet, crowding close to the lantern glass, their eyes fastened on the Dolly. Sanford's hands were trembling. Hot, quick tears rolled down his cheeks and dropped from his chin. The joyful news had unnerved him more than the horror of the previous moments. There was no doubt of its truth; he could see, even with the naked eye, the captain lying flat on the boat's keel. He thought he could follow every line of his body,—never so precious as now.

"He's all right," he said in a dazed way—"all

right—all right," repeating it mechanically over and over to himself, as a child would do. Then he turned and laid his hands on the keeper's shoulders.

"Thank God, Tony! Thank God!"

The keeper's hand closed tight in Sanford's. For a moment he did not speak.

"Almighty close shave, sir" he said slowly in a broken whisper, looking into Sanford's eyes.

Captain Brandt's face was radiant. "Might 'a' knowed he'd come up some 'ers, sir. Didn't I tell ye, ye couldn't drown him? But where in thunder has he been under water all this time?"

All eyes were now fastened on the rescuing smack. As she swept past the capsized boat, her crew leaned far over the side, reached down and caught two of the shipwrecked men, leaving one man still clinging to the keel, the sea breaking over him every moment. Sanford saw that this man was Lonny Bowles, and that Captain Joe, now safe aboard the smack, was waving his cap to the second smack, which hove to, in answer. Presently the hailed smack rounded in, lowered her mainsail, and hauled Lonny aboard. She then took the overturned Dolly in tow, and made at once for the harbor. When this was done, the first smack, with Captain Joe and Caleb on board, shook a reef from its mainsail, turned about, and despite the storm laid a straight course back to the ledge.

This daring and apparently hopeless attempt of Captain Joe to carry out his plan of going to the Ledge awoke a new anxiety in Sanford. There was no longer the question of personal danger to the captain or the men; the fishing-smack was, of course, a better sea boat than the Dolly, but why make the trip at all when the pump had been lost from the overturned boat?

As the incoming smack drew near, Sanford, followed by the keeper and Captain Brandt, hurried down the spiral staircase, and made their way to the lighthouse dock.

When she came within hailing distance, Captain Brandt mounted a spile and shouted above the roar of the gale, "Bowles, ahoy! Anybody hurt, Lonney?"

A man in a red shirt detached himself from among the group of men huddled in the smack's bow, stepped on the rail, and, putting his hands to his mouth, trumpeted back, "No!"

"What's the Cap'n gone to the Ledge for!"

"Gone to set the pump!"

"Thought the pump was lost overboard!" cried Sanford.

"No, sir; cap'n dived under the Dolly an' found it caught fast, and Caleb hauled it aboard. Cap'n told me to tell you that he'd hev it set all right to-day, blow or no—" The last words were lost in the wind.

"Ain't that just like the cap'n?" shouted the

keeper, with a loud laugh, slapping his thigh with his hand. "That's where he was when we thought he was drowned—he was a-divin' fer that pump. Land o' Moses, ain't he a good un!"

Captain Brandt said nothing, but a smile of happy pride overspread his face. Captain Joe was still his hero.

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### **Gordon's Reprieve.**

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THE situation at the R— Western Agency was desperate. At the beginning of the campaign when the mass of troops had been hurried to the seat of the Indian troubles, the War Department had ordered a battalion of infantry to this vicinity, and here for the last five weeks it had remained. As Col. Brace stood at the door of his log hut, the mask of chieftainship for the moment dropped; an irrepressible anxiety betrayed itself upon his haggard face.

Although the Indians, had become openly sullen and vicious, appeals for reinforcements had remained unheeded, and the climax which the events of the last twenty-four hours had thrust upon him was not one which even he could coolly contemplate.

"Pleasant prospect, isn't it?" said a voice at his side. "Jones said you wanted me. There's

bound to be something wrong when a man in your condition takes to admiring the landscape."

"Jack, unless we can get help, the jig's up; we're done for!"

"Anything new?" said the other. The colonel nodded.

"It's the crisis; a courier has arrived—the only one of three that got through. The whole outfit at Three Forks is moving. They couldn't spare us any wagons, and they want us, unless the situation is desperate, to hold out."

"Ha!"

"Well, this morning Two Bears, who is still friendly, sent to warn me that the day after to-morrow these tribes intend to cut us off. There are forty-five hundred of them, Kane, and I have in all a little over two-hundred men. We have only five days' rations. If we don't get reinforcements there can be but one ending."

"We must send for help," said Kane decisively. "If a messenger gets through, a forced march will bring reinforcements by to-morrow night. It's a desperate chance, but our only one. But only the right man should be allowed to go. Brace, I should be glad if you would give me permission to go myself."

"The colonel started. "Stuff, your duty lies here. I can't get on without you. Besides, you're too heavy. It needs a youngster, light and wiry, a good rider,—” He stopped short.



His eyes met Kane's with sudden suggestiveness. "Good Lord!" he muttered, "If I only dared I'd send Gordon!"

Kane drew his breath sharply. "Try it! try it! for God's sake! He's cut out for it. He rides like an Indian. If he lives, it's his professional salvation; if he dies, he will die a soldier's death—a far better thing for him than life, shadowed as his must henceforth be."

Gordon had come into the regiment under exceptionally pleasant circumstances. From the day he had reported, the colonel's interest in the lad amounted to a passion; and the boy seemed quite worthy of it. Merry, generous and honorable, there had been nothing to prepare his comrades for the inexplicable occurrence that had closed his brief career.

He had taken command of a detachment on the morning of their encounter with the enemy. Half an hour later, he had been found, white and helpless, beside the bodies of some dead soldiers, his men waiting vainly, and in consternation, for the orders which should have led them forward. That evening, Kane had been sent down to demand the boy's sword.

Brace broke the silence jerkily. "Think of his mother! think of his mother! He's all she's got!"

"The woman's a soldier's daughter," said Kane; "She would be the last to bid him stay."

And even if it were not so—for the Lord's sake, George, don't let such a consideration as that stand in the boy's way! Think of him! Think of his future, ridiculed by the men, despised by his comrades, branded as a coward before the world! Give him a chance to wipe out this awful stain—with his blood if necessary. If he refuses to take it, he will meet his deserts, and go down like the cur that he will have proved himself to be. If he succeeds, no one can breathe a word against him; the past will be forgiven and forgotten, and he will return an honorable man."

The colonel drew a long breath.

"What horse can he take?"

"My own—the Rajah; Gordon has raced him often. If you have no further orders, I had better go."

The tent which Kane sought stood at the end of the line, slightly apart from the rest. Its occupant sprang up as the adjutant entered.

"Sit down, Dick. We have important news this afternoon. It will take some time to explain matters," and placing the lantern so that its light fell upon the lad's face, Kane seated himself, and began feeling his way carefully toward the climax of the situation. He ended by saying:

"It will take a youngster, light and wiry, one who knows the country well, a good rider." The young man's face had whitened.

"A youngster," he repeated mechanically; "a

good rider! I'm that—" Then he shrank back trembling. "Ah, why have you come here?" Why, in God's name have you come here to tell me this?"

Kane's figure rose suddenly to its full height. Reaching out he caught the lad by the collar and jerked him violently.

"You contemptible cur! You contemptible, cowardly cur! You must go! Do you hear? You must!"

"I go? You have come here to tell me I *may* go? I—I—am to be trusted on such an errand as this? Oh, don't trifle with me! I don't deserve much but I can't stand that!" and falling on his knees, he burst into tears.

For a moment Kane stood there silent; then he laid his hand gently on the bowed head. "God bless you!" and raising the canvas, softly stepped outside.

From Gordon's tent, the adjutant went to the corporal to give the orders for his horse. The next two hours were spent in final consultation with the colonel. It was nearly eleven before he found himself once more before Gordon's tent. Kane waited till the boy had collected the last things, then the two made their way to the commander's cabin. The boy's voice trembled as he spoke.

"I want first, sir, to thank you for your goodness in giving me this chance. It's more than I

expected. I've wanted to explain to you ever since the day of the fight but I was afraid you mightn't believe it; but now—now, when I'm going away and I may be talking to you for the last time, you'll believe me, and think the best you can of me I'm sure." Then sitting down on the edge of the camp-bed, he told them simply and briefly the story of his downfall.

Physical inability to bear the sight of blood, had from boyhood afflicted him, but the possibility of its interfering with the performance of his duty never occurred to him until the moment of that first awful test on the battlefield. The sight had caused him no consciousness of fear, only an agonizing weakness, that caused, all power of action to desert him.

As he finished, a horse's hoofs clicked on the path outside. "There's my horse, colonel," he said.

"There are your despatches; I give you no orders, only get them through. God keep you."

As the horse trotted away, the lad drew a deep breath and patted the Rajah's neck. "Bravo, old boy! We've done it often for fun. We'll do it now in earnest!"

So fifteen miles were made before three o'clock. The darkness grew less dense. Gordon could already in fancy distinguish the fort, and between it and him lay the camps of the hostile Indians. He dismounted and tightened the girths; "Now,

old boy." A moment later, horse and rider were speeding across the prairie.

Half a dozen dusky figures stole from the brush by the river-bank and settled like hounds on their trail.

Ahead, outlined against the sky, lay the fort. Gordon bent, gripping the reins close to the horse's neck. The hoof beats were growing louder. The pace was tremendous. Gordon looked back—as he did so, the foremost Indian raised his gun and a bullet hammering under Gordon's elbow, plowed itself raggedly along the Rajah's neck. The wound was superficial, and Gordon remained for the moment ignorant of what had happened. Suddenly he looked down. A shrinking horror overspread his face. He fought bravely, trying to fix his attention on the path ahead. It was useless. His gaze returned to the wound and the sheet of blood soaked the horse's side.

He shut his teeth hard. Here on the threshold of his triumph, the old demon had him in its clutches. He forced himself to realize all that his failure must mean. Dimly, as through a maze, he heard; "I give you no orders, only get them through."

The road grew black before him. With a last effort he leaned forward and wound his arms about the horse's neck. There was blood, blood everywhere. He smelled its sickening odor in

the steam that came from the horse's hide; his gloves became saturated with it. His jaws shut convulsively.

The horse's stride slackened. The Indians seeing it, hailed the lessening distance to their prey with yells which pierced more and more loudly through Gordon's flagging consciousness.

Slowly, feebly, with the perspiration dripping from his forehead, he raised himself in his saddle to drive the spurs into the Rajah's sides. The Rajah answered with a final burst of speed; foam dripped from his jaws; he was running with pounding jerks. It was plain he could not bear his burden farther.

The road made a sudden bend and stretched to the gates of the fort. A little to the right stood a clump of bushes. In the days of their steeple-chasing it had marked the beginning of their home stretch, and at sight of it, like an inspiration the memory of the Rajah's habits flashed into Gordon's mind. As he dashed around the curve, the boy took out his despatch case and fastened it to the ring of the saddle. Then he glanced over his shoulder; he was for the moment hidden from his pursuers' view, and coming abreast of the bushes, he gave the Rajah a vicious cut with the reins and flung himself from the saddle.

The horse dashed forward toward the gate which led to his old stable in the corral. Gordon crawled into the thicket and waited.

Suddenly his pursuers scattered to the right and left. The gates of the stockade had opened and a squad of cavalry came through them. Gordon saw the troopers gather around the black horse; presently a soldier led him into the fort and the others came forward toward the boy's hiding place. He sprang to his feet and rushed out upon the road.

"Saved," he cried, tears of excitement streaming down his face. "Dear God, saved and free! Saved! Saved!"

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### **The Hero of the Day.**

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"It is too bad," said Mr. Robert Carter. "Such hard luck—to be hurt in the very last rush of the very last day! But I should be very sorry if Frank, from fear of a temporary lameness or even of a few broken bones, should refuse to play."

"Robert," said Mrs. Carter, "the careless way in which you talk of your son's welfare makes me positively indignant! Do you think it's worth while that his whole body and health, perhaps, should be sacrificed for one stupid game? I hope that Frank won't play, and I shall not be

easy till I see somebody else in his place at Springfield."

"You overrate the danger. I don't think it is anything compared with the lessons in manliness and bravery and strength Frank will learn if he faces it. I want to see Frank be a man, and I'll never be so proud of him as when he goes into that game, as I hope he will, forgetting about himself, thinking only of his duty to the college, determined to beat those Yale men, even if he has to lose a leg to do it."

Mrs. Carter shook her head. "I think it's very foolish. It seems to me that other and less dangerous things than football can make a man manly."

It would undoubtedly be a severe loss to Harvard if Frank Carter should be unable to play. He was only a freshman, but ever since the first day of practice, when he dodged past half of the first eleven and scored a touchdown, and when he made, as the coach said, two of the prettiest tackles ever seen on the field, he had been as sure of a place on the team as Captain Dawson himself.

He had been put in to play right tackle, but he was used for every purpose. He was one of the best ground-gainers and one of the interferers; and his own hard work somehow inthused life and energy into the work of others.

Not only was Frank Carter himself such a valuable man, but he was even by contrast with



the man who must take his place in case anything happened to him. Dennison, his substitute, was the poorest of the substitutes that the team carried.

So when the paper came out the morning before the Harvard-Yale game with the startling head, "Harvard's Hopes Shattered: Carter Wrenches His Knee," it was not so very wrong. And it was natural that Mr. and Mrs. Carter, on reading these headlines and the article following, should have been much excited; though for different reasons, for Mr. Carter was both a Harvard man and a believer in football while Mrs. Carter was the boy's mother, and thought more of his safety than she did of his fame as a player or the athletic credit of his university.

On the morning of the day of the game the three coaches and the doctor took Frank up-stairs and examined him. Then they sent him down again to read with the rest of the men, while they examined and discussed his case.

The doctor and two of the coaches were opposed to his playing. They thought that his knee was too stiff and sore. The third coach, Burney, held a different opinion.

"Somehow I haven't faith in that man Dennison," said Burney. "He's unreliable. I have always doubted whether he was real sand. He's not a heady man; and lame or not, Carter can be relied upon to use his head. And then Denni-

son's liable to lose his temper as well as his head. Carter seems to want to play, and I'm strongly in favor of letting him."

But the others overruled these ideas, only acceding so far as to say that if Dennison proved weak Carter should be given a chance.

"All right," said Burney. "I'm the minority, but I think we'll use Carter before the day is out."

The referee spun a coin into the air. When it fell the two captains bent over and scrutinized it. The blue flags that rose like flowers from the sloping bed of human beings on one side of the field and the crimson flags that rose like flowers on the other side stopped waving, and the human beings became suddenly silent.

"Our!" cried Captain Dawson, running up to his men. Then he clapped his hands and shouted, "Out into the middle of the field everybody!"

"Harvard's ball!" Chorused the Harvard supporters joyfully. "Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, Harvard!"

In reply came Yale's snappy cheer: "Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, Yale!"

And then the game began. Dennison proved to be the weak point in the Harvard line, but the quarter-back bolstered him up, so that Yale did not gain much through him. Finally, Davis, the Harvard full-back, made a brilliant run and scored a touchdown, from which he afterward kicked

the goal. Thus at the end of the first half the score stood six to nothing in Harvard's favor.

After fifteen minutes of buzzing intermission, the teams reappeared. It was Yale's ball this time, and Yale started off with a rush.

"One, ninety-two, one hundred and thirteen," shouted the Yale quarter-back, and almost the whole eleven flung itself against Dennison and opened up a gap for the runner. "Eight, twenty-four, ninety-nine," shouted the quarter-back quickly, and again the Yale line plunged at that weak spot, and again they gained three or four yards. By a succession of these plays, Yale drove the ball steadily down the field.

"I wish Frank were in there now," said Mr. Carter to his wife. "That fellow's quite losing his head. It's lucky the umpire didn't see that," he muttered as he saw Dennison strike the man opposite him squarely on the cheek.

This was an unfortunate act on Dennison's part, looked at merely from the point of view of policy. For on the next rush, the Yale tackle, whose blood was now circulating pretty freely, smashed into Dennison and threw him with the utmost violence on the ground; and Yale made five yards, and was now within fifteen yards of Harvard's goal. Just as the Yale quarter-back was again shouting out the signal, the Yale tackle gave Dennison an insulting little shove. Dennison, furious, struck his opponent heavily, first

with his right fist then with his left. At the same time a whirlwind of Yale men bore down on him, tossed him to the ground, and dashed past. There came a mighty shout from Yale seats. Yale had scored.

Dennison confused and ashamed rose to his feet. The umpire ran up.

"You are disqualified," said he sternly. "Disqualified for slugging. Leave the field."

As Dennison, utterly humiliated, knowing that he had forever disgraced himself, walked to the Harvard side, a cheer of approval, and triumph came from the Yale seats. This was hushed when the Yale full-back tried to kick the goal. The try failed by ten feet. Harvard still led, six to four.

Then Captain Dawson came running over to the row of substitutes and held a moment's consultation with the coach.

"Carter!" he called in a sharp voice. "Carter!"

"Frank's going to play!" said Mr. Carter to his wife in great excitement.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed in distress, as she saw Frank start up and limp out on the field. "He mustn't, he mustn't!" She was trembling and pale. "Sit still," said Mr. Carter quietly. "Just hear them cheering him! Isn't it splendid? I tell you Mary, this is really fine, fine! Frank, my boy, you're all right; just ten times

as cool as I am!" Frank rose and limped to his place, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter breathed easier.

Down in the field Frank was working with a kind of mechanical coolness—not thinking of his leg at all. He went through every play with a naturalness and quickness that surprised himself. He watched the man opposite closely; not once did he seem to raise his eyes to look at big Dunning, the guard, who was breathing so heavily beside him.

"Five, thirty-five, five" sang the Harvard quarter-back.

Frank dropped back of the line. The ball was passed to him; he caught it and dashed off at his old-time speed; his lameness was scarcely perceptible. Plunging through the hole in the centre which Dunning opened up, he tore on, head down, not knowing where he was going, except that it was toward the Yale goal. Suddenly he felt arms about his hips and he was thrown heavily forward.

He lay on the ground for sometime. After the doctor had bathed his leg and bandaged it again, he was able to get up and go on playing.

But he began to feel his hurt in every play, and almost every play left him lying prostrate a little longer than the rest. Up in the grand stand, Mrs. Carter was rapidly growing sick at the sight. Everybody else was cheering and

yelling tremendously. It was the finest exhibition of pluck they had ever seen.

The minutes wore away. It looked as if the score would stand, Harvard, six ; Yale, four—unless Carter were absolutely laid out. For in spite of his repeated hurts, Yale could gain no more through him now than at the beginning. He made up for greater weakness by greater desperation. At last there were but three minutes more to play. Yale had the ball, but far down in her own territory. Twice her backs flung themselves in a nobly heedless way into the Harvard line, but the Harvard line held.

Then the light-haired half-back whom Yale had not used for sometime was given the ball, and started round the right end. Henderson, the Harvard end, ran out to intercept him, but was blocked off by the interferers. On and on swept the little half-back ; alone now, for his interferers had gradually been shaken off. Only Davis remained between him and a touchdown. Davis rushed forward ; the half-back hesitated a moment then swerved suddenly to the left, close to the boundary line and was past.

But the little runner was not yet safe ; one man from the Harvard team was pressing after him, bearing down upon him. It was Frank, running fleetly and surely. He had gained a priceless advantage in that moment when the half-back had been headed off and had slackened his pace ; steadily he was overhauling him.

But now the Yale man had only ten yards to go. Then Frank bent his head and clutching his breath, and clenching his teeth, tightening all his muscles, dived forward with wild desperation, reaching with his hands. They slipped, and while he was still in air he tightened them again frantically—and then the Yale man and the Harvard man lay together on the ground.

This time Frank did not rise. Nor was he the only one who had fainted ; in one of the central sections on the Harvard side, where all were standing, shouting in hoarse triumph, a woman was unconscious in her husband's arms.

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### **The Wooing of Miss Woppit.**

EUGENE FIELD.

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JIM WOPPIT would never have been elected city marshal of Red Hoss Mountain but for the potent circumstance that several of the most influential gentlemen in the camp were in love with Jim's sister ; that was Jim's hold on these influences, and that was why he was elected. As handsome and as gentle a lady was Miss Woppit as ever walked a white pine floor. She lived with her brother Jim in the cabin on the side hill, just off the main road. She was so pretty,

so modest, so diligent, so home-keeping, and so shy, what wonder that these lonely, heart-hungry men should fall in love with her? No, we all respected Hoover and Dodsley and Barber Sam for being stuck on the girl; you'd have respected them, too, if you'd seen her and them.

It was lucky that we organized a city government when we did. The tidal wave of crime struck us three days after election. All our crowd was in at Casey's, soon after nightfall, indulging in harmless pleasantries when all of a sudden, sharp, exacting, and staccato-like, the telephone sounded. By the merest chance, Jim Woppit happened to be close by, and he reached for the telephone and answered the summons. "Yes. Where? You bet—right away."

Jim was visibly excited; he let go the telephone, and turning around he said: "By jingo, boys, the stage has been robbed!" A robbery! The first in the Red Hoss Mountain country! Every man leaped to his feet and broke for the door, his right hand thrust instinctively back toward his hip pocket. Hank Eaves' broncho was tied in front of Casey's. Jim threw himself astride the spunky little brute and was off in a flash. "Come on, boys," he called back to us; "come on as fast ez you kin to the glen."

It appeared from the story of Steve Barclay, the stage driver, that along about eight o'clock as the stage approached the glen—a darkish,



dismal spot—the figure of a man stole suddenly from the thicket by the roadside, stood directly in front of the leading horses and commanded a halt. Then the men in the coach were compelled to disgorge their valuables, something like \$2,000. Having possessed himself in an incredibly short time of his booty, the highwayman quickly backed into the thicket and went off. As for Jim Woppit, he never once lost his head. When the rest of us came up to the scene of the robbery he had formed a plan of pursuit. Ten of us should go with him to Eagle Pass upon the staunchest bronchos the camp could supply. A brave man and a cool man; good-hearted, too, for in the midst of all the excitement he thought of his sister, and he said almost tenderly to Three-Fingered Hoover, “I can trust you, pardner, I know. Go up to the cabin and tell her it’s all right—that I’ll be back to-morrow and she must not be skeered. And if she is skeered you kind of hang round thar to-night and act as if you knew everything was all O. K.”

Jim Woppit and his men had a hard ride of it. They scoured the surrounding country with the utmost diligence, yet no trace whatever did they discover of the outlaws. The crime, so boldly and so successfully done, was, of course, the one theme of talk, of theory, and of speculation for the conventional period of nine days.

In the early part of February there was another

robbery. But the robber and his pals escaped as before. Detectives came from Denver and snooped around. Everybody bought extra guns and laid in a further supply of ammunition. But the stage robbers—bless you, nobody could find hide nor hair of 'em.

The wooing of Miss Woppit pursued the even tenor of its curious triple way. Jake Dodsley wrote her poetry, Three-Fingered Hoover discoursed deftly upon the fiddle, and Barber Sam, who was another musical genius, performed outside the cabin windows on his guitar.

And now again it was spring. Sir Charles Lackington, president of the Royal Victoria mine, was due at the camp. It was announced that he would be at the camp by Tuesday's stage. That stage was robbed by the mysterious outlaw and his gang; but Sir Charles happened not to be among the passengers. He came by private wagon in the morning; his daughter was with him. Mary Lackington was perhaps in some particulars mature beyond her years. Fair and innocent, this womanly maiden came into the comedy of that mountain wooing. Mary was not long in discovering that Three-Fingered Hoover had a little romance. How the big, awkward fellow ever got through with it I cannot imagine, but tell her he did—yes, he fairly unbosomed his secret.

“And now, Miss Mary,” says he, you can do

me a good turn, and I hope you will do it. Get acquainted with the lady and work it up with her for me. Tell her that I like her, like her better than anybody else, that I am the pure stuff, that if anybody ties to me they can find me thar every time, and can bet their last case on me. Don't lay it on too thick, but sort of let on I am O. K. You women understand such things; if you'll help me locate this claim, I am sure everything will pan out all right. Will ye?"

The bare thought of promoting a love affair set Mary nearly wild with enthusiasm. She accepted the commission gayly yet earnestly.

She was rambling in the glen, and coming down the road near the pathway leading to the bower when she became aware that another stood near her. A woman, having passed noiselessly from the cabin, stood in the gravelly pathway looking upon the girl with an expression wholly undefinable. The woman was young, perhaps twenty. She was tall and of symmetrical form, though rather stout. Her face was comely, though perhaps a bit masculine in its strength of features. "You frightened me," said Mary Lackington. "I did not hear you coming and so I was frightened when I saw you standing there." To this explanation the apparition made no answer, but continued to regard Mary steadfastly with the undefinable look—an expression partly of admiration, partly of distrust, partly of appeal, perhaps.

This, then, was Mary's first meeting with Miss Woppit, and in a short time they became fast friends. There were two subjects on which Miss Woppit loved to hear Mary talk. One was Mary herself and the other was Jim Woppit, but Miss Woppit exhibited the daintiest skill at turning the drift of the conversation whenever Mary Lackington succeeded in bringing it around to the point where the virtues of Three-Fingered Hoover could be expatiated upon.

Sir Charles had made a confidant of Jim. One day he called him into his room at the Mears House.

"Mr. City Marshal, I have given it out that I shall leave the camp for home, day after to-morrow." "You are going by the stage?" asked Jim. "Certainly, by the stage, but not day after to-morrow; I go to-morrow." "To-morrow, sir?" "To-morrow. The coach leaves here, as I am told, at eleven o'clock. Now, I shall have a large sum of money with me, and my daughter will accompany me; therefore I have given out that I shall leave on a certain day, whereas I shall leave a day earlier. You understand?" "You bet I do," said Jim. "You are afraid of the robbers." "Yes; and now I have a favor—a distinct favor—to ask of you. It is that you and a posse of the bravest men you can pick, shall precede the coach by a few minutes, so as to frighten away the outlaws in case they may hap-

pen to be lurking in ambush." Jim signified his hearty approval of the proposition.

When the stage drew up in front of the Mears House next morning, perhaps half a dozen passengers were in waiting, and among them Barber Sam, who climbed up beside the driver. Great was the astonishment when Sir Charles and Mary Lackington appeared and stepped into the coach. Everybody knew Sir Charles and his daughter, and it had been given out that they were not to leave the camp until the morrow. Mary had hoped that as they passed the bower, she would catch a glimpse of Miss Woppit—perhaps have sufficient opportunity to call out a hasty farewell to her. But Miss Woppit was nowhere to be seen, and Mary felt a strange, keen disappointment.

The stage had proceeded perhaps four miles on its way when its progress was arrested by the sudden appearance of a man, whose habit and gestures threatened evil. A slouch hat and a half mask of brown muslin concealed the features of his face. He held out two murderous pistols and in a sharp voice cried, "Halt." Instantly Barber Sam recognized in this bold figure the mysterious outlaw who for so many months had been the terror of the district, and instinctively he reached for his pistol-pocket.

"Throw up your hands," commanded the outlaw. He had the drop on them, and Barber Sam

discretely did as he was bidden. The passengers in the coach were wondering why a stop had been made so soon. Wholly unaware of what had happened, Mary Lackington thrust her head from the coach-window and looked forward up the road in the direction of the threatening outlaw. She comprehended the situation at once, and with a scream fell back into her father's arms. Presumably the discovery of a woman among the number of his intended victims disconcerted the ruffian. At any rate, he stepped back a pace or two and for a moment lowered his weapons. That moment was fatal to him. Quick as lightning Barber Sam whipped out his unerring revolver and fired.

The outlaw fell like a lump of dough in the road. At that instant Steve Barclay recovered his wits; gathering the lines and laying on the whip mercilessly, he urged his horses into a gallop. Over the body of the outlaw crunched the hoofs of the frightened brutes and rumbled the wheels of the heavy coach. "We've got him this time," yelled Barber Sam wildly. "Stop your horses and let's finish the sneakin' critter." There was the greatest excitement. The passengers fairly fell out of the coach, and it seemed as if they had an arsenal with them. Barber Sam strode boldly up to the body, bent over it, tore off the hat and pulled aside the muslin mask. One swift glance at the outlaw's face, and Barber

Sam recoiled. "Great God," he cried, "Miss Woppit!"

It was, indeed, Miss Woppit—the fair-haired, shy-eyed boy who for months had masqueraded in the camp as a woman. Now that masquerade disclosed, and the dreadful mystery of the past revealed, the nameless boy, fair in spite of his crimes and his hideous wounds, lay dying in the dust and gravel of the road. Jim Woppit and his posse, a mile away, had heard the pistol shot. It seemed but a moment ere they swept down the road to the scene of the tragedy. Jim Woppit galloped ahead, his swarthy face the picture of terror.

"Who is it—who's killed—who's hurt?" he asked. Nobody made answer, and that meant everything to Jim. He leaped from his horse, crept to the dying boy's side and took the bruised head in his lap. The yellowish hair had fallen down about his shoulders. Jim stroked it and spoke to the white face, repeating, "Willie, Willie," over and over again. The presence and voice of that evil brother, whom he had so bravely served, seemed to arrest the officers of Death. The boy came slowly to, opened his eyes and saw Jim Woppit there. There was pathos, not reproach, in the dying eyes.

"It's all up, Jim," said the boy faintly. "I did the best I could." This was the last time, and we were going away to be decent folks,"

the boy went on to say. "I wish it could have been so, for I've wanted to live ever since—since I knew her."

Mary Lackington stood away off, but she heard these words, and they revealed much to her. He said no other word, but with Jim Woppit bending over him and wailing that piteous "Willie, Willie, Willie," the boy closed his eyes and was dead.

Then they all looked upon Jim Woppit, but no one spoke. If words were to be said, it was Jim Woppit's place to say them, and that dreadful silence seemed to say: "Speak out, Jim Woppit, for your last hour has come." Jim Woppit was no coward. He stood erect before all and plucked from his breast the star of his office and cast away the weapon he had worn. He was magnificent in that last evil hour.

"Men," said he, "I speak for him, and not for myself. Ez God is my judge, that boy was not to blame. I made him do it all—the lyin', the robbery, the murder; he done it because I told him to and because havin' begun, he tried to save me. Why, he was a kid ez innocent ez a leetle toddlin' child. He wanted to go away from here and be different from wot he wuz, but I kep' at him an' made him do an' do again wot has brought the end to-day. Las' night he cried when I told him he must do the stage to-day; seemed like he wuz soft on the girl yonder. It



wuz to have been the las' time,—I promised him that—an' so—an' so it is. Men, you'll find the money an' everything else in the cabin—under the floor of the cabin. Make it ez square all around ez ye kin."

Then Jim Woppit backed a space away and before the rest could realize what he was about, he turned and darted through the narrow thicket and hurled himself into the gulch below, seven hundred feet down. But the May sunlight was sweet and gracious, and there lay the dead boy, caressed of that charity of nature and smiling in its glory.

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### **The Stirring up of Billy Williams.**

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

Used by permission.

Major Crawford's daughter married against her father's wishes a young fellow named Billy Williams. Williams was well educated and attractive, but after his marriage he took to drink and squandered his money, so that at the time our story opens his family was almost at the point of starvation.

When their little child died from want of proper food, Major Crawford visited his daughter and tried to persuade her to go home with him. She refused to leave her husband, saying that she took him "for better and for worse." As the Major left the house, he encountered Bud Jenkins, the

bully of the county, and freed his mind to Bud, asking the latter to give the delinquent Billy a good stirring up when opportunity offered. This Bud promised to do, and on one hot afternoon rode into the village of Gordon, pretty well filled with liquor and ready for a free fight.

THE idle groups upon the streets, hearing the well-known sounds of Bud's war-whoops, melted away, without other comment than, "There's Bud!" The only person visible two minutes after the first warning was Billy Williams, who kept his seat on a box under a grocery awning, whittling lazily, smoking his pipe. Suddenly his hat was slapped from his head, and he heard Bud Jenkins talking with violent profanity above him. Bud was enraged, in the blind, unreasoning way of a drunken man, over his failure to find a victim, and over what he regarded as the insolence of Billy Williams in retaining his seat when all the town had run to cover. Moreover, he was under contract to preach to Billy.

"Take off that hat," he cried, "you low-down red-face—hic—drunken loafer! What d' you mean by wearin' a hat in this town, you ragged sot? Drop that pipe," and Billy's brierwood disappeared under a left-handed blow from the bully. "What right 've you got to be settin' thar smokin' a pipe, an' yo' fam'ly at home needin' food, you mangy houn'?" Bud took his victim by the ear and dragged his head around in a circle.

When his ear was released, Billy was mute and white. The store doors were filling with wondering spectators. Bud Jenkins jumping on poor Billy Williams, 190 pounds against 130, an athlete against a physical wreck—Bud must indeed be drunk!

“Look at 'im, gentlemen,” continued the bully, thrilled by his own invective; “look at 'im! Thar he sets, a thing what the papers call a man. He married up in my deestric' one of the prettiest women in Georgy—a Crawford at that—an' now jes' look at him! He done robbed her of every chance in life; done disgraced hisse'f, an' her an' her chillun, an' starved 'em. It's the low-down Nick Williams blood in 'im croppin' out. He ain't inherit nairy drop o' his ma's blood. Last week his little gal died, as much from the want of food as from fever. An' here he sets smokin' an' loafin' ready to drink if somebody'll treat, an' then go home an' eat the few crumbs his wife paid for—God knows how.”

The amazed crowd looked on breathlessly. Bud Jenkins preaching! Billy Williams was shrinking back, lifting one hand appealingly, while with the other he hurriedly shut the knife and put it in his pocket.

“For God's sake, don't, Bud!” he whispered. He turned to the curious crowd with trembling lips. What did it all mean? Why should that man be standing over him and denouncing him?

Why did not somebody say a word in his defense? There was a time when he was popular, when he had money and friends. He had only been unfortunate; he had lost his property, and there was now no chance for him. Surely everybody knew that. But there was no movement in the crowd. The faces turned toward him did not seem friendly. A great light broke over him. He saw himself as they all saw him. He saw Billy Williams through the eyes of Bud Jenkins, the drunken bully; through the eyes of the careless, indulgent people around him. He saw the facts of his life in their true order for the first time. They had come to him so gradually that their ugly nakedness had not impressed him. Now through these cruel eyes, he saw his failures and his misdeeds in proper perspective.

"Don't! don't!" he repeated. He was kneeling now, his face hidden.

"Don't what?" cried the bully. "Don't tell you the truth? you white-livered, creepin' worm, I'll tell you more of it. If there was a man in this town who was half a man, he would have kicked your ugly carcass out of it long ago. And the women!" said Bud, sarcastically—"nice sort of women they are, nice sort of women, to herd with a set of cowardly sneaks. Do you hear me, you Gordon houn's? I say if the men of this town warn't sneaks an' the women low-down, they'd have drug this here bag

o' iniquity to the creek an' sunk it with a rock long ago. I'm the bes' man in Georgy. I'm a whole team. Come and see me. Whoop! Who-ee-ee-e!" Bud had forgotten all about his cringing victim and the reform movement, and he was now slapping his thighs and crowing loudly.

They came, out of stores and secret places, men big and little, old and young, throwing off their coats and rolling up their sleeves; and Bud would soon have had them upon him like so many hornets, for he had transgressed an unwritten law of Georgia; he had insulted womanhood; he had violated even the bully's code.

"Fellow-citizens," Billy was saying, "wait a minute! It's my fight. When I am done you can have your turn. Stand back!"

The amazement of the crowd brought silence, and then the tension was relieved by a burst of laughter. Bud Jenkins drew back from the speaker in mock alarm. It was good policy to make a jest of the matter. Again the crowd laughed. But gradually, under the silent influence of the erect form and its strange dignity, the levity passed away. Then Billy Williams spoke:

"It is all true about me, my friends—if I may call you my friends now. I am not going to fight him for telling you the truth. I don't mind his slapping my hat off or knocking my

pipe. I am not fit to wear a hat where gentlemen are, and I oughtn't to smoke. While he was calling me all those names, I couldn't resent it, because I knew all of a sudden, just how I looked to him and to you. Even what he said about the little girl"—and Billy Williams waited for strength to proceed—"was true. I couldn't have helped it when the time came. She died because—because—her father—drank." The last word was whispered with an awful emphasis. Something had touched deeply the sluggish heart, and awakened again to life a manhood that had fallen asleep long years before. The scene was even more than Bud Jenkins could endure.

"Oh, well, Billy, I oughtn't—" he began.

But instantly the moving features froze to iron. "Hold!" cried Billy. "Hold, sir! You're a coward, and I knew it would drop out at last. It isn't because you told me that—oh, no. Besides that was too true to fight about. But over my little baby for two weeks some of the kindest women God ever breathed upon—women of this town—hung day and night, doing their best for her. They and some good men, my neighbors, stood by us at the grave. You, sir, have lied about these people, and I have received too much at their hands not to resent it."

The men stood face to face, Billy trembling with excitement, Bud white with rage and aston-

ishment, and around them were nearly all the men in Gordon. At this moment, but unnoticed by either principal, the major, reading hastily the intention of the bully, broke through the ring. Half doubting the evidences of his senses, Bud slapped viciously with his left hand at his antagonist's face—and missed him; for, lowering his head slightly, Billy avoided the clumsy blow; then, with immense energy and quickness, he rushed under his enemy's outstretched arm, clasped him around the thighs, lifted him clear of the ground, and threw him heavily backward. It was an old college trick, but what followed was not. It was all backwoods—born of the Nick Williams blood, possibly. In an instant he was upon the astonished bully, a wild-cat in fury, beating his writhing features. It was a fearful punishment, but it was the only argument for a brute. Extending their arms right and left, the crowd circled round the struggling forms (cheering on the smaller man, and howling over the amazing scene). Suddenly the voice of Bud Jenkins was heard imploring mercy, and appealing to the bystanders to "take him off." "Take it back!" cried Billy. "Take it back, you coward!"

"I take it back!" moaned the vanquished brute.

The spectators cheered, and Major Crawford split the air with a Comanche yell.

"Say you lied!" he shouted.

"Lied." The fatal words, the abdicating formula of a defeated bully, came faintly back.

The frantic crowd cheered again, and danced, and hugged one another promiscuously. Bud Jenkins, moaning and bending nearly to the ground, his hands clasping his lacerated face, was steered by a friendly negro to the town pump.

Billy Williams picked up his hat and rising, found everybody's right hand extended to him, while old comrades enthusiastically invited him to celebrate his astonishing victory in a flowing bowl. To their great amazement, however, Billy drew himself up to his full height and said "I thank you all, my friends, but I have resolved not to drink any more"—and he kept his word.

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### The Sheriff's Honor.

ADAPTED.

Above, a darkening dome.

To the south, Bald Mountain, its jagged sides swept by occasional fierce gusts of wind. The straggling cabins of the miners show here and there a faint glimmer of light, for with the coming storm, night is settling early.

Down on Main Street—dignified by the Post Office, the bank, the stores and the jail, but otherwise given over to saloons—a crowd of men has gathered. The center of attraction is a straight, solidly built man of thirty—Pete Higgins—the sheriff of Bald Mountain Camp. As he stands



there, alert, bright-eyed, determined—he presents a striking contrast to the surly men around him.

The topic of conversation is the arrest that morning of a noted outlaw and horse-thief, Lem Perkins. The sheriff, riding alone, had surprised the outlaw, and captured him single-handed—a feat in which every man in Bald Mountain Camp should have felt a degree of pride. But more than one had a personal grudge to settle with Lem Perkins, and even now it was rumored that Big Jeff Freed, who had galloped out of the camp in the early afternoon, was inciting the boys of Eagle Ridge to summary action.

“THEY ain’t no Jury thet’ll hang him,” said Bill Towne doggedly.

“Wall, I’ve said all I kin say,” said the sheriff. “Ye ain’t talkin’ like men. Circuit Court convenes in a little more’n a week, an’ we’ll find out then—yer in too big a hurry to take the law inter yer own hands.”

“Mebby we be, an’ mebby we ain’t,” said another; “we know you—you’d be sneakin’ him off to a safe place. I tell ye, Pete Higgins, ye better listen to reason on this deal. We stood by ye in the ’lection, an’ we like ye—yes, an’ we like yer gal wife too—but yer can’t run things too high, an’ we’ve told yer fair ’n square what we’ll do if yer don’t hand over Lem Perkins!”

“I reckon,” said Pete slowly, “that ye think yer right, boys, but it’s my business to take keer o’ Lem Perkins, an’—I’ll do it—the best I kin.” With which declaration, he turned on his heel and walked off toward the jail.

He swung leisurely along until the shadows of the falling night shielded him, then he quickened his pace. As he opened the door of the little living room adjoining the jail, a young woman who was preparing the evening meal came toward him. "What is it, Pete? What has happened?" she asked, putting her hands on his arms. "Something's wrong—tell me." "Bird, said the sheriff, "they're plannin' ter lynch Lem Perkins. I've got ter git him out o' this ter night. I dunno what ter do with you an' the baby—mebby Donnelly's wife 'll take ye some-whar."

Donnelly, the jailer, entered at that moment. He was a big raw-boned fellow, as brave as a lion and as true as steel.

Pete wasted no words but told his suspicions. "Get Perkins ready at once," said he, "fer they ain't no time to waste. If the mob gits here an' finds us gone, they'll make after us, sure as guns. Where's your wife, Donnelly?" "She's over ter sister's—safe—thank God!" said the jailer. "Send Bird and the leetle un right there; she'll take care on 'em."

The jailer left the room, and Pete, lifting the sleeping baby from its cradle, kissed it and laid it in the mother's arms. "Go run, Bird," he said. "Good-bye. I've loved ye, girl—don't worry.—If them devils don't ketch us, I'll come back to ye to-morrer." He kissed her, and she went as

she was bidden, but she came back in a moment. "Pete," she whispered, closing the door quickly behind her. "There are men all about the jail. They sent me back. 'No one can leave the jail this night,' they said." The sheriff had been buckling on his revolvers. "They have beaten us!" He sprang and barricaded the door. "They won't come in here, Bird. It will be at the jail entrance, but git out o' sight." Then he went into the hallway and warned Donnelly, who was leading Perkins, securely bound. "I don't understand," said Higgins. "I just left the boys in front o' Billings' saloon." "Big Jeff's got back from the Ridge with the gang—I bet ye," said Donnelly quietly. "And he's posted the guards while he plans the attack. I was s'picious o' that cuss when he went off to-day, but there warn't no use tryin' to sneak Perkins off in sun-up."

A flash of lightning was followed by a crash of thunder that shook the jail. Higgins, standing at the barred front window of the corridor, saw in the instant a little group of excited men on the opposite side of the street. In the lull that followed the crash he heard further away a roaring, as of many voices, and the tramp of feet.

"My wife!" he cried aloud, "what is to be done with her? How can I save her?" Then he felt a touch on his arm and saw that she stood beside him. "I wouldn't care for myself, Pete. Only the baby——"

"I know," he said. "What can I do with them, Donnelly?" he asked of the jailer.

"I'd say down cellar, Pete, if I weren't 'feared they'd set the place a-fire. I dunno but she kin git out o' the kitchen 'n scoot when they make their rush."

"It will be guarded," groaned Pete. "Every loophole 'll be watched. But go into the kitchen, Bird, and do the best ye kin. Keep out er sight. Here, take this." He handed her a pistol. "I don't believe they'll hurt you with the baby in yer arms, but they'll be crazy with drink and ye can't tell."

Donnelly, standing by the door, raised his rifle. "They're a-comin'. Go up on the second floor, Pete, an' talk to 'em through the winder." As the sheriff opened the door of the upper corridor, the prisoners began to call out to him. The approaching mob could be heard distinctly now. "For God's sake, let us out of this," called one. "Give us guns," called another. "Don't leave us to be shot!" Unspeakable terror was upon them. Higgins strode on without turning his head.

"I'll do the best I kin," he made answer. Below, outside, was a surging sea of heads. The rain beat furiously down upon them, and a flash of lightning revealed that they were rudely masked. It revealed to them the sheriff, as he stood behind the barred window, looking down upon them.

The leader (Pete knew him by his huge figure. It was Big Jeff Freed) called out to him: "Pete Higgins, trot out the keys o' the jail! Come down peaceable with 'em, an' we won't tetch no one but Lem Perkins, but if ye don't we'll hang the hull outfit!"

The crowd gave a wild yell, and surged forward—then stopped. Higgins had swung wide the barred window and stood in the opening. "Boys," he called, "I know ye mean business, an' I know yer too many fer me—but I'm put here to take keer o' them prisoners, an'—I'm a-goin' ter do it—as well as I kin." Then as the mob gave an angry roar, "Hold on a minute—I ain't through yit." "Then be blamed quick," said Big Jeff, "we ain't here ter parley." "That's all right," answered the sheriff, "ye can't skeer me, Jeff Freed, but what I want ter say is that my wife an' my leetle baby are in here, an' I want 'em out, an' I want ter see 'em go safe. They ain't done nothin', an' they ain't got no business in this deal. What I want ter know is—kin they go? Speak up, Jeff Freed; ye've got a heart in ye—fer I've seen ye show it—don't act like a dog now. Ye know my wife—kin she go with her baby?"

There was a moment's hesitation; then Big Jeff spoke: "Yes, she kin; we ain't here to hurt no wimmen folks ner babies. Where is she?" "She's in the kitchen. Go 'round ter the side

door, an' tell her she's safe—that I sent ye—and let me see her go with the little un." Big Jeff turned, went back in the crowd, and presently the sheriff saw a man go toward the rear of the house. "They're goin' to let the woman an' the kid go" growled one—then came hisses and groans. The sheriff rushed down stairs, but as he reached Donnelly's side he saw the crowd pushing back—then he saw his wife with her baby clasped close in her arms. He saw her go through the narrow path made by the sullen, restless men, who glared at the baby as he stretched out his arms and cooed. She is almost through, and the crowd is closing up once more—when he hears her cry out and sees the men turn and gather around her and the burly figure of Big Jeff. What is it? Fear almost unmans him. In another instant he would have unbolted the door and rushed out. Then he sees that the spirit of the mob is changing.

What had happened?

As the mother passed Big Jeff, the baby reached out a tiny hand and clutched the miner's tangled beard. She strove to loosen the little hand, and Big Jeff hastily grasped it; but at the first touch of that soft hand, he reached out and took the baby from the mother's arms and held it close to his heart. A baby! Oh, God! He had left a baby way back yonder. Had he forgotten it

in the mad rush for gold, and the rough life among the miners?

There arose a hoarse murmur of impatience. "Put down the brat," shouted a man. It brought Big Jeff back to the scene around him. He stood for a moment irresolute—then the liquor seemed to leave his brain, all the passion was gone. The love of God entered his heart for the first time in his life.

He held the baby high above his head. "Boys," he cried, "look at this yer babby—he's the sheriff's babby, an' the sheriff's all right. He's a brave man—an' he's too good to die for the likes o' Lem Perkins. Go home—we ain't a-goin' to have no hangin' here ter night." A hoarse cry arose, partly of dissent, partly of sympathy. "Go home! I tell ye," thundered Big Jeff. "I ain't afeared o' man er devil, but they ain't no hangin' where this kid is!"

Big Jeff was a power. He was their leader. With one accord the men gathered around the sobbing mother, and led her back to the jail, and when Big Jeff held the baby aloft and cried, "Three cheers for the sheriff an' his babby," a wild hurrah arose from the men. But the sheriff, standing beside his wife and child, bowed his head and lifted up his heart to God, who had spared him to life and love and honor.

**President McKinley's Last Address.**

ABRIDGED.

Delivered at the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, three days before he was assassinated.

"HOW near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It



took a special messenger of the Government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to Gen. Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now! We reached Gen. Miles, in Porto Rico, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantaneously of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our Capitol, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

"At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunder-

standings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

“My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty in the care and security of these deposits and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial

systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

“By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

“What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

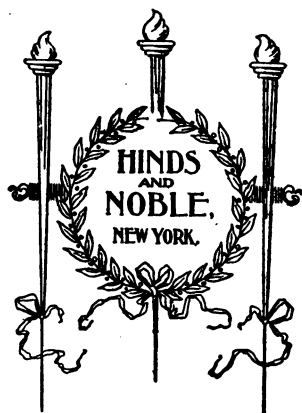
“The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in

harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense, they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

“We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer

postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth."

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New York City

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Pieces for Easter  
Pieces for Arbor Day  
Pieces for Decoration Day  
Pieces for Graduating and Closing Days  
Pieces for Fourth of July  
Pieces for Thanksgiving Day  
Pieces for Christmas  
Pieces for New Years  
Concert Recitations  
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A Battle, . . . . .	Charles Sumner,
After Vacation, . . . . .	
A Good Name, . . . . .	Jos. Hawes,
Americanism, . . . . .	Henry Cabot Lodge,
As Thy Day Thy Strength Shall Be,	
A Strange Experience, . . . . .	Josephine Pollard,
A Swedish Poem, . . . . .	
At Graduating Time, . . . . .	
A Turkish Tradition, . . . . .	
Before Vicksburg, . . . . .	
Beside the Railway Track, . . . . .	
Commencement Day, . . . . .	W. D. Potter,
Compromise of Principle, . . . . .	Henry Ward Beecher,
Employ Your Own Intellect, . . . . .	
Failed, . . . . .	Phillips Thompson,
Flattering Grandma, . . . . .	
Forward, . . . . .	Susan Coolidge,
Getting the Right Start, . . . . .	Joseph Gilbert Holland,
Glimpses into Cloudland, . . . . .	H. W. Longfellow,
How the Ransom Was Paid, . . . . .	
"I Will Help You," . . . . .	Wolstan Dixey,
Manhood, . . . . .	George K. Morris,
Means of Acquiring Distinction, . . . . .	Sydney Smith,
Mind Your Business, . . . . .	Wolstan Dixey,
National Progress, . . . . .	William McKinley,
Only a Little, . . . . .	Dora Goodale,
Only a Little Thing, . . . . .	Mrs. M. P. Handy,
Only in Dreams, . . . . .	Joseph Gilbert Holland,
Our Country, . . . . .	Epes Sargent,
Some Old School Books, . . . . .	
Sparrows, . . . . .	Adeline D. T. Whitney,
The Amen of the Rocks, . . . . .	Christian Gilbert,
The American Constitution, . . . . .	Alexander Hamilton,
The Angel of Dawn, . . . . .	J. S. Outler,
The Barbarous Chief, . . . . .	Ella Wheeler Wilcox,
The Beautiful in Creation, . . . . .	Timothy Dwight,
The Coast-Guard, . . . . .	Emily Huntington Miller,
The Daily Task, . . . . .	Marianne Farringtonham,
The Demon on the Roof, . . . . .	Josephine Pollard,



### Miscellaneous—Continued.

TITLE	AUTHOR
The Drawbridge Keeper, . . . .	Henry Abbey,
The Friend of My Heart, . . . .	Henry Abbey,
The Inquiry, . . . . .	Charles Mackay,
The Light-house, . . . . .	Charles Mackay,
The Little Grave, . . . . .	Charles Mackay,
The Little Messenger of Love, . . . .	Charles Mackay,
The Monk's Vision, . . . . .	Charles Mackay,
The Old Stone Basin, . . . . .	Susan Coolidge,
The People's Holidays, . . . . .	Marianne Farningham,
The Permanence of Grant's Fame, . . .	James G. Blaine,
The Silver Bird's Nest, . . . . .	James G. Blaine,
The Southern Soldier, . . . . .	Henry W. Grady,
The Unconscious Greatness of Stonewall Jackson, . . . . .	Moore D. Hodges, D. D.,
The University the Training Camp of the Future, . . . . .	Henry W. Grady,
Things to Remember, . . . . .	Henry W. Grady,
True Heroism, . . . . .	Henry W. Grady,
True Liberty, . . . . .	F. W. Robertson,
True Patriotism is Unselfish, . . . .	George William Curtis,
"Wash Dolly up Like That," . . . .	Eleanor Kirk Ames,
What of That? . . . . .	Eleanor Kirk Ames,
"What's the Lesson for To-day? . . . .	Eleanor Kirk Ames,
When Grandpa Was a Little Boy, . . .	Malcolm Douglas,

### Concert Recitations.

Cavalry Song, . . . . .	Edmund C. Stedman,
Songs of the Seasons, . . . . .	Meta E. B. Thorne,
Song of the Steamer Engine, . . . .	C. B. LeBow,
Summer Storm, . . . . .	James Russell Lowell,
The Cataract of Lodore, . . . . .	Robert Southey,
The Charge at Waterloo, . . . . .	Walter Scott,
The Child on the Judgment Seat, . . .	E. Charles,
The Coming of Spring, . . . . .	Wilhelm Müller,
The Death of Our Almanac, . . . . .	Henry Ward Beecher,
The Good Time Coming, . . . . .	Charles Mackay,
The Sorrow of the Sea, . . . . .	C. B. A.,
The Two Glasses, . . . . .	C. B. A.,
Two Epitaphs, . . . . .	From the German,
Who Is It? . . . . .	From the German,

### Selections for Musical Accompaniment.

A Winter Song, . . . . .	"St. Nicholas,"
Extract from Hiawatha's Wedding Feast, .	H. W. Longfellow,
Hope's Song, . . . . .	Helen M. Winslow,
Rock of Ages, . . . . .	Ella Maud Moore,

## Continued.

TITLE	AUTHOR
The Angels, . . . . .	Frances L. Mace,
The Concert Rehearsal, . . . .	Wolstan Dixey,
The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet. . . .	Celia Thaxter.

### Poets' Birthdays.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

<b>A Bryant Alphabet,</b>	<i>Compiler,</i>
<b>Extract concerning Bryant,</b>	<i>Rev. Henry W. Bellows,</i>
" " "	<i>John Bigelow,</i>
" " "	<i>George William Curtis,</i>
" " "	<i>Edwin P. Whipple,</i>
<b>Green River,</b>	<i>William Cullen Bryant,</i>
<b>The Hurricane,</b>	" " "
<b>The Night Journey of a River,</b>	" " "
<b>The Third of November,</b>	" " "
<b>The Violet,</b>	" " "
<b>To William Cullen Bryant,</b>	<i>Fitz-Greene Halleck.</i>

**RALPH WALDO EMERSON.**

Art.	Ralph Waldo Emerson,
An Emerson Alphabet,	Compiler,
Emerson,	Elizabeth C. Kinney,
Extract concerning Emerson,	Rev. C. A. Bartol,
" " "	George Willis Cooke,
" " "	Oliver Wendell Holmes,
" " "	Protap C. Mozoomdar,
" " "	Horace E. Scudder,
" from "Compensation,"	Ralph Waldo Emerson,
" " "Works and Days,"	" " "
The Concord Fight,	" " "
The Rhodora.	" " "

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

<b>A Holmes Alphabet,</b>	<i>Compiler,</i>
<b>Extracts concerning Holmes,</b>	<i>George William Curtis,</i>
" " "	<i>Charles W. Eliot,</i>
" " "	<i>Wm. Sloane Kennedy,</i>
" " "	<i>Rev. Ray Palmer,</i>
" " "	<i>Frances H. Underwood,</i>
<b>International Ode,</b>	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes,</i>
<b>James Russell Lowell's Birthday Festival,</b>	" "
<b>Our Autocrat,</b>	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier,</i>
<b>The Two Streams,</b>	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes,</i>
<b>Under the Washington Elm.</b>	" "

### Poets' Birthdays—Continued.

TITLE	AUTHOR
<b>HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.</b>	
<b>A Longfellow Alphabet,</b>	<i>Compiler, . . .</i>
<b>Charles Sumner,</b>	<i>H. W. Longfellow,</i>
<b>Extract concerning Longfellow,</b>	<i>George William Curtis,</i>
" " "	<i>Rev. O. B. Frothingham,</i>
" " "	<i>Rev. M. J. Savage,</i>
" " "	<i>Richard H. Stoddard,</i>
" " "	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier.</i>
<b>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,</b>	<i>William W. Story,</i>
<b>Loss and Gain,</b>	<i>H. W. Longfellow,</i>
<b>Musings,</b>	" "
<b>The City and the Sea,</b>	" "

**JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.**

<b>Abraham Lincoln,</b>	<i>James Russell Lowell,</i>
<b>A Lowell Alphabet,</b>	<i>Compiler,</i>
<b>Extract concerning Lowell,</b>	<i>David W. Bartlett,</i>
" " "	<i>Rev. H. E. Hensels,</i>
" " "	<i>"North British Review,"</i>
" " "	<i>W. C. Wilkinson,</i>
" " "	<i>Frances H. Underwood,</i>
<b>Freedom,</b>	<i>James Russell Lowell,</i>
<b>The First Snowfall,</b>	" "
<b>To James Russell Lowell,</b>	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes,</i>
<b>Wendell Phillips,</b>	<i>James Russell Lowell.</i>

**JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.**

<b>A Whittier Alphabet,</b>	• • •	<i>Compiler,</i>
<b>Extract concerning Whittier,</b>	• • •	<i>John Bright,</i>
" " "	• • •	<i>Horace E. Scudder,</i>
" " "	• • •	<i>Richard H. Stoddard,</i>
" " "	• • •	<i>Frances H. Underwood,</i>
" " "	• • •	<i>Rev. David A. Wasson,</i>
<b>The Light that is Felt,</b>	• • •	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier,</i>
<b>The Moral Warfare,</b>	• • •	" " "
<b>To Children of Gijard, Pa.,</b>	• • •	" " "
<b>John G. Whittier,</b>	• • •	<i>James Russell Lowell,</i>

## Temperance.

<b>It Is Coming,</b>	<i>M. Florence Mosher,</i>
<b>The Cry of Personal Liberty,</b>	<i>Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland,</i>
<b>The Great National Scourge,</b>	
<b>The Temperance Pledge,</b>	<i>Thos. Francis Marshall,</i>
<b>Water,</b>	
<b>Words of Cheer,</b>	<i>Thomas H. Barker,</i>

## The Seasons.

TITLE	AUTHOR
An April Day, . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Southey.</i>
An Autumn Day, . . . . .	<i>Margaret E. Sangster,</i>
A Song of Waking, . . . . .	<i>Katharine Lee Bates,</i>
A Summer Day, . . . . .	
December, . . . . .	<i>Louisa Parsons Hopkins,</i>
Early Autumn, . . . . .	<i>Dart Fairthorne,</i>
Faded Leaves, . . . . .	<i>Alice Cary,</i>
Frost Work, . . . . .	<i>Mary E. Bradley,</i>
Indian Summer, . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier,</i>
January, . . . . .	<i>Rosaline E. Jones,</i>
June, . . . . .	
May, . . . . .	
November, . . . . .	<i>Hartley Coleridge,</i>
October, . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant,</i>
September, 1815, . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth,</i>
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The Spring, . . . . .	<i>Mary Howitt,</i>
The Voice of Spring, . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans,</i>
Winter, . . . . .	<i>Robert Southey.</i>

## Flowers.

A Bunch of Cowslips, . . . . .	
A September Violet, . . . . .	
Chrysanthemums, . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Mary E. Dodge,</i>
Daffodils, . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick,</i>
Ferns, . . . . .	
Flower Dreams, . . . . .	
Golden Rod, . . . . .	<i>Lucy Larcom,</i>
No Flowers, . . . . .	
Oh, Golden Rod, . . . . .	<i>W. L. Jaquith,</i>
Ragged Sailors, . . . . .	
Roses, . . . . .	
Sweet Peas, . . . . .	
The Daisy, . . . . .	<i>John Mason Good,</i>
The Golden Flower, . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes,</i>
The Message of the Snow-Drop, . . . . .	
The Trailing Arbutus, . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier,</i>
The Wild Violet, . . . . .	<i>Hannah F. Gould,</i>
To the Dandelion, . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell,</i>

## Lincoln's Birthday.

Abraham Lincoln, . . . . .	<i>James A. Garfield,</i>
Abraham Lincoln's Place in History, . . . . .	<i>Bishop John P. Newman,</i>
Abraham Lincoln, the Martyr, . . . . .	<i>Henry Ward Beecher,</i>

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TITLE	AUTHOR
Address of Abraham Lincoln, . . . .	
Lincoln, . . . . .	
Lincoln's Birthday, . . . . .	<i>Ida Voss Woodbury,</i>
The Religious Character of President Lincoln, . . . . .	<i>Rev. P. D. Gurley, D. D.,</i>

## Washington's Birthday.

Crown Our Washington, . . . . .	<i>Hasakiah Butterworth,</i>
George Washington, . . . . .	
Original Maxims of George Washington, . . . . .	
Our Washington, . . . . .	<i>Elisa W. Durbin,</i>
The Birthday of Washington, . . . . .	<i>Eufus Choate,</i>
The Character of Washington, . . . . .	<i>Henry Cabot Lodge,</i>
The Faith of Washington, . . . . .	<i>Frederic R. Coudert,</i>
The Memory of Washington, . . . . .	<i>E. Everett,</i>
The Twenty-second of February, . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant,</i>
The Unselfishness of Washington, . . . . .	<i>Robert Treat Paine,</i>
The Washington Monument, . . . . .	<i>Robert C. Winthrop,</i>
Washington, . . . . .	
Washington a Model for Youth, . . . . .	<i>Timothy Dwight,</i>
Washington's Birthday, . . . . .	<i>Margaret E. Sangster,</i>
Washington's Fame, . . . . .	<i>Asher Robbins,</i>
Washington's Training, . . . . .	<i>Charles W. Upham,</i>

## Arbor Day.

Arbor Day History, . . . . .	<i>K. G. Wells,</i>
Every-day Botany, . . . . .	<i>Katherine H. Perry,</i>
Song of Arbor Day, . . . . .	<i>Sarah J. Pettinoe,</i>
Song of the Maple, . . . . .	<i>E. M. Streeter,</i>
Plant a Tree, . . . . .	<i>Lucy Larcom,</i>
The Cedars of Lebanon, . . . . .	<i>Letitia E. Landon,</i>
The Little Brown Seed in the Furrow, . . . . .	<i>Ida W. Benham,</i>
The Pine Tree, . . . . .	
The Song of the Pine, . . . . .	<i>James Buckham,</i>
The Tree's Choice, . . . . .	<i>Grace B. Carter,</i>
Three Trees, . . . . .	<i>Charles H. Crandall,</i>
What Do We When We Plant the Tree? . . . . .	<i>Henry Abbey,</i>

## Decoration Day.

A Ballad of Heroes, . . . . .	<i>Austin Dobson,</i>
Army of the Potomac, . . . . .	
Between the Graves, . . . . .	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford,</i>
Decoration Day, . . . . .	<i>Wallace Bruce,</i>
Decoration Hymn, . . . . .	<i>William H. Randall,</i>
Flowers for the Brave, . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter,</i>

## Decoration Day—Continued.

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For Our Dead, . . . . .	<i>Clinton Scollard,</i>
Little Nan, . . . . .	
Memorial Day, . . . . .	<i>Margaret Sidney,</i>
Ode for Decoration Day, . . . . .	<i>Henry Peterson,</i>
O Martyrs Numberless, . . . . .	
Our Comrades, . . . . .	
Our Heroes' Graves, . . . . .	
Our Honored Heroes, . . . . .	<i>S. F. Smith,</i>
Sleep, Comrades, Sleep, . . . . .	<i>H. W. Longfellow,</i>
The Heroes' Day, . . . . .	
The Silent Grand Army, . . . . .	<i>E. M. H. C.,</i>
The Soldier's Burial, . . . . .	<i>Caroline Norton,</i>

## Flag Day.

No Slave Beneath the Flag, . . . . .	<i>George Lansing Taylor,</i>
Ode to the American Flag, . . . . .	<i>Joseph Rodman Drake,</i>
Our Cherished Flag, . . . . .	<i>Montgomery,</i>
Our Flag, . . . . .	<i>Henry Ward Beecher,</i>
" Rally Round the Flag! " . . . . .	<i>A. L. Stone,</i>
The American Flag, . . . . .	<i>Henry Ward Beecher,</i>
The Flag, . . . . .	<i>Henry Lynden Flash,</i>
The Flag of Our Country, . . . . .	<i>Robert C. Winthrop,</i>
The Flower of Liberty, . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes,</i>
The Stars and Stripes, . . . . .	

## July Fourth.

A New National Hymn, . . . . .	<i>F. Marion Crawford,</i>
" Fourth of July, " . . . . .	<i>J. Pierpont,</i>
Freedom's Natal Day, . . . . .	<i>Elizabeth M. Griswold,</i>
The Declaration of Independence, . . . . .	<i>John Quincy Adams,</i>
The Nation's Birthday, . . . . .	<i>Mary E. Vandyne,</i>
The New Liberty Bell, . . . . .	<i>H. B. C.,</i>
The Principles of the Revolution, . . . . .	<i>Josiah Quincy,</i>

## Labor Day.

Idleness a Crime, . . . . .	<i>Henry B. Carrington,</i>
Knights of Labor, . . . . .	<i>T. V. Powderly,</i>
Labor, . . . . .	<i>Rev. Orville Dewey,</i>
No Excellence without Labor, . . . . .	<i>William Wirt,</i>
Opportunity to Labor, . . . . .	<i>Thomas Brackett Reed,</i>
The Dignity of Labor, . . . . .	
Toil, . . . . .	
Work, . . . . .	<i>Thomas Carlyle,</i>

## Thanksgiving.

TITLE	AUTHOR
A Thanksgiving Prayer,	
For a Warning,	<i>C. B. Le Row,</i>
Give Thanks,	
Harvest Hymn,	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>
How the Pilgrims Gave Thanks,	
Our Thanksgiving Accept,	<i>W. D. Howells,</i>
Thanksgiving,	
"    Among the Greeks,	
"    "    "    Jews,	
"    for His House,	<i>Robert Herrick,</i>
"    Hymn,	
"    Ode,	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier.</i>
Thanksgivings of Old,	<i>E. A. Smuller,</i>
That Things are No Worse, Sire,	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson,</i>
The First Boston Thanksgiving—July, 1631,	
The First English Thanksgiving in New York,	
The First National Thanksgiving,	
The First Thanksgiving Proclamation Issued by George Washington,	
The Day of Thanksgiving,	<i>Henry Ward Beecher,</i>
The Old Thanksgiving Days,	<i>Ernest W. Shurtleff,</i>
Washington's Proclamation,	

## Christmas.

A Christmas Thought,	<i>Lucy Larcom,</i>
"    "    about Dickens,	<i>Bertha S. Scranton,</i>
Question,	<i>Rev. Minot J. Savage,</i>
A Merry Christmas and A Glad New Year,	<i>George Cooper,</i>
A Schemer,	<i>Edgar L. Warren,</i>
A Secret,	<i>Mrs. G. M. Howard,</i>
A Telephone Message,	
Bells of Yule,	<i>Alfred Tennyson,</i>
Christmas Bells,	<i>H. W. Longfellow,</i>
"    in Olden Time,	<i>Sir Walter Scott,</i>
"    Roses,	<i>May Riley Smith,</i>
Ode on Christmas,	<i>J. E. Clinton,</i>
Old Christmas,	
"Quite Like a Stocking,"	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich,</i>
The Day of Days,	
The Christmas Peal,	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford,</i>
The Little Christmas-Tree,	<i>Susan Coolidge,</i>
The Little Mud-Sparrows,	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,</i>
The Merry Christmas-Time,	<i>George Arnold,</i>
The Nativity,	<i>Louisa Parsons Hopkins,</i>
The Star in the West,	<i>Hezekiah Butlerworth,</i>

## New Year's.

TITLE	AUTHOR
Address to the New Year, . . . . .	<i>Dinah Mulock Craik,</i>
A New Year, . . . . .	<i>Margaret E. Sangster,</i>
A New Year's Address, . . . . .	<i>Edward Brooks,</i>
A New Year's Guest, . . . . .	<i>Eliza F. Moriarty,</i>
Another Year, . . . . .	<i>Thomas O'Hagan,</i>
Dawn of the Century, . . . . .	<i>Anna H. Thorne,</i>
Grandpa and Bess, . . . . .	<i>E. Huntington Miller,</i>
New Year's Day, . . . . .	
New Year's Resolve, . . . . .	<i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox,</i>
Next Year, . . . . .	<i>Nora Perry,</i>
One More Year, . . . . .	<i>A. Norton,</i>
On the Threshold, . . . . .	<i>A. H. Baldwin,</i>
Ring, Joyful Bells! . . . . .	<i>Violet Fuller,</i>
The Book of the New Year, . . . . .	
The Child and the Year, . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter,</i>
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The Passing Year, . . . . .	

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